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THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

VOLUME XXIII

[NEW SERIES]

AUGUST, 1901–JANUARY, 1902

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

153–157 FIFTH AVENUE

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THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

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A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XXIII NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1901 No. 1

THE BOOK BUYER is published on the first of every month. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK.

THE RAMBLER

MAXIM GORKY, the young Russian writer, whose work is now attracting much attention, has named Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons as the sole authorized publishers and translators of his books in America. His novel called "Forná Gordyéeff" will appear almost immediately with the Scribners' imprint, in a translation by Miss Isabel Hapgood.

In connection with Mr. Cary's sketch of the late John Fiske on another page, we take pleasure in publishing as this month's frontispiece the latest portrait of Mr. Fiske, taken by Pach at Cambridge. We understand that Mr. Fiske left a new volume of American history incompleted, which may be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The London *Times* recently printed the following paragraph, in reference to the erroneous statements in the *Pall Mall Magazine* concerning Stevenson's work for a newspaper in San Francisco:

We have received from Mr. John P. Young, managing editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a letter with reference to an article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June called "An Unpublished Chapter in the Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," written by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell. Mr. Young says: "The part of Mr. Bell's article regarding which I am able to speak with positiveness is that in which he states with some circumstantiality that Robert Louis Stevenson, late in December, 1879, arrived in San Francisco, and in the spring of the following year was 'given a job' in the city department of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which he performed in such an unsatisfactory manner that the items he was assigned to write had to be given to another reporter to put into English suitable to the readers of the paper and the latitude of California; and that later 'he continued to write articles for the Sunday edition of the *Chronicle*, but there is no indication that he thought affectionately of them, for he never rescued them from the files.' Both these statements are absolutely false. I was managing editor of the *Chronicle* at the time, and personally knew every reporter, whether on the regular staff or doing merely detail work. I also read and accepted all the manuscripts published in the *Chronicle* during the period mentioned, and can assert with positiveness that the *Chronicle* was never honored by the offer of one from Mr. Stevenson. I do not trust to my memory solely on this point, but have caused the account books of the *Chronicle* to be carefully examined, and no trace of Mr. Stevenson's name can be found in them. Had he worked a single day for the paper, or contributed an article or articles, there would be a record of the fact, for the affairs of the *Chronicle* are methodically managed. To make assurance doubly sure, how-

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ever, I have questioned the then city editor of the *Chronicle* and others who were on the staff of the paper in 1879 and 1880, and they all unite in saying that there is absolutely no foundation for the statements I am here denying, as they have already been denied in the columns of the *Chronicle*. I wish to add something that should be conclusive on this point. The *Chronicle*, like most journals, tries to make the most of such facts as the connection of distinguished writers. Does any one suppose for a moment that if Robert Louis Stevenson had been a contributor to the paper that we should not have been proud to dwell on the fact?"

It may be stated here, in relation to this matter, that Mr. Grahame Balfour, in his forthcoming "Life" of Stevenson, in a foot note written after the publication of this story, corrects Mr. Bell's statement explicitly.

The accompanying photographs of the pulpit Bible which was owned and used by Hugh Mackail, "Saint and Martyr," are interesting as showing the present condition of the book. It is of the edition of 1583, and was "imprinted at London (England) by Christopher Barker, printer to the Queenes most excellent majestie." It is printed in the "Roman letter," and contains the apocryphal books. It is bound in wooden boards three-eighths of an inch thick, which are covered with what is believed to be dogskin, though a pious tradition is cherished by certain persons that the covering is a veritable fragment of a leather kilt worn by John the Baptist.

The history of Hugh Mackail is interesting, and was recalled recently by a writer in the *Churchman*. He was the son of Matthew Mackail, the ejected minister of Bothwell, and was born in the Manse of Carmunnock, Scotland, while his father was minister in that village. When only twenty years of age he was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. He preached his last sermon in the High

HUGH MACKAIL'S PULPIT BIBLE

Church in Edinburgh just before the ejection of the non-conforming ministers, in 1662. He joined the insurgents in December of that year, and after undergoing the torture of the "boot" during his examination by Rothes, the presiding judge of the Privy Council, was condemned to death. He was executed at the Market Cross, where he uttered his memorable words of farewell:

"Now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to Thee, O Lord! Now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relatives! Farewell to the world and all its delights! Farewell, meat and drink! Farewell, sun, moon and stars! Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Lord Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant! Welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace, God of all consolation! Welcome, glory! Welcome, eternal life! Welcome, death!"

Hugh Mackail was but twenty-four years old at this time. He was the first martyr of the Covenant, as Wishart had been of the Reformation. His Bible is treasured by his descendants, and is now in the possession of the Mackail family of Bonavista, Edinburgh. Many attempts have been made to purchase it, but it is not for sale. The photographs herewith reproduced were brought to America the other day by Mr. J. P. Morgan.

An acquaintance of Mr. Fiske sends us a story which we do not think has ever been told before:

The late John Fiske, historian, philosopher and essayist, was one of the most delightful of companions. He never posed as an instructor and his intellectual modesty was such that he would receive the crude suggestions of the ignorant and the misinformation of the half instructed with the most respectful consideration and without the trace of a smile. He was fond of mingling with people in the humbler walks of life. He told the writer that he once stayed for a while in a London lodging house where the landlady was an elderly woman married to an aspiring young fellow. He, Fiske, made it a custom to walk into the kitchen just before his hour of retiring and have a talk

with the couple over his mug of beer. The weight of the conversation was always carried by the young fellow amid frequent interruptions from his wife such as: "Don't be so free with the gentleman, Thomas! Those are matters for clever people, and you know you're not clever, Thomas." But Thomas was not to be controlled.

One evening he said to Fiske: "I like you even if you are an American, and in fact I bear the Americans no grudge for getting away from us so far as that goes, but it was the nasty time you took to do it that I don't approve."

Fiske pleaded his ignorance.

"Why," said Thomas, "it was when we were occupied with that blooming Crimean war and so, of course, we couldn't properly attend to you."

Fiske gravely admitted that it was perhaps inconsiderate for Adams, Washington, and other leaders of the Revolution not to have taken a period when the British government was less preoccupied, and the evening ended in perfect harmony.

Mr. Hamilton B. Tompkins recently published privately a little pamphlet containing his bibliography of the works of the late George Henry Calvert, of Newport, who died in 1889, and was a voluminous writer during the early years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Tompkins prefaced his bibliography with a biographical note, in which he says that Calvert's "Gentleman" is perhaps the best known of his works, though among his biographical studies his "Life of Rubens" probably had the widest circulation. Mr. Calvert's mother was a descendant of Rubens. Duyckinck called Calvert "at once a bold and delicate expounder, a subtle and philosophical critic." Mr. Tompkins reproduced an excellent portrait of Mr. Calvert in his pamphlet, which we reprint here by permission.

Through the courtesy of his publishers we present herewith a new picture of Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, whose new story of the trials and

tribulations of a little family coming to New York, entitled the Van-Dwellers, is announced for early publication by Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Company. Mr. Paine is a popular member of the Players' Club, and has for several years been connected with the Century Company, where he has charge of one of the departments of the St. Nicholas Magazine. He is in the habit of spending his spare moments, when not editing copy and writing books, in raising vegetables and fishing. His first book, "The Bread Line," was published last year by the Century Company.

The line of least resistance in American fiction apparently still leads to the reading public through the fields of the historical romance and the story of adventure. The rich vein struck by the late Mr. Westcott has evidently been abandoned, for the author of "Eben Holden" is to try his fortune again with an American historical novel! Realism hangs its diminished head, bewailing its lost empire—justly lost, we think, for it long since abandoned interpretation for photography, analysis for trivial detail, allusiveness for reporting. It can hardly be said to have a future, but it is not the public taste alone that is responsible for the historico-romantic-adventurous flood of the last few years: realism itself has contributed to it by its deterioration, its diversion from its original mission. Mr. Howells's disciples have come to be purely objective in their interpretation of the art of which he is the master. Hence superficiality, and an injurious lack of the sense of proportion. The season that is passed produced but one good work of the school—"The Story of Eva." Mr. Norris cannot be classed among its votaries—his "Octopus" makes him a leader standing as yet alone—nor can Mrs. Wharton, whose work refuses to be labeled except as pure literature.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Mr. Howells's theory of depth as the characteristic of American fiction, as contrasted with breadth, as characteristic of English fiction, propounded in the *North American Review*, seems applicable to yesterday and the last century, rather than to our fiction of the present, and probably of the immediate future. The psychological insight which he claims for the American realists is a thing of the past; the surface alone is now visible to them. Therefore so few of their works get into print; the publishers' manuscript readers find nothing but "breadth" in its lowest terms, which is to say, superficiality. This is, of course, the characteristic of most of our historico-romantic fiction, which atones for this flatness, however, by incident and plot. As in English politics, so in American fiction, there is no opposition worth the name. The romancers have the field all to themselves, and they wisely make hay while the sun shines.

And yet the historico-romantic school is not a closely united body. Mr. Hope has his followers—his imitators we are tempted to say; the American vein had long been worked by individual prospectors—notable among them being Mr. Altsheler—before the rush began. Dr. Weir Mitchell stands alone in his own particular field; so does Miss Johnson, whose work has depth as well as breadth, and therefore promises to develop into true literature; while Mr. Winston Churchill employs conscientiously the gift vouchsafed him. These two promise to endure, even though the popularity of the "school" shall prove but temporary, as was that of the "Kailyard;" of Dr. Mitchell we need not speak; what he has achieved will stand. The break, if break there is to be, and we are not so sure that it is desirable so long as there is nothing new in the field, will probably begin in the theatre, in a gradual decline of the prosperity of the "dramatization," which, while adding nothing to the cause of literature, has done positive harm to the drama.

Mr. Howells told us in his delightful literary reminiscences that the tales and novels of Elizabeth Barstow Stoddard "have in them a foretaste of realism which was too strange for the palate of their day," which was the day of the Civil War, but the trio of her long stories of New England life survived the alarms of war, and the flood of later fiction, among the few who appreciate what is best in letters, whether it be young or old. A new edition of them was published some twelve years ago, when Lowell expressed his gratification at their endurance, and now we are to have still another edition, from Messrs. Henry T. Coates & Co., with a new preface by the author, in which she will tell the story of "The Morgesons," which Hawthorne lived to read and praise "as genuine and lifelike as anything that pen and ink can do," of "Two Men," and "Temple House." Her poet-husband, by the way, told her, when she announced to him her plan of turning novelist that he believed that she "lacked the constructive faculty." Mrs. Stoddard's novels deserve the wide popularity that was denied them in the dark days of 'sixty-three to 'sixty-seven. They are part of American literature, and will probably be read long after much that is zealously devoured to-day has suffered several reincarnations in the paper-mills.

Now that the summer is so nearly past, and the summer reading that is *de rigueur*—the latest and freshest—has probably received its due share of attention, it is a good time to go back among the books of earlier days, where still blossom, too often unheeded, the fine flowers of literature that have survived through summers and winters to many to be counted. We may safely stray from the long highway of fiction, with its many mile-posts from Longinus to Marie Corelli, without fear of boredom, if our tastes be sane and honest. He who reads Virgil or Cicero or Homer in the original, and finds pleasure in so doing, is, frankly speaking, a rare bird, nowadays, for we soon forget our classics, nor, indeed, do we miss them very much. Classical allusion has become a lost art, an impediment to popular success; so, for that matter, has recondite reference to the earlier masters of our own literature, Shakespeare and Pope being probably the only exceptions. Milton is a closed book nowadays; Mark Twain's dictum that he "lacks cheerfulness" stands as a sign of warning to writers for the hour. It has been said that Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn" would be refused to-day by the editor of every magazine in the country—a flippant saying whose truth we doubt—and many of us take Macaulay on trust. Yet one can hardly stray into the byways of past

H. F. TOOGOOD

DR. SHELTON MCKENZIE

G. P. R. JAMES

JOHN HARPER

literature without being captivated and held, without realizing that inexhaustible riches, enough to last many lifetimes, are there for the taking. They remain, notwithstanding a neglect that works its own injury; they retain their potency, if only we will take the trouble to seek them.

This month we reproduce four more carte-visites from the collection of Mr. Robert Coster. These portraits of Dr. McKensie, H. T. Tuckman and G. P. R. James and John Harper are from negatives by Brady.

The right man in the right place is undoubtedly Mr. John Burroughs, as the compiler of an anthology of "Songs of Nature," which Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. announce, the 225 selections composing it being grouped as Bird, Flower, Seasons, and General Nature poems. The poet in his upward soarings, in his higher communings with Nature, occasionally forgets prosaic facts in Nature's ways, or the life of birds—perhaps he is even ignorant of them: inspiration is not always based on knowledge. The verse that has won the approbation of the veteran lover of woods and fields and their denizens has here, however, passed another test than that of beauty: only those that he found accurate in their references to Nature have been admitted to the anthology by Mr. Burroughs. The songs of praise are restricted to English and American poetry, from Shakespeare and Milton downward. Mr. Burroughs furnishes a preface to the book, which, in its modest little way, is literature, like everything else that he writes.

A letter written by Louisa M. Alcott to a young author in 1874, and published in the August number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, contains some advice for those who wish to please younger audiences, which is as valid to-day as it was thirty years ago. She advised him to shun descriptive writing and to introduce his characters on the very first page of his book: "Instead of describing places or people I plunged into the heart of my story and opened it with a conversation, letting the actors unfold the plot and themselves dramatically. From that time my goods sold well, and this was the secret in a great measure. To learn to write short is another good thing; and the art of taking a very simple event or character and making it true to life with the mixture of the comic and pathetic that exists in what we call human nature. Put your own experience into your tales and they can't fail to be good."

A monthly cyclopedia, "not to displace others, but to fill a place," is the latest tool for the "busy worker." The *Current Encyclopedia* comes to us from Chicago, its aim being, so far as we can learn from its first number, to fill from month to month the gap that must ever exist between successive issues of year-books, which cannot give us information about the current events and things of the present year, for instance, before about the middle of 1902. Facts, not final judgments, or appreciations, would seem therefore to be the aim of this undertaking, which consequently is not an encyclopedia in the strict sense of the word. It deals with the present and with yesterday; with the past it has no concern. That the enterprise will fill, if not a long-felt want, at least one ingeniously discerned, there can be no doubt. So far as accessible information is concerned, we still live, notwithstanding newspapers, constantly a year behind our time. This periodical aims to help us out temporarily. It is a kind of "first aid" for those in search of information of the current status of all kinds of things, and of the great men who will appear in next year's year-books. *The Rambler.*

JOHN FISKE

THE death of John Fiske came to a very large part of the people of the land he loved and served so well with a sense of personal loss. Probably no American in our time whose work had been in fields so remote from the daily associations of most of us, has established himself in the hearts of his countrymen so closely and won such respect and confidence and personal regard. A scientist, an historian, a philosopher, dealing with the most abstract problems of life, and dealing with them in the true scientific spirit, patiently and laboriously; looking even on the history of his country as a possible contribution to the solution of those problems, one would hardly have expected him to gain the popularity for which he certainly never strove. Yet of popularity, in the sense of an affectionate regard from great numbers of people of all classes, he had a rich share.

Doubtless much of the feeling that has grown up about Mr. Fiske was due to the familiarity acquired in all parts of the country with him as a lecturer. Some fifteen years ago, in the preface to his little volume, "American Political Ideas," originally prepared as a series of three lectures to be delivered before the Royal Institution in London, he stated that one of these lectures had been then read in some fifty different places in England and in this country, and in all parts of this country from Wisconsin to Maryland. This is a single instance of the wide opportunity afforded by his lectures for personal impression of the man. And his personality was very winning. He was peculiarly sympathetic. Keenly interested in his subject, he had the air of counting confidently on the interest of his hearers. His lectures correspond to the idea expressed in the French phrase: they were "conferences." His manner of delivery was simple, direct, sincere and, in a way, appealing. He talked to his audience in a manner to make them feel that he was talking with them. He had a certain eloquence, which was engaging rather than stirring. His rhetoric—he was not insensible to the value of rhetoric either in speaking or writing—was such as you might expect from a very earnest and highly-trained thinker, full of his subject, in conversation. Sometimes it was a little profuse and metaphor followed metaphor in no very closely related succession. It was a "defect effective." One felt that style was less important to Mr. Fiske than substance. Style was the means, not always critically, nor perhaps quite skillfully chosen; the substance was the end.

It follows from what has been said that Mr. Fiske was much more widely known through his historical work, which was the chief subject of his lectures, than through his scientific work. The latter was, however, extremely important. I am not competent to say how far it had original value, that is, how far it really threw new light on the very difficult and complex questions with which it dealt. But undoubtedly Mr. Fiske contributed, and largely, to the spread among us of those scientific truths which are included in the general term of "evolution," and to the very great change in the mental attitude of thinking men which those truths demand. One of his books he dedicates to "Edward Livingston Youmans, noblest of men and dearest of friends, whose unselfish and untiring work in educating the American people in the principles of sound philosophy deserves the gratitude of all men." Like tribute could be paid with justice to Mr. Fiske. In the opinion of

some, who are entitled to be heard, his application of the principles of evolution to the idea of God and to the immortality of man is of substantial and original value. That his work in this direction was infinitely consoling to many to whom the doctrine of evolution seemed—quite irrelevently, as it appears to me—to be destructive of religion, there can be no question. The fact added much to the feeling of grateful affection with which Mr. Fiske was regarded.

But it is only a formal distinction after all that can be drawn between the scientific and historical work of Mr. Fiske. He studied and wrote history not merely in a truly scientific spirit but with a definite purpose of tracing the operation of the principles of evolution. He was very successful, in some regards the most so of all the historians of modern times. So far as he had gone in his work at the time of his death he had presented the history of the country from the discovery to the formation of the Federal constitution as a continuous process of development in a manner at once interesting and, on the whole, convincing. He has been charged, and to some extent fairly, with failure to verify the entire accuracy of some of his statements. So far as I am aware these failures were not essential. They certainly do not impair the value of the general views he presented. My own impression of these views is that they erred, if at all, on the side of optimism. Mr. Fiske was probably by temperament an optimist. His scientific training and experience did not make him less so, but rather more. The survival of the fittest seemed to him to be not merely, as strictly the doctrine requires, the survival of those fittest to resist destruction, but the survival of the best. He very ardently wished this to be the outcome. Perhaps in tracing the course of the past as well as in trying to indicate the course of the future, he did not give full weight to the evidence that made against his eager desire. But prediction for prediction, the chances of inexact data and incomplete generalization are hardly greater for the more cheerful. The race is really very young. It is as subject as Longfellow's schoolboy to the "glooms and gleams" that "in part are prophecies and in part are longings wild and vain." He to whom the gleam rather than the gloom appeals is, in the coldest and dryest light of reason, at least in no greater peril of error, and he has this great advantage—that he has, and helps his fellows to have, a much better time in life.

Mr. Fiske had an insatiable intellectual curiosity. It dominated his pursuits from earliest boyhood. With this he combined a singularly open mind and a powerful imagination, not too severely disciplined. He was but a lad of seventeen when Darwin's great work appeared and aroused in him the zeal that determined the course of his mental activity for more than a score of years. He was hardly twenty when his review of the fallacies of Buckle attracted the attention of the Scientific Society of America. He was thirty-eight when he went to London, through the influence of Mr. Huxley, to lecture on the discovery and colonization of America before the University of London. From about this time his mind turned more and more toward history and the volumes that have given him a place in the first rank of American historians followed in quick succession. While, as I have remarked, these were in a sense but the continuation of his scientific work, they were also a return to his earliest ideal in scholarship. In his line, he was a leader, both in time and in ability. Others will, necessarily, go further in it. None can be without debt to him for his conception of the task and the achievement he accomplished.

Edward Cary.

THE MODERN CHILD AS A READER

A BRILLIANT essayist ably championed the thesis that life was a reflection of fiction rather than the converse. If there be reason for his claim in the case of adult readers, the case of juvenile readers will present even less difficulty. The truly good parent or guardian, ever watchful of the young, never for a moment doubts the strong influence of fiction in the formation of character, and carefully trains the moral artillery of the Sunday School library against all rebellious traits or tendencies.

A sentiment among their elders in favor of moral and improving literature for the young produces a demand and consequent supply. The gullible infant, ere he has learned to walk alone and to find his own literary legs, keeps to the paths pointed out to him, and hence they are well trodden.

Force of habit will for a time restrain young feet from straying, and much juvenile literature must always be within hailing distance of the moral and educational. Youth means, to the young American or Englishman, education, whether in school or at home. All the moral forces of civilization combine against the youthful animal's desire to enjoy life without thought of the future, and at every turning meet him with the warning to improve the shining hour.

Now, pure literature is not didactic. So far as it looks to moral or mental or physical culture, a book is the less literary. Men and women full grown have learned this, and they cherish those books that delight. These form the perennial literary treasure of our race.

But in considering children's reading, we are too ready to forget the literary in the didactic. We ask ourselves whether a book will be "improving"; we examine it to see what lessons the youthful mind will derive from it; we consider what side of a child's mind needs cultivation, and select books in accordance with the mental lack.

All this may serve its purposes; but the reading thus chosen will not be literary, and children who are thus conducted along paths their elders prescribe will not acquire a taste for the sweets of literature, nor will they profit as readers of literature do profit. The teaching may be good in itself, but it is of another nature than the cultivation given by letters.

What could be more anti-literary than the required courses of reading in our schools and colleges? Do we all need the same doses of labeled classics? And if we take the doses, what reward have we?

Just now nearly the whole range of juvenile publications can be classified under a few general headings. First of these in number and reputed importance is the class of books that may be grouped as "historical." They consist for the most part of shallow, feeble and distorted travesties of historical scenes used as backgrounds for over-magnified young heroes and heroines who play impossible parts in absurd little dramas. To adapt historical incidents to juvenile reading much of them must be suppressed or misrepresented, and what is retained is never in true perspective. Washington, Lafayette, Cromwell, Napoleon, appear as Bowdlerized and expurgated ghosts closely attended by lifeless boys or girls whose feats do not excite incredulity simply because we can not be amazed by the contortions of fleshless, boneless puppets. The books are not history, they are not literary. They are not anything except commercial products. One bit of truth is more valuable for teaching, one bit of imagination is more valuable for inspira-

tion than are all these put together. They are not harmful, as a rule, but neither are they worthy of a reading.

Another large class is that known as "school stories." Usually they are based upon the most trivial of motives, the most unlikely of plots. Two scholars are rivals for a prize, and one or the other—no matter which—does something noble about it; or, something is stolen or broken, suspicion rests somewhere, and ought to rest somewhere else. There are the jocose scholars, the misunderstood scholars, the good and the corrupt—oh, how feebly good, how weakly corrupt!

Next come the "Nature books." These are likely to be diluted text-books, and the dilution has the strong flavor of sentimentalism. We ask our little ones to weep over the tribulations of a destitute cockroach or a bankrupt tumble-bug. We follow the hazardous journey of a five-legged ant from a farmer's bin to an ant-hill. We hear a mole talking cheap slang, or are called upon to admire the tenderness of a yellow-bellied spider for its orphaned offspring. The two great overshadowing motives of animal life—food and sex—are minimized into something of their relative insignificance in the curriculum of a young ladies' seminary.

The common attitude of youth towards the animal world—one of hostility and distrust—is ignored, and an artificial mutuality of interest is pretended.

With domestic-animal books, there is the same obliquity of vision. The horses, dogs and cats are all angels of the higher spiritual life. They love their little masters and mistresses with a speechless devotion that is altogether human and therefore false. The mastering influence of material things over the animal mind is completely omitted, and all the animal faults and stupidities are conveniently skipped.

Does the modern child demand such books? Does he or she read them? If they are read, is it not in ignorance that there is something better?

After turning over the far-extending rows of gaudily covered juvenile books, we come away asking ourselves what is the nature of the young readers for whom these products are intended. We meet, as we take our walks abroad, various immature specimens of humanity, and we enter so far as we can, into their mental lives. We do not find them such as we were. In our own bread-and-butter days, a book was a book although there was nothing in it. We hadn't many; and those we had—must we admit it?—were far inferior to the books of to-day. They were not so well illustrated nor so well written. They were woefully thin in construction, and had a deplorable sameness of plot. One "Oliver Optic" would nestle snugly beside another like the proverbial peas in a pod. Horatio Alger's newsboys and bootblacks were all twin brothers. Bracebridge Hemyng's "Jack Harkaway" was not a great psychological problem, but we liked him none the less. Harry Castlemon—but hush! his books are not yet out of date. R. M. Ballantyne (bless him!) and W. H. Thomes gave us no variety in villains, and Captain Mayne Reid had a limited range in Spanish oaths, and a small reference library on botany and zoölogy. But he was the best of them all, and his heroes were "alive and kicking."

But there was in our own boyish heroes a refreshing lack of sophistication, and in their surroundings a certain simplicity that enabled the youthful mind to grasp the situation without mental effort. The boys and girls of to-day do not find in their books the same surcease from toil that ours brought to us. They are expected to find knowledge and cultivation where we found only a playground for the imagina-

tion. Their books are too studied, too complicated, too realistic, in a word. The life of an Alger newsboy was as fantastic as that of the White Queen or the Carpenter who walked upon the sand with those victimized oysters. The rescue of a millionaire's daughter in a railway accident, or the discovery of a hidden treasure was not even improbable to our young heroes, and, after all, mankind feeds the ideal upon visions. The law of probabilities must be ignored before true art can flourish.

The modern child knows too much to be a trustful reader. He is too well taught in the elements of knowledge to be capable of wonder. He has too large a diet of facts, too great a familiarity with the world's news. He hears the controversies and the criticisms that leave his gingerbread bare of gilding.

Contrast the heroes of the Spanish War, when the newspaper correspondents were through with them, and the heroes of our earlier wars. Would George Washington have survived a course of yellow journalism, or Lafayette have retained his hold of the youthful imagination if he had been pawed threadbare in the magazines?

One shudders to hear how many of our heroes are now easily dismissed by the modern child with the expressed or implied assertion that they are "chestnuts"!

But the most horrifying discovery to be made by the inquiring fogy is the complete indifference of the modern child to much that we considered of absorbing interest. The duck-billed platypus was to us a veritable gyascutus. We marvelled at it; we metaphorically chewed it up fine, and digested it at leisure; we found it an incarnation of the strange and uncanny. Possibly the ornithorhynchus has been trotted out too often; maybe there is now such a variety of curiosities in the sideshows that the small boy or girl is surfeited. Certainly, whatever the reason, the Australian anomaly is not the drawing-card he once was. The evolution of tadpole to frog is another old friend that used to be good for much rounding of eyes and mouths; but Ichabod!—the glory of the batrachian seems dimmed.

The modern child's attitude is one of perfect aplomb and unaffected indifference. The present generation of youngsters would echo Artemus Ward's solution to the problem, "Why do summer roses fade?" - "Cause it's their biz. Let 'em fade." The primrose by the river's brim would be avoided by modern children as a new problem in botanical evolution—another bore in natural science.

Few juvenile books sell well, and it is surprising that any prove profitable. Modern children have so much else to do that they do not read as we used to read. They are embarrassed by riches. Books are cheap, abundant, and little valued. Many are turned out by skilful writers who wish only to profit by a passing fad or fancy, and such must be ephemeral.

Recently a librarian asserted that the modern boys and girls would not read the old favorites, such as Robinson Crusoe. If this is true, it is because the taste for reading is blunted by the trash that tempts and disappoints young readers. Finding so many books dull, they conclude that none is worth the trouble of reading.

Is this pessimism? Try for yourself to ascertain the taste of young readers. You will be fortunate if you can convince yourself they have any appetite for anything worthy to be called literature.

Children who still "love reading" are old-fashioned.

Tudor Jenks.

PRIVATE AND SPECIAL PRESSES

I.—IN ENGLAND

THE present vogue of those English volumes issued in limited editions, whether they belong to the lists of regular publications or to that more select company of privately printed books, has awakened a lively interest in the men who are doing this special class of work in the mother country, and in the details of their work. It is the aim of these articles briefly to give this information, to supply something in the way of data for the convenience of the collector, to indicate the aims of the several presses, and to offer some comment upon the various merits of their productions.

It will be seen, from even the most cursory glance at the accompanying reproductions that the work of nearly all of them shows plainly the influence of William Morris, especially in the use of heavy-faced types and in the matter of decorative illustration. But farther than this, they follow his ideals of artistic bookmaking in the choice of paper and binding, as well. Indeed, many of the men at the heads of these establishments are old associates of that master craftsman and in at least one instance certain of their employees served at the Kelmscott Press.

The Daniel Press alone of those under consideration here, it is interesting to note, has never turned out a volume in any way resembling the Morris books. The first publication of this press, "A Catalogue of Pamphlets in Oxford College," is dated 1874, many years before Morris turned his attention to printing, and this pamphlet was not by any means the first publication of the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, its proprietor. He was devoted to the printer's art as a boy and, as early as 1852 had put a press in his home and produced a little brochure of eighteen pages, entitled "Sir Richard's Daughter, a Christmas Tale of the Olden Times." Another of his earliest books, produced four years later, is "The Later Sonnets of C. J. C." Until very recently Mr. Daniel was his own compositor and did his own press work as well. At present he has the assistance of a single pressman, but continues to do his own type-setting. The Daniel press publications are almost exclusively printed in a light-face type cast

While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece
Of sandal-wood, rare gums and cinnamon;
Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is;

This is the Golden type.

NOW es the rede knyghte slayne,
Lefte dede in the playne,
The childe gone his mere mayne
After the stede;

This is the Chaucer type.

I dreste me forth, and happede to mete anone
Right a faire lady, I you ensure;
And she come riding by hirself alone,
Al in white; with semblaunce ful demure

This is the Troy type.

for Mr. Daniel from original matrices of the seventeenth century at Oxford, and known as Fell's small pica. Many of the books he has chosen for publication, notably those of Robert Bridges, Walter Pater and Lawrence Binyon, are the work of personal friends, and in the case of selections, the editing is his own. In addition to the invariable use of light-faced types, another characteristic of the Daniel books is the customary absence of any decoration or ornament inside or out.

When William Morris inaugurated the Kelmscott Press he adopted the heavy-faced types which had long been unused in the printing of books, and returned to an almost forgotten style of book decoration and illustration as well. His long and distinguished career as an artist and designer made the question of type, its position on the folded page, and its relation to ornament and illustration very important in his eyes. His own collection of mediæval manuscripts and early printed books furnished an abundant choice of models. He lived to design three fonts of heavy-faced types after the styles of Jenson and Plantin and to publish many volumes in which that harmony of type, ornament and illustration which was his constant endeavor is conspicuously noticeable. Besides the original faces of type which he had cut, most of the pictures, borders and initials he used were designed and cut in wood, and the original blocks used in printing. Inasmuch as the other private presses in England generally exhibit, in many essentials of their bookmaking, the influence of Morris's conclusions regarding the several details of the work, we quote at length some of Morris's remarks, published in THE BOOK BUYER several years ago by Mr. De Vinne, the eminent American printer. They were made by Morris to Mr. De Vinne in

the course of an interview during which it is reasonable to suppose these two world-famous printers talked seriously of all that bore upon the possibility of improvement in the art of printing and bookmaking.

Here are Morris's conclusions regarding types:

I. "The Roman face of type, with its many admitted merits, is not the culmination of good taste and common sense. For many books the old black and angular Gothic faces are better."

II. "Types should be black and bold. The great faults of modern Roman types are feebleness and grayness."

III. "Smoothness of cut and symmetry of form are not really needed in types. The eye craves some angularity and irregularity: without them the printed page becomes wearisome."

Regarding illustration and ornament:

I. "Decoration is permissible and often praiseworthy. It must be in harmony with the types."

II. "Simple arrangements of types are more pleasing to the educated reader than those that are artificial and fussy."

Regarding the book:

I. "A book is made to be used — to be read or studied with pleasure to the reader."

II "The two facing pages of an opened book are correlated and should be reasonably close together."

III. "The book should be as easily readable to the mature man as to the school-boy."

A few years after the appearance of the first issue of the Kelmscott Press, Messrs. Shannon and Ricketts and Mr. Lucien Pizarro inaugurated the Vale Press. The first publication, an adaptation in English of a fairy tale of Valois by Margaret Rust, entitled "The Queen of the Fishes;" was printed by Mr. Pizarro, who also designed and cut in wood the illustrations for it. The later Vale books have been printed at the Ballantyne Press, one of the great English printing houses, though always under the personal supervision of Mr. Ricketts, who also is responsible for both the illustration and decoration of the books. Founded so shortly before the death of Morris and the disappearance of his press the Vale books fell heir in some degree to the popularity of the more famous Kelmscott works, which they resembled in many ways. Thus, naturally, the Vale books are best known to us of

The Reve was a sclendre colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.

His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,

SPECIMEN OF ASHENDENE PRESS WORK

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from on high did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our daily forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

SPECIMEN PAGE OF DANIEL PRESS BOOK, MILTON'S "ODE ON THE NATIVITY"

this special class of English publications, if we except those of the Hammersmith establishment, which is now a thing of the past. The new Shakespeare, edited by Mr. T. Sturge Moore, now coming from this press is their most important undertaking and probably the most representative. The Vale publications, like Morris's, are all printed in a heavy face of type, though the tendency of the decoration in most instances is toward a rather more open page and the reverse of the Kelmscott tendency to conventionalized ornamentation. There is, moreover, an interesting variety in the *format* of the Vale books, running through many forms from the diminutive oblong edition of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" to the narrow octavo of the Shakespeare. They also exhibit several distinctive manners in binding, both in the use of cloth and boards.

PRINTED BY S. DANIEL:
OXFORD: XMAS, 1894.

COLOPHON OF DANIEL PRESS

The work of the Ashendene Press began in 1895, with the publication of "The Journal of Joseph Hornby." This is probably the least known in America of these undertakings from the fact that the editions printed are in every case very much smaller, varying from 16 to 154 copies only; and probably averaging no more than 50 copies, at the outside. This unique press is a sort of family venture, it may be said, started by Mr. St. John Hornby, who has with him at present his wife and his brother and sister, W. M. and C. J. Hornby, all interested in a practical way in the success of the press. Though all of the early books from the Ashendene are printed in light-faced types, their latest work, a new issue of "Aucassin and Nicollete," appears in a heavy-faced type such as Morris advocated. This type, which is apparently an old font of Priory text, bears comparison with the Chaucer face of Morris's which it is sure to suggest.

The Essex House Press was established a year or two ago by Laurence Hodson, and C. R. Ashbee, with the avowed hope of keeping alive the tradition of good printing that Morris had revived. They were fortunate in securing at the outset the help of two of the compositors and a pressman from the Hammersmith place. Mr. Ashbee does much of the literary work for the Essex House and has also designed a new face of type which appears in their latest publication and is named after the Press, the Essex House type. This type, while showing plainly enough the endeavor to follow out Morris's ideals, hardly realizes but one. It is undeniably black and bold, but would seem by comparison with his types rather unnecessarily angular and irregular if not so much so as to be distinctly difficult to read. The first volume from the Essex House is a fine folio edition of the "Treatises of Benvenuto Cellini on Metal Work and Sculpture."

Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, the distinguished bookbinder, and Mr. Emery

THE HYMN OF BARDAISAN.

WHILE YET A CHILD AND DWELLING IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE, BROUGHT UP IN LUXURY & WELL CONTENT THEREWITH, OUT OF THE EAST, OUR HOME, MY PARENTS SENT ME FORTH, & FROM THE ROYAL HOARD A LOAD THEY TIED FOR ME, PRECIOUS IT WAS, YET LIGHT THAT I COULD CARRY IT—

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SPECIMEN PAGE OF ESSEX HOUSE PRESS BOOK

HERE ENDS THE HYMN OF BARDAISAN, PRINTED AT THE PRESS OF THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT, LIMITED, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF C. R. ASHBEE.

Published by EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 Bedford Street, Strand.

300 copies.

COLOPHON OF ESSEX HOUSE PRESS

Walker, an old Hammersmith friend of William Morris, are to be credited with the work of the newest of these English presses, which is called the Doves Press, after Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's bindery, in connection with which it is carried on. Mr. J. W. Mackail, the author of the monumental "Life of Morris," published by the Longmans, is the editor of the first Doves book, issued early this year. This is Tacitus's life of Agricola, in Latin. Their second book, entitled "The Ideal Book or Book Beautiful," being a little tract of twelve pages only on calligraphy, printing and illustration, is by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson himself. They have now in press "Unto This Last," four essays on political economy by John Ruskin. These various volumes are very like the Kelmscott books, the vellum bindings especially recalling them. They are printed from a particularly readable face of the Jenson type. Their editions so far have been limited to 300 copies but there is every probability of their printing a much larger edition of the folio issue of the English Bible which they contemplate.

Appreciative commendation is due the work of the Ballantyne, the Chiswick and the Unicorn presses, though their efforts are not confined to the making of artistic books as such. It is safe to say that many of the books printed in limited editions at these places are as worthy of a welcome from the book-lover as certain of the publications of the presses that have properly received more detailed attention in this paper.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

A NEW ELEMENT IN FICTION

AMONG the works of fiction published within recent years are four or five that appeal to our imagination, not so much through their intrinsic merit, though that is by no means negligible, as through the circumstance of their authorship. They are novels and stories written by two men with more or less negro blood in their veins, each of whom knows the negro race with an accuracy and insight not to be attained by an outsider, and each of whom has recorded his knowledge with the discriminating art so necessary to the complex process known as telling the truth.

One of these writers, Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, has drawn his material chiefly from the interesting class composed of men and women whose light color, education, and predilections separate them widely from the majority of their fellow negroes and involve them in a dreary and apparently interminable tragedy attending the development of that unfortunate race along the lines of civilization. His novel, "The House behind the Cedars," is based upon this tragical element in the life of a young colored girl whose brother has made a place for himself in the very heart of the hostile South by the simple expedient of passing himself off as a white man in a town where he is not known. She becomes engaged to a man who is white in truth, and ignorant of her antecedents, and the climax is reached in his discovery of them. Mr. Chesnutt has a keen, a subtle, and at the same time a curiously impartial appreciation of the insidious forces fighting for mastery in this battle between old and new conditions. A remarkable poise of mind saves him from exaggerating the painful aspect of the unequal combat, and even prevents him, perhaps, from laying sufficient stress upon its poignant and pitiful interest. His reticence is so extreme as to give at times an effect of bareness and plainness ill adapted to win the sympathy of the casual reader. His direct statements of the most appalling circumstances and relations pelt like hailstones upon the resisting surface of the imagination, apparently without making their impression. It is only when we come upon some passage in which discretion is laid aside and comment and criticism freely ventured upon, that we perceive how desirable has been this withholding of the pen from superfluous sentiment. We instinctively resent the weakening of the sombre picture of which the details are drawn with relentless realism, by even a single line of inadequate expression, and it cannot be denied that in these infrequent passages Mr. Chesnutt's power of expression plays him false and leaves the weak points in his equipment as a writer open to his enemies.

"If there be a dainty reader of this tale who scorns a lie and who writes the story of his life upon his sleeve for all the world to read," he says in "The House behind the Cedars," "let him uncurl his scornful lip and come down from the pedestal of superior morality to which assured position and wide opportunity have lifted him, and put himself in the place of Rena and her brother, upon whom God had lavished his best gifts and from whom society would have withheld all that made these gifts valuable." In this justifiable emotion we get the disconcerting glimpse of oratorical gesture, the suggestion of flourish to be expected in the work of an untrained writer, but not from the author of "The Wife of His Youth." It is in this story, the opening one of a collection for which it provides the title, that Mr. Chesnutt reveals his unusual qualities in all their

dignity. The narrative in barest outline is sufficiently poignant. The leading character is a man belonging to a little society of colored people organized in a Northern city and doing everything possible to establish a high standard of education, morals and manners among themselves with the idea of the ultimate absorption of their class by the white race. At an important moment in his career when he is about to marry the woman of his choice, he is confronted by a problem the difficulty of which can be but partially discerned by readers to whom it is a theoretical problem only. The wife of his youth, married to him when in slavery (the bond a legal one only if they choose to make it so after the war), and separated from him by the familiar course of events upon a Southern plantation, reappears seeking her husband. He is comparatively young, and she is old, he is light and she is black, he has become a man of cultivation, she is ignorant. He has almost forgotten her existence, she has been looking for him for nearly a quarter of a century, he by the grace of the intervening years is absolutely safe from recognition unless he shall choose to reveal himself. Shall he acknowledge her or shall he not? is the question Mr. Chesnutt puts and answers. Nothing could be finer than the way in which he answers it, or more moving, when we consider the typical nature of the situation. Nothing could exceed the tenderness with which the old and faithful figure of the wife is brought before us, the soft dialect reproduced with indescribable art and charm. It is interesting to observe also that in this masterpiece of his accomplishment, as in much of his other work, we get the recurring note of comedy, suggesting that the farcical side of life is never wholly concealed from the writer's mental vision. At the most unexpected moments this capricious humor darts out at us, not always potent to amuse us, but always spontaneous and simple like the playfulness of a child. During the old wife's narrative, when she is describing her husband to himself she suddenly lightens the strain of the intense pathos by her frank recognition of his defects: "Perhaps he has outgrown you," the husband remarks to the woman who is still unconscious of his identity, "and climbed up in the world where he wouldn't care to have you find him."

"Indeed, suh," she replies, "Sam ain' dat kin' er man. He wus good ter me, Sam wuz, but he wusn' much good ter nobody e'se, fer he wuz one er de trifli'es' han's on de plantation. I spec's ter haf ter suppo't 'im w'en I fin' 'im, fer he nebber would work 'less'n he had ter. But den he wus free an' he didn' git no pay fer his work, an' I don' blame 'im much. Mebbe he's done better sence he run erway, but I ain' 'spectin' much."

Closely allied to this purely humorous tendency is an inclination toward a more ironical banter, the subject of it always the idiosyncrasies of the negro race. We see their delight in posing, their easy irresponsibility in matters of veracity, their pompous snobbishness, their swift alternations of gayety and gloom, their thousand and one indications of imperfect development, as clearly as we see their gentleness and kindness, their luxuriant imagination, their amazing possibilities. In a word, we have in Mr. Chesnutt's three books (the third being another collection of short stories called "The Conjure Woman," and embodying the superstitions and eccentricities of the old-fashioned Southern negro) an ethnological study of extreme importance, such as only a peculiar union of two races and two historic periods could have made possible. Like Janus, the author turns his face toward the future and toward the past, his vision embracing a drama that is over and never to be re-

vived, and a still more mysterious drama that is hardly yet begun.

When we turn from this work, marked by many excellences and also by an indefinable atmosphere of psychological truth in which minor defects are easily lost, to Mr. Paul Dunbar's three books entitled severally, "Folks from Dixie," "The Uncalled," and "The Love of Landry," we have an entirely different manifestation of a not wholly dissimilar gift. "Folks from Dixie" consists of distinct and brilliant little sketches of the various negro types of the South, most of them extremely amusing, a few of them pathetic, all of them cheerfully impersonal, as if written from the standpoint of an interested but not deeply sympathetic observer, with an eye for all picturesque accidents and an intuitive knowledge of the temperaments he has to portray. Of the imagination and profound sentiment pervading Mr. Chesnutt's writing, making itself most felt where least stress is laid upon it, there is barely a hint. In one tale only, "The Ordeal at Mt. Hope," do we get really below the surface and decipher what the author is thinking about the life which he so faithfully depicts. The story is an account of the efforts of a young negro preacher coming from the North, where he has been educated, to meet the needs of his people at the South, concerning whom he is ignorant. Industrial education is the text from which he gains his inspiration and by which he raises the parish of Mt. Hope from its degradation.

Mr. Dunbar's other books of prose are novels in which the negro race plays no part. They have neither conspicuous merits nor conspicuous defects. Like Mr. Chesnutt's novels, both are free from any elaboration or complexity of plot, following a single thread of interest from the beginning to the end. Mr. Chesnutt and Mr. Dunbar have, indeed, despite their unlikeness, what we may call a marked family resemblance in this extreme simplicity, and in a certain homeliness of metaphor relieved at times by the quaintness of phraseology characteristic of the race that gives them their great distinction among writers. We feel that much of what they have written could not have been written in just the same way by anyone less than kin to the people whose individuality they bring before us with such remarkable truth. They have added to our complex literature an element entirely new and greatly to be prized. How that element will develop in the hands of future generations is a question that awakens what Mr. James designates as our "moral curiosity."

Elisabeth L. Cary.

ECHO

DWELLER in hollow places, hills and rocks,
Daughter of Silence and old Solitude,
Tip-toe she stands within her cave or wood,
Her only life the noises that she mocks.

—*From "Weeds by the Wall," by Madison Cawein. By courtesy of Messrs. John P. Morton & Co.*

A DISSECTION OF THE FEMALE HEART

NINE years is a long time for an author to wait for the publication of his second novel. Yet nine years have passed since the world went mad with pleasure over Mr. Richardson's "Pamela." Now, with the ripeness of his fifty-nine years upon him, this distinguished writer gives fresh evidence of his knowledge of human nature in an undoubted masterpiece, *Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady*. Even from among so many books as have flooded the market of recent years, it is not difficult to recollect the story of a beautiful and virtuous maid-servant who succeeded in marrying her master,—a story which announced the arrival in the world of letters of a prime observer and delineator of human emotions. With this second novel, we may say that Mr. Richardson has established the reaction against the purely objective school of fiction. The psychological moment is here.

With the commercial instinct of the printer to whom the publishers, Messrs. Rivington and Osborne, turned when they wished to have written for them a volume of "Familiar Letters" (expanded into "Pamela"), Mr. Richardson has taken advantage of the present popular method of writing novels in the form of letters. While not actually Love Letters, they nevertheless belong to that family, and are erotic enough to satisfy the most exacting demand. The only popular element lacking in them is the garden element. They are written from the parlor or the boudoir, and are concerned only with human nature.

Clarissa Harlowe is described as "a young Lady of great Delicacy, Mistress of all the Accomplishments, natural and acquired, that adorn the Sex, having the strictest Notions of filial Duty." So strict were her notions, indeed, that she has to struggle incessantly against a father who would never be "controuled nor yet persuaded," who "never did give up one point he thought he had a right to carry." He is a type of the family despot, breaking the will of his wife, and degrading her to the part of a dumb servant; desirous of bending his daughter to his will and forcing her to marry a coarse, heartless fool. On the father's side in the struggle are Clarissa's bull-dog brother, her coarse, plain-looking, jealous sister, and two uncles, narrow-minded, vulgar, pig-headed bachelors. The timid slaves, her mother, her aunt, and her old nurse, add their wills to those of the remainder of the family. Clarissa shall marry Mr. Solmes. "Who at the long run must submit? all of us to you, or you to all of us?" asks her mother.

She promises never to marry anyone, and to give up her property. But the family persist. "They had a right to her obedience upon their own terms; her proposal was an artifice, only to gain time; nothing but marrying Mr. Solmes should do; . . . they should not be at rest until it was done."

Robert Lovelace, her seducer, is witty, versatile, and adroit—the type of an unscrupulous man of fashion, who expiates his crimes, at the close of a capital duel, by the hands of Colonel Morden, a relative of the Harlowe family, and a witness of Clarissa's death. Lovelace is a villain, who, in letters to his friend and quondam fellow-reveller, John Belford, jests savagely in cold blood about the harm he has done or means to do.

Clarissa is a New Woman. With her gentleness, she has pride, the firmness of a

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CLARISSA, OR THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY. By Samuel Richardson. Condensed by C. H. Jones. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, $1.25.

man, and a man's mind. She is occasionally too strong-willed and controlled. Her very principles are a snare to her. Her virtue destroys her. The results of the higher education of women are plainly apparent in her. She observes her own conduct and that of others with the minute and indefatigable attention that she would give to a biological specimen in a laboratory. She classifies Lovelace's merits and faults, with subdivisions and numbers, as though she were tabulating the stars. Her logical ability is shown thus:

"That such a husband might unsettle me in all my principles, and hazard my future hopes. That he has a very immoral character. That, knowing this, it is a high degree of impurity to think of joining in wedlock with such a man."

What finer proof could there be of the beneficent influence of university privileges, of the joy of free thought and action? And yet, in spite of logic and abstract principles, how her woman's heart triumphs when her lover urges her to escape from her persecution by trusting herself to his honorable protection! Still further proof of the capabilities of the New Woman.

Of the style of the book one hardly thinks. Under close examination it is likely to appear slipshod, although so trim and systematic. Mr. Richardson is a man of unquestionable genius, possessed of extraordinary insight into a woman's nature, and of power to express it. But he has little or no humor, no rapidity of mind, and his story is so detailed and so elaborate that he is soon left behind in the race of present novelists towards the end of their exciting romances.

Clarissa is published in seven volumes in England, where time occasionally waits for a man to read a book. For American readers Mr. Jones's condensation of Richardson's prolixity and irrelevance puts before the public one of the most sympathetic and life-like women in modern literature. The abridgment is not expurgated for American readers; indeed, the "indelicacy" charged to Richardson when "Pamela" appeared is hardly perceptible in *Clarissa*, so accustomed has our taste become to immoral literature.

We understand that Mr. Richardson is at work on a new novel, "Sir Charles Grandison." It is to be hoped that with his psychological power he will strive to combine a trifle more of humor and less of moralizing. *Carolyn Shipman.*

A POET'S PRAYER

God bless this little share of bread,
This water from the spring,
The wayside boon of rest at noon
When we go hungering:
And as we shoulder care again,
God give us heart to sing!

—*From "Fortune and Men's Eyes," by Josephine Preston Peabody. By courtesy of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.*

MARGARET AND OBED ENCOUNTER THE MASTER IN THE WOOD
[From Judd's "Margaret:" Compositions in Outline by F. O. C. Darley]

THE USEFULNESS OF PRINTS

WHEN prints are under consideration, it is almost invariably the artistic element which is most emphasized. The not inconsiderable literature on the subject serves, on the whole, to strengthen this point of view. Yet the æsthetics of the black-and-white print do not seem to appeal with full force to the large majority of those whom the painting attracts, even if only through its subject—the "subject" so depreciated by "the initiate." To very many the print is apt to represent a very specialized sort of taste. In reality, the interest of subject is not only as strong in prints as in paintings, but more diversified; furthermore, there is this advantage, that the print, not being a unique production like the painting, can have a greater circulation and can and should reach a larger public. The fact is that the products of all the graphic arts form material for social history. They serve to illustrate the history of mankind in its different phases and various surroundings. Especially is this true of prints—which term is used here as a more correct and more inclusive one than engravings—and it is true of those which at first sight appear to have none but an æsthetic interest, as well as of those which are frankly intended to satisfy wants not having necessarily anything to do with art *per se*.

An exhibition such as that of the Morgan prints, recently shown in the New York Public Library, will serve well to

illustrate what is meant. This consisted of over three hundred valuable and fine impressions selected from the collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan (formerly owned by Mr. Theodore Irwin), and illustrated in a remarkable manner the development of the art of engraving from the early nielli to the products of the French portraitists at the end of the seventeenth century. If, in viewing such an exhibition, technical and artistic considerations be laid aside, and points of purely human interest be sought for, there will be found abundance of material to attract those who care to study the history of man in his every-day life. When German artists such as Dürer, Goltzius, Israel van Meckenen and Schongauer apply their technical power and conscientious study of their surroundings to the delineation of Biblical scenes, we get a most interesting view of types, costumes and customs of their times. By way of emphasizing this point, one may instance individual prints such as Dürer's "Prodigal Son" (with its picture of a barnyard of that period), and his "Jerome in his Study" (full of the detail of an old German interior), or van Meckenen's "St. Matthew" (an amusingly quaint personage); but they are simply a few among many. All the more does the social element appeal to us when the artist frankly reproduces the life about him without placing his types before a historical or legendary background. Work like the "Village Festival" of De Bry, Dusart's "Dutch Fair," the genre studies of Ostade, Callot's "Miseries and Misfortunes of War" and "The Punishments," fairly pulsates with that interest that touches us because it is human and is presented with sympathetic understanding. So, too, are intimate character studies brought before us in the form of portraits by masters such as Nanteuil, Masson, Edelinck, Drevet or Aldegrever. The fact that the very artistic excellence of such work strengthens its interest and value from the present point of view, while it is not overlooked, need not be insisted upon here. The truth remains that an exhibition like this one of the Morgan prints offers attraction not only to the connoisseur, but to every one who delights in studying his fellowman in various ages and under the most diverse conditions.

What is true of the work of these artists of bygone days, with their faithful insistence on detail, applies also to modern productions, such as those in the Avery collection in the New York Public Library. Here are nearly 18,000 pieces, collected to illustrate the development of the arts of etching and lithography in the nineteenth century; and they do illustrate it with noteworthy adequacy. But, again stepping aside from the purely æsthetic standpoint, we find a wealth of material here also. One can pick at random in such a collection as this. Mediæval life is revived for us by J. B. Madou and C. Rochussen; the martial glories of the Empire under Napoleon I are celebrated by Raffet, Charlet and Vernet; and Boilly illustrates the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe. Moreau le Jeune and Boucher, setting out to illustrate Rousseau and Molière, respectively, have given interesting costume plates of their times. The types of the Commune have been immortalized by Bertall. Menzel has taken time to reproduce the minutest details of the uniforms of the army of Frederick the Great; Krüger (*Pferdekrüger*) delineated the German cavalryman and his horse *con amore*, and Detaille never characterized German troopers more truthfully than in some of his lithographs. The customs and foibles of the French in the nineteenth century are commented upon in caricature by Gavarni, Daumier, Monnier, Jacque, Doré, Le Prince, Traviès, Benjamin and others. Similar pictorial com-

From "The Apocalypse."

R. H. Russell & Co.

THE CALLING OF ST. JOHN
[Dürer.]

ment is furnished by Cruikshank and Deighton for England, by a number of Dutch artists for Holland (coming down even to the Anglo-Boer war), by Martial for the Franco-German war. Portraits of great interest bear the signatures of noted etchers, lithographers and engravers, such as Legros, Lefort, Desboutin, Martial, T. Johnson, Grevedon, Krüger, Gaillard, Manesse and Kriehuber. Jacquemart has carefully reproduced in etching beautiful examples of the art of the worker in gold, silver and glass, and of the bookbinder; while Guerard's numerous etchings include about fifty quaint pictures of old lanterns. The architectural beauties of France and other countries of the Continent are pictured by Meryon (under whose hands old Paris comes to life again), Martial, Rochebrune, Desboutin, Bonington and Prout. The landscape and fauna of our own land are seen with foreign eyes in the numerous compositions of Bodmer, who accompanied Prince Maximilian of Wied on his travels. Famous paintings are brought before a larger public through sympathetic translations into black and white by Chauvel, Unger, Feckert and others. The Wagner enthusiast can find artistic interpretations of the master's music by Fantin-Latour and Egusquiza.

Surely, examples need not be multiplied further to show that the special artistic interest of prints, even when so predominant as in the two collections referred to, is accompanied by elements of distinct value and usefulness in other fields. This characteristic is emphasized with especial force in collections of prints such as those formed by the Fords, E. A. Duyckinck, T. A. Emmet, R. L. Kennedy, John Bigelow, S. J. Tilden and Alexander Maitland, and deposited in the print room of the New York Public Library. Such collectors gather up prints to illustrate their particular studies. As a result, we get portraits without number, views of localities and buildings, historical scenes, caricatures and pictures of costumes, customs, historic vessels, furniture, coins, seals, and the thousand and one other things which serve as material for the history of the national and social development of a people. All of this is of distinct usefulness and valuable to those carrying on research in special lines. In a print room like the one in the Lenox Library building one can hear requests of a general nature for material such as that just

KNIVES AND SCISSORS TO GRIND
[From the color print in Andrew W. Tuer's "London Cries."]

GENERAL VIEW OF OXFORD

[From the etching by H. Toussaint, in Lang's "Oxford: Brief Historical and Descriptive Notes."]

referred to, as well as more specialized ones. A correct picture of Beau Brummel's cravat or a view of the pump room at Bath will be required for theatrical purposes. Artists will come in quest of some detail difficult to get—portraits of Washington Irving at twenty-seven, the headdress of old ladies in 1810, chairs in use in 1830, and what not. Such and similar queries are on record. The inference is obvious. That material in a print room in which the subject is of paramount interest and overshadows the artistic value should be classified and made available like the books of a library. Those prints, on the other hand, which are reserved for their artistic interest should be indexed by subjects, specially valuable ones being made to serve useful purposes through cheaper reproductions. All this gives but a slight idea of the wealth of interest and varied usefulness that lies in a well-arranged print collection, both for the special student as well as for the casual observer. Exhibitions viewed in this spirit cannot fail to hold the attention not only of art-lovers, but a greater public as well. And the fact that prints can serve such distinctly useful ends apart from purely æsthetic considerations, while it benefits a larger public, does not detract in the slightest from their value to the connoisseur.

Frank Weitenkampf.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THEY were both in the sixties; they both died on the same day, and their names began with the same letter. And yet no two men were ever more completely different in temperament than Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan. Sir Walter was essentially an optimist, and always genial. He had not the native ability of Buchanan, but the latter's intellectual gifts were almost completely destroyed, so far as the creation of a public was concerned, by his temperamental cantankerousness. Buchanan was essentially a fighter—a perfect Ishmael—and the battles with which he began his career necessitated his carrying on an incessant campaign in order to right himself. It was pathetic that the work of his that had brought him some substantial pecuniary return in recent years, namely, his melodramas and his adaptations from Fielding, can scarcely have satisfied his artistic sense. He had, however, some devoted friends, including Mr. John Coleman, the old actor, and his sister-in-law, Miss Harriet Jay, who has written several novels in collaboration with Mr. Buchanan. The Rossettis' reputation has increased rather than diminished since Mr. Buchanan's bitter attack on the "fleshly school." Thus, Messrs. Sands will issue in the autumn an autobiography in verse by Dante's father, Gabriel, translated by Mr. William Rossetti.

Sir Walter Besant had also been a fighter, but in the most genial spirit, for one can never forget the campaign he carried on against publishers and the creation of the Society of Authors. But he was so entirely good-humored with it all, and there was so much in him that was genuinely altruistic, that he was universally respected by everybody. Even the critics of the younger generation had to admit that some of his later books were the best he had written. At the time of his death he was engaged on a comprehensive survey of London, a subject in which he was deeply interested, and he left three stories which he never was to see in book form. Both his sons are now fighting in South Africa.

The late Miss Charlotte Yonge was enormously industrious and left over 120 books, but her estate, which has just been valued at £12,913, gives her an average of only £100 per book. The copyright of "The Daisy Chain" has been bequeathed in trust for the Mission to the Melanesian Islands, in which she was very much interested. Her collections of shells and dried flowers have been left to St. Mary's College, Winchester, which was another of her hobbies. Compared with Mr. George Smith's £761,965 Miss Yonge's life-long labors seem not particularly remunerative. Of course, Mr. Smith made a great deal out of his speculations other than publishing, notably by a popular natural water, but he came before the days of literary agents had cut into publishers' profits. He left £50 to Mr. Leslie Stephen and £500 to Mr. Sidney Lee, the successive editors of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which was the crowning achievement of his long career.

The new editions of Boswell's Johnson, which the Dents are publishing, will be the best illustrated issue that has yet appeared, for there will be a picture of nearly every place connected with the great lexicographer. Several London houses with which he was associated still remain, but they have fallen from their high estate, for most of them, lying in central London, have been turned into places of business. One of the houses where Johnson used to visit, though few

of his biographers seem to know the fact, is now occupied as a counting house by King Edward's printers, Eyre & Spottiswoode. It is a charming old mansion inside, with sedate cornices, and a general air of eighteenth-century comfort; but, as it stands away from a main thoroughfare (in the region of Fleet Street) it is never visited by sightseers. The book about that famous hostelry, the Cheshire Cheese, where the Johnson Club meets, has been very appropriately issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, for he is a member of the club. The Cheshire Cheese is said to have literary associations as far back as Chaucer. The present owner of the place, Mr. Moore, is a parishioner of Mr. Anthony Hope's father, the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, of St. Bride's, while his sister is the wife of Mr. Pinero, and her son and daughter by her first husband, Captain Hamilton, are both making their name in letters—the son is a special correspondent and the daughter is a novelist.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins has found a congenial task in the history of the Seymour family, which the Duke of Somerset, the head of the house, has given him every facility to prepare. Mr. Wilkins is a Somerset man, and was born forty years ago. He was known for several years at Cambridge, where he was educated, in various capacities, for he took a keen interest in the extra-mural life of the University. For a time he was private secretary to Lord Dunraven when Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mr. Wilkins made his first appearance in letters as the editor of some unpublished manuscripts of Sir Richard Burton. By far the best thing he has done was his "Love of an Uncrowned Queen," which he published last year. He has been closely associated with the Hutchinsons, who have published several of his books. Another work dealing with an ancient family is a book about that Countess of Warwick who was the sister of Robert Boyle, the "father of chemistry" and brother of the Earl of Cork. It is by Miss C. Fell Smith.

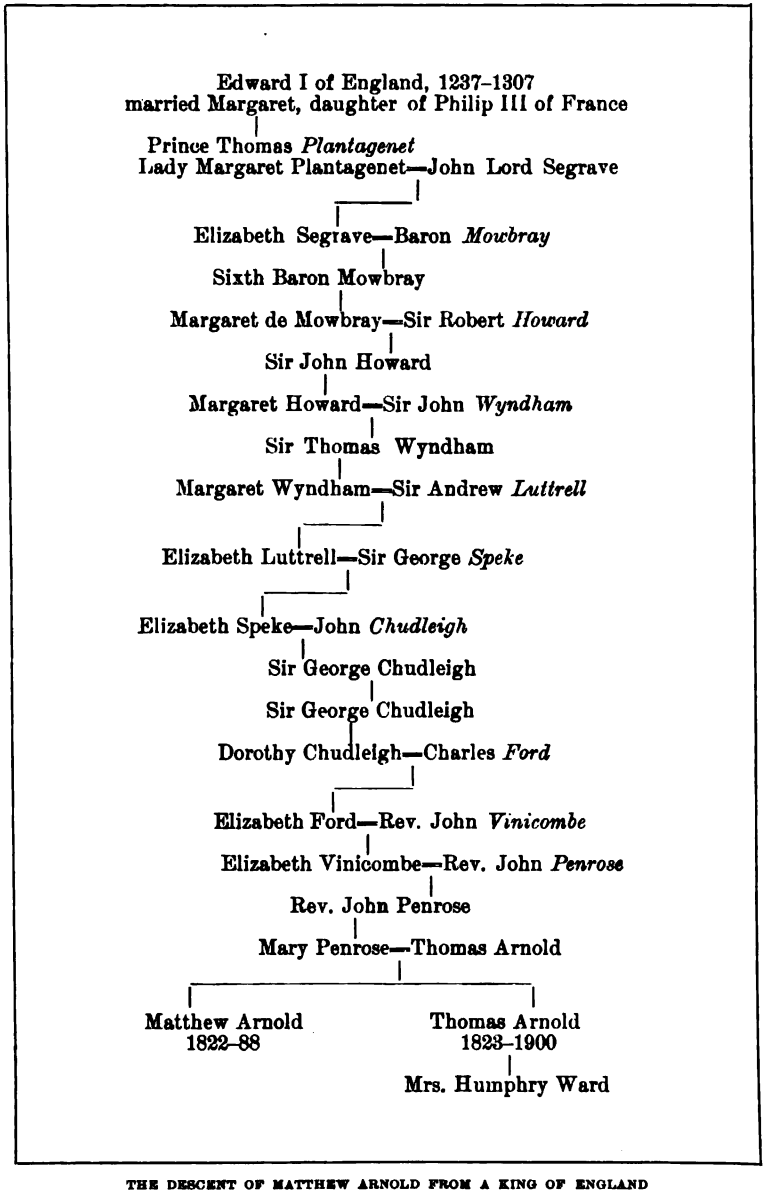
One of the most curious features about the war we are waging in South Africa has been the part played by women. The keynote was struck by Lady Anne Barnard, the author of "Auld Robin Gray," whose letters (recently published) gave a most picturesque view of the Cape from 1793 to 1807, when her husband was under-secretary to Lord Macartney. The part played by Miss Olive Schreiner and Mrs. Botha in the present campaign is known all over the world, and several English women have made themselves heard on the subject, on the sides of both policy and strategy. One does not forget that Miss Kingsley, the African explorer, sacrificed her life in nursing the Boer prisoners at the Cape, and Mrs. John Richard Green, who has visited the prisoners in St. Helena, keeps the public informed as to her views on the whole matter. One of the very best books on the war has been "Yeoman Service," written by Lady Maude Rolleston, who is the sister of the Earl of Carnwath and the wife of Colonel Lancelot Rolleston, who is second-in-command of the Third Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry. There is a very clever book by Roy Devereux, who dedicated her book, "Side Lights in South Africa," "To My Friends in Africa—A Libation." Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, who is specially interested in the hospitals, has written "A Woman's Memories of the War," while it has been left to a woman—Lady Briggs—to write a big work on the "Staff Work" of the war. Lady Briggs is the widow of the late Sir John Henry Briggs, who was chief clerk of the Admiralty, and she edited his book, "Naval Administrations, 1827–1892." There probably never was a war on which women wrote so much, both for and against the whole campaign, and on which

opinion has been so much divided. It is difficult to arrange the opposing views in any sort of order; but, as a whole, literary people, with some notable exceptions, are against war.

Mr. Heinemann has a considerable venture in hand in the shape of a geographical work called "The Regions of the World." It is edited by Mr. J. H. Mackinder, who is Reader of Geography at the University of Oxford and Principal of Reading College. Mr. Mackinder was President of the Oxford Union eighteen years ago. Besides geography he is interested in politics, and contested Warwick last year in the interests of Radicalism. He contributes the first volume to the series which deals with Britain and the British seas. Sir Clements Markham, the president of the Geographical Society, who began his career in the navy, describes Scandinavia. Dr. Scott Keltie, who edits the excellent "Statesman's Year Book" for the Macmillans, has dealt with Africa. India has been assigned to Sir Thomas Holdich, who spent his life in India and as superintendent of frontier surveys, knows the country thoroughly. Russia is treated by Prince Kropotkin, who lives at Bromley, Kent. Quite recently he was announced to address a meeting in Trafalgar Square, denouncing the Czar in the name of the persecuted Russian students. Instead he sent a long letter expressing his views, for he keeps in touch with all the Socialists and Fabians in London.

Touching your excellent article on the Arnolds, I may supplement your contributor's suggestion of the royal descent of the family by giving the complete chain which connects the Arnolds with Edward the First, King of England. The table, which is condensed from two elaborate deductions that have just appeared in the *Genealogical Magazine* (edited by Mr. Fox-Davies, the author of a scathing book called *The Right to Bear Arms*), does not deal with the origin of Dr. Arnold. But the writer does not so much as mention the suggestion that he had a Hebraic origin—a statement that Mrs. Humphry Ward has repudiated utterly. The Hebraic touch in Matthew Arnold's face and the strenuous character of his appeal (strongly reminiscent of a prophet of Israel) probably gave rise to the whole suggestion, coupled with the fact that Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet, is undoubtedly of Jewish origin. The literary inheritance of the Arnolds is very remarkable. Dr. Arnold had five sons and five daughters, who are represented to-day by fifty-eight descendants. The family of Matthew Arnold has not figured in letters; but Mrs. Humphry Ward has more than upheld the family tradition, which was strengthened by the literary qualities of her father, Thomas, the veteran who died last year. One wonders whether she had the designation of her ancestor, Prince Thomas Plantagenet of Bretherton in her mind when she wrote her brilliant sketch of "Miss Bretherton" seventeen years ago. Her eldest brother William, who won the Arnold Essay in 1879, with a sketch of "Roman Provincial Administration," is a journalist. One of her sisters married Huxley's son, Leonard, while her youngest sister, Ethel, has written a story called "Platonics," has reviewed extensively for the *Manchester Guardian* (the most bold "pro-Boer" daily), and is now a partner of the most artistic photographer of London. Edward Arnold, the publisher, is a first cousin of Mrs. Humphry Ward, being the son of the late Rev. Edward Penrose Arnold, while the latter's brother, William, who wrote extensively about India, is represented by a son, Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, who has written one of the most popular naval books, "In a Conning Tower"; by a daughter, Mrs. Vere O'Brien, who wrote a life of the Hungarian patriot, Francis Deak; and by another daughter who

wrote "English Church Dedications" two years ago. For those who care for the curiosities of descent the Arnold pedigree is extremely interesting.



THE DESCENT OF MATTHEW ARNOLD FROM A KING OF ENGLAND

Mr. Murray will publish in the autumn a book on "Dangerous Trades," which will be contributed to by several experts. Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., who writes on prospective legislation for dangerous trades, is the brother of Mrs. Asquith, who was supposed to be the original of Mr. Benson's "Dodo." Mr. Tennant was married five years ago to Miss Abraham, who was formerly Superintendent and Inspector of

Factories. Every aspect of public health will be dealt with in the book, which should be of immense value at the present moment when the State takes such a paternal interest in the welfare of the subject.

A history of music in six volumes is to be issued by the Clarendon Press, and will form a useful supplement to "Grove's Dictionary of Musicians," the latest edition of which is in four volumes. Each author has been allotted a separate period in the "History of Music." The first two volumes, devoted to the ecclesiastical period, are the work of Professor W. E. Wooldridge, who contributed the article on "The Music of the Metrical Psalter" in Grove's great book. He is Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge. The third volume will describe the music of the seventeenth century, and will be the work of Sir Hubert Parry, who is the Professor of Music at Oxford. He was a constant contributor to Grove's book, and has written a good deal of classical music. One of Sir Hubert Parry's sons-in-law is Mr. Plunkett Green, the well-known singer. The fourth volume, which deals with the age of Bach and Handel, has been edited by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, who edited the appendix to Grove, and is musical critic to the *Times*. Mr. W. H. Hadow, who will deal with the Viennese school in the fifth volume, is a Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford, where he had a most successful career as an under graduate. He has written a piano sonata and several songs. The sixth and last volume will deal with the romantic movement, and will be written by Mr. Edward Dannreuther, who is one of the Board of Professors of the Royal College of Music in London. He was born at Strasburg, though his father was a resident of Bayreuth. He was educated in America and Germany, and married a Greek. He has been nearly forty years in London. Miss Constance Bache, who has written an interesting little book on her brothers, Edward and Walter Bache, has done a good deal of work in musical literature, and has translated several German libretti, "Hansel and Gretel" among them. She is a kinswoman of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the Johnsonian. A section of her family have long been in America.

Mr. Max Pemberton has dramatized his story, "The Little Huguenot," and Mr. Daniel Frohman is interesting himself in the play. A copyright performance of it was given at the Globe Theatre the other day in order to comply with the ridiculous fashion of this country, which makes copyright dependent on the reading of a play before an audience that pays for admission. For this purpose the actors (in ordinary dress) simply read the part, and one or two of their friends pay from one guinea to three guineas for admission. The whole thing is as much a farce as the censorship of plays. It is a curious fact that a play which has been produced in Canada need not be submitted to the British censor, while a play that has been produced in America has to run the risk of being vetoed by him. Mr. Pemberton has enlarged the scope of his pretty story which affords a very good boy's part. "Nell Gwyn," which is running at the Globe, has proved an enormous success. The theatres, however, as a whole, have had a bad time, due either to the war, or to the Queen's death, or perhaps to both causes. Scarcely a single notable play has been produced during the season, and managers are conserving their energies for the autumn.

The latest thing in illustrated journalism is a society and theatrical sixpenny weekly, called *The Tatler*. The eighteenth century is well represented in the journalistic nomenclature of to-day, for we have the *Rambler* (revived by Mr. Herbert Vivian), the *Guardian* and the *Spectator*, which is the most popular of the sixpenny journals of opinion. *J. M. Bulloch.*

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

THE Grolier Club has been in existence a little over sixteen years. Its success and present prosperity have demonstrated beyond doubt the wisdom of the policy as well as far-seeing judgment of its founders. One of the founders was the well-known printer, Theodore L. De Vinne, who, by his works, in more sense than one, has earned for himself the title of America's greatest printer. The degree of Master of Arts, recently conferred upon him by Columbia University, is a recognition of his ability and service to the printer's art.

In 1876 his first contribution to the literature of printing was published. It was called "The Invention of Printing," a second edition being issued in 1877. From that day to this, by pen and voice, he has been trying to raise the standard of good printing. As one of the founders of the Grolier Club he early appeared as one of its lecturers, his lecture on "Historic Printing Types" (New York, 1886), being issued as one of the regular publications of the club, as well as his interesting monograph on Christopher Plantin, published in 1888. The latest issue of the club (although only to be owned by the elect) is upon a subject he has long been interested in. In fact, his studies and researches upon this topic cover a period of more than forty years. The full title of this book is, "Title Pages as seen by a Printer, with numerous illustrations in fac-simile and some observations on the early and recent printing of books, by Theodore Low De Vinne. The Grolier Club of the City of New York. MCMI."

Everything that the skill of the printer's art can do has been lavished upon this volume, so that it stands as one of the most elegant, sumptuous and appropriate volumes issued by the club.

The growth of so-called "private" presses is appalling. The collector is somewhat bewildered by this increase, and has to stop and rub his eyes and think just what to do. The failure of so many collectors to get in "on the ground-floor," so to speak, in the case of the Kelmscott Press books, created a moderate demand for the publications of the Vale Press. These books have shown a greater increase in price for the same time than did the Kelmscott Press publications, the London auction season, just closed, demonstrating this fact beyond any doubt.

So many questions arise connected with such private presses that one is sorely puzzled to know just what course to pursue. Are these books bought up by the speculators, who put them aside waiting for a rise? Have they intrinsic value either in beauty of *format* or in regard to contents? How will they be regarded by collectors forty years from now? One thing is certain, namely: these private presses should not be compared with the Kelmscott Press publications, because several unique features were combined in these; besides the fame of William Morris, as well as his unique place in literature. So that, however we may regard them, it must be alone.

Two private presses that have not been spoken of in this department have recently come into prominence—one the Essex Press and the other the Doves Press. Of the latter only three books have been issued, and therefore it may be too early to prophesy concerning them, but of the former we may. The Essex Press was started in London by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, in connection with the Guild of Handicraft, an organization formed for the furtherance of handicraft. Besides printing, it includes goldsmithing, engraving, and other kindred arts. It had its beginnings in 1886–1887, in a small class held at Toynbee Hall for the study of the art of design and John Ruskin, and soon embraced a brotherhood of architects, metal-workers, lithographers, stained-glass designers, manual training, modelers, binders, cabinet-makers and printers. The first book printed was Cellini's "Treatise on Metal Work," etc.

Appended is a check-list of their publications, with some of their books announced as forthcoming:

1. Benvenuto Cellini's Treatise on Metal Work (600 printed), folio, London 1898
2. The Hymn of Bardaisan (300 printed), 16mo " 1899
3. Shakespeare's Poems (450 printed), 4to " 1899
4. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress (750 printed), square 16mo, London 1900
5. Church of St. Mary, Stratford at the Bow (250 printed), 8vo, London 1900
6. Shelley's Adonais (vellum series, 50 printed), 16mo, London 1900
7. Keats' Eve of St. Agnes (vellum series, 150 printed), 16mo, London 1900
8. Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (vellum series, 150 printed), 16mo, London 1900
9. Whitman's Hymn on the Death of Lincoln (vellum series, 150 printed), 16mo 1900
10. Hoby's The Courtier (125 printed), 8vo, London 1901
11. Endeavor Toward the Teaching of John Ruskin and William Morris (350 printed), 8vo, London 1901

Among the books announced from the press as forthcoming are Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," "The Psalms of David," John Woolman's "Journal," Penn's "Fruits of Solitude."

The following are expected to be issued, but not positively decided upon, viz.: Froissart's "Chronicles," Burns's "Poems," Langland's "Vision of Piers Ploughman," Tennyson's "Maud," etc., etc.

Elsewhere in this number of THE BOOK BUYER is a note of some length upon several of the English private presses. *Ernest Dressel North.*

CURRENT LITERATURE

A TREASURE TROVE FOR THE SHAKESPEARE STUDENT

JUDGE CHARLES E. PHELPS, in the opening chapter of his volume entitled *Falstaff and Equity* explains that the book from one point of view may be considered as the explanation of a joke, or perhaps it would be more correctly phrased, to turn a fairly good joke into a much better one. In prosecuting this work, however, the author has given us the results of a most careful study of the environment of Falstaff, which was the environment of Shakespeare, and has thrown some little new light upon the private life of the great poet. The passage which is commented upon is as follows:

> *Falstaff:* Come my masters, let us share and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards *there is no equity stirring.*

The interpretation of the last clause, "there is no equity stirring," is the object of the author in his volume, and in this study much interesting light is thrown upon the particular period of English history when the play was written and put upon the stage. The reader will recollect that the occasion, when Falstaff uttered the remark quoted, was at the close of the Gad's Hill incident, the incident of all Falstaff's situations the most famous and audacious. Prince Hal and Poins, with Falstaff, Bardolf and others, have reached Gad's Hill with the avowed purpose of robbing some travelers. As they are about attacking the wayfarers, Prince Hal and Poins contrive to absent themselves, leaving Sir John with Bardolf and the others to make the attack. This they do and secure the money, whereupon the Prince and Poins disguised, attack the robbers, take their booty from them, and afterwards make themselves known. Falstaff, to be himself, must sustain on every occasion the character of a wit and jester. Here is the greatest opportunity of his life; in the planning of the robbery he has shown himself a thief; in surrendering the booty he has shown himself a coward, and is presently to appear as a most colossal liar, so that when we might expect the greatest joke of his life he utters the expression, "An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring." The sense in which the term *equity* is ordinarily used makes it nearly synonymous with justice, so that the expression, "there's no equity stirring," might be construed as substantially synonymous with the expression, "there's no justice going," which is not a bad joke in itself. When the defeated highwayman has been relieved of his booty and his cowardice and braggadocio exposed, there is a grim humor in his complaint that there is no justice in the manner of his treatment, but it would not be a joke worthy of Falstaff in one of his supreme moments and could be hardly expected to bring down the house when uttered upon the stage. The work of Judge Phelps in his most interesting volume is to show that to an audience of the day the expression, "there's no equity stirring," would mean vastly more than its supposed equivalent, and is in fact a "gag" which would take the audience by storm.

At the time when this play was written and put upon the stage, one of the living questions among the English people was the power of a court of equity, presided over by the Chancellor. In its early days

FALSTAFF AND EQUITY. By Charles E. Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

the court of equity was supposed to be a court of conscience, a court which had the right under certain circumstances to control the ruling of the law when its literal execution would work a hardship or an injustice. The controversy between the courts of law and the courts of equity was in direct descent from the early struggle for jurisdiction between the temporal and ecclesiastical courts, between the common law of England and the civil law, between England and Rome. The early pretensions of the crown to arbitrary power were usually sought to be enforced through the courts of chancery, which made such courts, when coming in conflict with the common law courts, vastly unpopular among the people. The contest was at its height when the play of Henry the Fourth was written and put on the stage. At about this time the court of chancery, for the first time, had ventured to set aside the judgment of a court of law. Prior to this time, the chancery court would seek to temper the proceedings of a case at law, but it was looked upon by the people as a great stride toward despotism, when after a case had been duly tried and a final verdict upon the evidence rendered by the court and jury, that the courts of chancery should issue an injunction to prevent such judgment being carried into effect. It was looked upon as a despotic act for one man, the Chancellor, to override and set aside the verdict of a judge and twelve jurymen. Judge Phelps cites several interesting cases, which at this very time are reported, where the action of the Chancellor had provoked widespread discussion and indignation among the people, who felt that the common law of England was being overborne by a power capable of vast abuses. One of these cases illustrates the avarice of Queen Elizabeth, who had in other cases used her powerful influence to favor the widest jurisdiction of the Chancellor, but who reversed his rulings in a case where his action was unquestionably just and wise, because such decision was contrary to the pecuniary interests of the Queen.

The illustrations given by Judge Phelps show that at this very time no such subject was of such general interest among the patrons of the theatre as this question of the relative powers of the courts at law and equity, and therefore, that when Shakepeare puts into the mouth of Falstaff the expression, "there's no equity stirring," instead of its meaning to the audence, "there's no justice going," it brought to the minds of the hearers the living topic of the times, the equity courts, and was therefore a "gag" than which nothing else would have so powerfully appealed to the audience.

In illustrating his point, Judge Phelps gives a most interesting account of the development and ultimately the legal defining of the powers of the courts of equity, and also shows a personal ground for Shakespeare's feeling in the matter, growing out of a case brought by his father seeking to recover a piece of property which had been mortgaged by John Shakespeare's wife to Edmund Lambert, to secure the payment of a loan of forty pounds. When the money became due and was not paid, Lambert claimed an absolute forfeiture of the property according to the literal terms of the mortgage, and succeeded in maintaining his claim, owing in part perhaps to the inability of Shakespeare to afford the luxury of a suit in chancery.

The book is an original, painstaking and scholarly study of the time when the play was written and of the struggle between the law and the equity courts, fortified by citations from noted cases, and while of especial interest to students of the evolution of law, is yet written in a style so clear that it is of great interest to

the layman. It is a notable contribution to Shakespearean literature.

Franklin Head.

A BATCH OF TRAVEL BOOKS

ONE of the schemes most cherished by the late George W. Steevens, the war correspondent and traveller, was an exhaustive account of life in the three great cities of Europe—London, Paris and Berlin—sketching their characteristics and contrasting their activities of infinite variety. For years Mr. Steevens had been taking notes to this end, and the present volume gives whatever was in shape for publication at the time of his death. The author was a born observer, with something of Dickens's faculty of finding an interest where most people found only the commonplace, and making his readers share his interest. Yet it is, perhaps, making too much of these unpretentious sketches to mention Dickens in connection with them, for they have not the personal note that meant so much in the more famous author's London sketches. Dickens was chiefly interested in men and women rather than in things. These notes of Mr. Steevens are rather excellent examples of what newspaper work at its best ought to be—a rapid comprehensive glance over the field, touching here and there where the interest is paramount for the moment. A few lines from the table of contents will give an idea of the book's scope: The First Crossing of London; London's Larder; Wine; The Unstable Poor; Various Aspects of a Modern Sunday; Sleepless London; London, the Provincial. In the first named paper Steevens tells what he saw in a twenty-mile walk right across London, in the way of interesting houses, streets and people. The papers on London's larder and wine cellar give interesting figures about what the great city eats and drinks, where all the stuff comes from, and how much it costs. For instance he looked up the sources of the 34,422 tons of meat that came into London in one month and found that England and Ireland supplied 15,000 tons, America 8,400 tons, Australia and New Zealand 6,400, and the Continent the rest or about 4,500 tons, mostly poultry. London's butter and early vegetable come from France, her eggs from Denmark, her cheese from the United States and Canada; if England was cut off from the outside world, London would starve. Among the Paris notes he sketches scenes in the cafés, the Day of the Dead, the Snobs, the market gardeners, French thrift, etc. In Berlin he found no love for England. He writes: "Both as a nation and as individuals the Germans detest us. True they water their detestation with a sneaking admiration for our sports, our athletics, our clothes. In the German sporting papers you will meet such sentences as: 'Trainer Brown wird wie letzen Galops seiner Cracks selbst leiten; sein Firststring, Little Duck, wird für die Chesterfield stakes starten.' But meet the man who talks this sort of language and dresses the nearest he can get to a covert coat—and tell him he looks like an Englishman. In his heart he will rejoice, but he will pretend to be insulted." Mr. Steevens thought an alliance between Germany, France and Russia against England not an impossibility.

GLIMPSES OF THREE NATIONS. By G. W. Steevens. Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50.

THE OUTBREAK IN CHINA. By the Rev. F. L. Hawks Pott. James Pott & Co., 75 cents.

THE SIEGE IN PEKING. By the Rev. W. A. P. Martin. Illustrated. Revell Co., $1.00.

AN AMERICAN ENGINEER IN CHINA. By Wm. Barclay Parsons. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., $1.00.

AN AMERICAN WITH LORD ROBERTS. By Julian Ralph. F. A. Stokes Company, $1.00.

THE EXPANSION OF RUSSIA. By Alfred Rambaud. International Monthly, $1.00.

What the Rev. Dr. H. L. Hawks Pott, the president of St. John's College in Shanghai, has to say concerning the part played by the missionaries in the recent Chinese outbreak is entitled to respect. He admits that some of the missionaries, by antagonizing the religious beliefs of the people, by interference in politics, backed by the foreign gunboat, and by arrogating to themselves official prerogatives, have done much to encourage rebellion; but he contends that the good accomplished by the missionary far outweighs the harm. Among the causes of the recent disturbances Dr. Pott mentions the poverty of the people, official corruption, exclusiveness, encroachments of foreign powers, introduction of railways and concessions to foreign syndicates, the Empress Dowager's political intrigues, and lastly, missionary enterprise.

A far more interesting book upon recent Chinese affairs is Dr. W. A. P. Martin's account of the siege in Peking. This veteran missionary, who went to China in 1850, and who knows the Chinese as well as any white man, was shut up in Peking with the foreign legations. The author's account of the siege and its incidents is so good that every reader will be disappointed in not finding more about those terrible ten weeks when the whole civilized world waited with agonized fear for news from Peking. We have had so many books upon Chinese politics that the many chapters upon the causes of the outbreak and the policy of the future might have been spared in favor of more siege stories. One of the curious pictures of the book is a copy of a Chinese print representing the execution of the Japanese Chancelier as an orderly, judicious ceremony instead of a brutal murder, without semblance of court martial.

Mr. William Barclay Parsons now gives in book form the articles contributed by him to various American magazines upon China and the Chinese. In 1898 Mr. Parsons went through Hu-nan, one of the least known provinces, as a railway surveyor. He had permits from high Chinese authorities, and while annoyed by the excessive curiosity of the people was subjected to no indignities. As an engineer his account of the walls and bridges he saw are of particular interest. In illustration of the respect of the Chinaman for precedent he cites the existence of a big bridge, built four hundred years ago, which now spans nothing at all, the river and its bed having disappeared; the bridge is simply a big obstacle in the road, over which travellers have to climb at considerable trouble. But it is maintained, and people and horses have to use it because people have always done so. So far as travel is concerned Mr. Parsons found it safer in China in 1898 than in our western states. Curiosity and the lack of maps were the only drawbacks he met with. A Chinese map tells all sorts of things that are not so; distances are estimated according to the difficulties of the trip. An amusing account is given of the upside-down character of everything Chinese viewed from our standpoint. With the Chinese white is the color of mourning, and the left is the place of honor; men wear skirts and women wear trousers; the Chinese magnetic needle points to the south; the night watchman instead of going around stealthily, to better detect thieves, equips himself with a bamboo rattle and a tinkling metal cymbal, which he sounds as he walks along looking for law-breakers.

Mr. Parson confirms the reports as to the lack of tact shown by our American merchants and manufacturers in competing with the Germans and French for Chinese trade, and cites the following instance, told to him by our Minister to China. The representative of a large con-

cern had been working hard to secure an order for his screws, which he knew were better than the German article then supplying the demand. At last he obtained a trial order, amounting to $5,000, which he cabled to America, but it was given on condition that the screws be wrapped in a blue paper, according to the form in which the native merchant had been accustomed to buy them. The company cabled back that their goods were always wrapped in brown paper, and that no change could be made. The order then went to Germany. To the American concern the order for $5,000 was of small moment, perhaps; but it overlooked the fact that this was the thin edge of the wedge, opening a trade that could be developed into tremendous proportions. One of the great obstacles to trade met by all foreigners in China is the currency; the Chinese themselves recognize the absurdities of their monetary system, but the Empire is so vast that the difficulty of making a change is enormous. The copper or brass cash, worth about one-twentieth of our cent, has been in use since the time of Christ. To pay a bill of $10 requires the services of a man and a wheelbarrow. The system of cash as a standard of value is awkward enough in theory, but is worse in practice owing to the variety of size of individual coins. Eight "big" cash are worth ten "little" cash. Half a Chinaman's time is taken up in counting his strings of cash; in every string there are sure to slip some light-weight pieces or some counterfeits. The foreigner in dealing with cash, of course, always gets the worst of it.

Mr. Julian Ralph's impressions of South Africa are gathered from many publications. They are essentially the views of of a correspondent writing under stress, but it is good work of its class. Mr. Ralph's admiration for the British is unbounded. If they have failed to do better, it is, according to his view, because they have been fighting a country as well as an army. The description of the Transvaal veldt, with its curious gullies in which armies disappear like rabbits, is one of the best that has yet appeared.

Mr. Alfred Rambaud, whose essays upon Russia's future, written originally for the *International Monthly*, now appear in book-form, is a French statesman and historian, the author of a "History of Russia" which was crowned by the French Academy in 1883. The present book is a well-written, sober account of the growth of the Russian empire, together with a forecast of its future. Russia's past is one long record of gradual advance and absorption. To expect Russia to stop now is contrary to all the inferences drawn from her past. The advance that most students consider certain is sure to bring England to arms. The situation is therefore of acute interest to the whole civilized world. *Philip G. Hubert, Jr.*

THE ROMANCE OF BABYLONIA

BEFORE the stream of Oriental spirit had flowed so far from its source or lost so much of its vigor; before it had worn so many or so deep ways in the world, or been so befouled by the contributions of the centuries, it had its highest mark in Mesopotamia. Curiously enough, it has remained for the so-called "age of machinery" to strike the rock in the deserts that were once Babylonia and Assyria, and bring the lost waters forth again; to push away the rubble and rear once more to the light the cities of Sargon, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar and Asshur-banapal. For the perusal of the long wonder-story those ruins had to tell, the modern world was, at its first essay—and many thereafter—like an infant with a heap of alphabetical blocks. With written messages from that mighty age before

it, in the graven pillars of the Achaemenean kings, the closely and carefully written tiles and cylinders of Assyria, it was unable to construe a meaning from them. The last twenty years have brought light, in a flood which has dazzled the seekers' eyes, and if anything be more impressive to the lay understanding than the revelation which during this time has come from the upturned soil of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, it is the assurance, now doubly sure, that of the secrets of that treasure house only a small tithe has been rendered; the whole East is a vast library of record, waiting to be opened. So fast does discovery follow on discovery, each modifying or contradicting in some sense its forerunner, that a halting-place, for satisfactory review of the whole, is with difficulty chosen. Books on the subject are only milestones—and the early ones—in a long journey.

Great as is the play of events in the old empires as now revealed, a worthy part of the *History of Assyria and Babylonia*, which Prof. Robert W. Rogers of the Drew Theological Seminary has just published, is that in which is presented the fascinating story—perhaps never more comprehensively told—of how the ancient writings came to be read; of the discoveries, the decipherment, the later excavations, always growing in importance, and finally the wide, free reading of records carved in stone or moulded in bricks, from 2,500 to 4,000 years ago. It is a very human story. It is, in effect, the drama of dry-as-dust, the picturesque and pathetic side of archæological endeavor. Reading it, one is brought to understand the scientific self-sacrifice, the fervor with which the early French, English and German decipherers—from Münter and Tychsen struggling in the dark to Hincks and Rawlinson triumphant—pursued their slow task. They endured the pity if not the disdain of the contemporary world, and must have been conscious the while of some laughter on the part of the Assyrian kings, at such floundering efforts over a perfectly simple thing.

The worldly mind is usually alert to grasp the magnitude of a stake to be played or worked for. In this case it was not so. Neither in individuals nor in governments could a respectable enthusiasm be awakened. It was only the scholar, poring over the stiff triangular or arrow-shaped characters, who realized, apparently, what historical and artistic riches hung upon his years of untiring and for a long time unrewarded toil. Grotefend, believing and maintaining that he had deciphered four words in one of the three lost languages found in the Persepolis inscriptions, and yet unable to get anyone to publish his conclusions and his reasons, is, in the light of present revelation, a tragedy. Hardly less so the spectacle of Smith, at a later period, abandoning a business prospect in the British establishments in India, whither he was bound, and turning back to Mosul, to begin, single-handed, among a lawless and fanatical people, and with a total capital of sixty pounds lent him by Sir Stratford Canning, to excavate the colossal ruins of Nimrud.

The history which such spirited labor as this has made legible is not, as here presented, a dreary enumeration of unpronounceable names of kings. It is a live narrative, a compelling drama, a pageant of barbaric worship and tumultuous war. It scarcely needs garnishing. The facts themselves are titanic. They possess the color of Flaubert, the mechanical magnitude of Sienkiewicz, the incessant action of Sir Thomas Malory's "King Arthur." But it is action in the mass rather than of the individual. The only art employed in the story is in the distribution of so much powerful and wholly Oriental color.

When England, after long lethargy, was at last awakened to material enthusiasm over the excavations in Mesopotamia, that enthusiasm was keyed solely to the hope that the mounds of Kuyunjik, Nimrud and Khorsabad might furnish substantiation for the Bible. That desire has in the main been gratified, and many of the pagan writers of Greece and Rome, treating of the ancient Orient, are seen to have illuminated their texts with imagination. But the Bible has been amplified as well as sustained. Biblical references to Tiglath-pileser, for example, have hardly been inspiring to the secular mind; in this book, largely based, so far as concerns that monarch, upon his own chiseled record of himself, one hears the tramp of his victorious legionaries and watches the big panorama of their progress, in pomp and slaughter, over all the East from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean and from the forefoot of modern Russia's advance, all the way to the confines of Egypt. Into his coffers, as a small part of the fruit of his warrings, we see gathered the treasures of Kummukh, Damascus, Samaria, Tyre, Gebal, Carchemish, the last city of the Hittities, Israel, Arabia and many more. We may watch him, in his city of the plain, making the maps and the laws of the world. He has become a huge historical figure, who was once a Sunday-school bogie. The fame of Nebuchadnezzar, in like wise, has rested hitherto on his consumption of grass, but no fiction of conquest can be more stirring than the story of his reign here told—the destruction and pillage of Jerusalem, the thirteen years' siege of Tyre, the invasion of Egypt. And yet war was not his forte. He was a builder. His rebuilding of Babylon's defences, one of the greatest works in history, was long ago told of by Herodotus: Its triple walls, its moats like inland seas, its gates of cedar and copper, its bulls and serpents of bronze. But Nebuchadnezzar's own story of it, translated from his inscription, reads like a bit of Ossian. These are only two actors on a crowded stage in the great drama of empire and race movement. Here are thousands blotted out in a single battle, eighty-seven cities and three hundred and twenty villages destroyed in a single campaign, whole populations, one and two hundred thousand at a time, deported at a conqueror's whim, and captives brought from some other quarter to take their places. Thus, in the intervals of conquest or of wholesale immigration, was the mosaic of Oriental population continually being formed, to remain to this day. The modern Oriental character, too, is plain in these ancient peoples—the dependence of the monarch on the priesthood, the domination of government by religion, the invariable plundering and impoverishment of a whole realm for the glorification and adornment of its capital. It is so in Turkey and Persia to-day. It can have but one ending. By and by that ending came to the empire of Mesopotamia. Assyria, savage and relentless, was swept down, and nations rejoiced; Nineveh was made a ruin, and her people, such as were left, went back to cast in their fortunes with Babylon, whence they had sprung in the primal vigor. There was a Chaldean rule in Babylon; culture was its god and its downfall. Then the Scythian, and Cyrus at the head of his Persians, and the end of 4,000 years of power.

Professor Rogers' work has been drawn from original sources. In the ten years taken for its preparation he has made many journeys to Europe and the East. He has written a masterly story. Both it and the reader are entitled to maps, and no maps have been given them. *J. K. M.*

SUMMER NOVELS

OUR Friend the Charlatan seems likely to attract to Mr. George Gissing the audience for which he has long waited. Partly because he has hitherto chosen to depict the lot of "The Complaining Million of Men," with the repellant sordidness and vulgarity which, to his thinking, dominate the lower middle class as well as the social stratum below it; partly because of a certain hardness in his cynicism, a hopelessness in his outlook, which make the average reader uncomfortable, that ubiquitous and cheerful person has been slow to recognize the astonishing cleverness of his author. Now, however, Mr. Gissing wears his rue with a differerence. The present story deals with persons to whom the graces of life are, at least, familiar. They are sketched, moreover, with a lighter touch, sharply as most of them are defined. The vulgarity, which he still paints like a Dutch master, is inherent and not circumstantial. In all his *dramatis personæ*, however much he may dislike them individually, he reveals moments of attraction and glimpses of merit.

Our Friend the Charlatan is an epic of selfishness. The mental track of the hero is the trail which the reader eagerly follows to the end. With a little more intellectual force, a little more ruthlessness, this gentleman, Mr. Dyce Lashmer, would be a Napoleon of successes. As it is, he falls short of the triumphs of crass self-seeking only because he lacks the virility of baseness. And all the time he is, to himself, the Child of Destiny, the heroic person.

Mr. Gissing has been accused of an intellectual contempt for women, but this story reveals a fine appreciation of womanhood, and his heroine (if there be one), Miss Constance Bride, is an almost affectionate presentment of a fine and *manly* nature.

Not lacking action, of a sort, *Our Friend the Charlatan* is a genuine and powerful study of character, in substance subtle and strong, in style admirable.

The Luck of the Vails, which Mr. E. F. Benson frankly confesses to be "a romance," thereby deprecating a certain familiar form of criticism, shows that very clever story-teller in a new *rôle*. His tale is still of society; his personages still utter histrionic epigrams; the air of the boudoir, the clink of the five-o'clock teacup, toilettes and trivialities still arrest the senses. But, set in these accessories, we behold a melodrama—traditional tyrannies, villainous ancestors, doomed avatars, betrayals, almost murders. If the story were not very well written, artfully balanced, duly reserved, it would be a shilling-shocker of the veriest. As it is, Mr. Benson has succeeded in doing just what he intended—in making the reader follow, unreluctant, an ingenious tale which, almost to the end, leaves him in doubt whether the villain *be* a villain, or a pitiable victim of heredity, or both. If, in the Honorable Francis Vail there be a suggestion of the ever-delightful Count Fosco, there is no imitation. Indeed, all the characters stand firmly on their own feet, and their history is extremely entertaining.

Not at all "a book for the hammock" is another unheralded novel, *The Vicar of St. Luke's*, by Sibyl Creed, an unfamiliar name which at once suggests a pseu-

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OUR FRIEND THE CHARLATAN. By George Gissing. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS. By E. F. Benson D. Appleton, 12mo, $1.50.

THE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S. Sibyl Creed. Longmans, 12mo, $1.50.

donym. The book is distinctly polemical, but written with a reserve, a tact, a discretion which, to the last chapter, leave the reader uncertain in what scales the Anglican communion is weighed and found wanting—whether in the rough balance of the Independent, or under the delicate tests of the Romanist. The hero of the book is an Anglican priest, the Reverend Victorian Goring, narrow-minded, fanatical, impassioned, manly, saintly, affectionate; born an orator; a worker rather than a scholar, believing fervently in the divine authenticity of the faith as delivered to the Anglican saints, in the offices of the mass and confession, in the celibacy of the priesthood, yet loathing and fearing "ROME," an unknown and ever-threatening portent in his intellectual heavens.

The story of the perpetual conflict between this honest, perverse parson and his middle class, evangelical parish, with his ultimate change of views, and humble, heart-aching acceptance of new truth, is the story of the book. Yet there is much eventfulness, spiritual and physical. The catastrophe is brought about by a cruel scandal, and the spectator becomes vitally interested in a play which might be enacted in any country town in England. All the character-drawing is good, the Reverend Francis Middleton Docker being an especially excellent portraiture of an entirely worldly-minded, business-like, cynical man of affairs, whose orders are worn as secularly as any anachronistic ceremonial garb might be, and who yet displays, in a spiritual crisis, a manliness and fervor of self-forgetfulness which amaze nobody else as they amaze himself. The book is not so much well written as eloquent, and deserves a careful reading, were it only as a sign of the times.

The good short story is still rare enough to remain in fashion, and among good short-story tellers Mr. Howells still ranks among the foremost. In the present volume of his tales, *A Pair of Patient Lovers*, which entitles the book, will prove, perhaps, the favorite, though *The Pursuit of the Piano* and *The Magic of a Voice* have a whimsical charm of cross-purposes, while the two remaining tales, *A Difficult Case* and *A Circle in the Water* show the tragedy that lurks in the commonplace and familiar.

It is become an impertinence to praise Mr. Howells's workmanship, and if one must now and then regret that this fine artist expends the hard-earned skill and delicacy of the master on the carving of cherry-stones, it remains a pleasure to recognize the master's skill.

Mechanically, the book, which is one of a series, is most attractive, with good paper, good printing, generous margins, tasteful cover, and a portrait which expresses the thoughtfulness and the shrewd kindliness of Mr. Howells's face.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield's new story, *Valencia's Garden*, is a better piece of work than "The Archbishop and the Lady," but, like that, it leaves much to be desired. It would seem that she had not been able to make up her mind as to the sort of tale she wished to tell. Three or four chapters of pastoral French life lull the reader into pleased content, when, lo! he is disturbed by the shriek of preposterous melodrama, as though the author had said to herself, "Go to, now! Summer scents and girlish dreams are very well, but we really must begin to be interesting." Since, however, it is in the expression of simplicity and the idyllic aspect of life that Mrs. Crowninshield excels, it is much to be hoped that she will henceforth eschew the ineffectiveness of stage villainies. Two or three of the

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A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Bros., 12mo, $1.50.

VALENCIA'S GARDEN. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

characters in the "Archbishop" reappear here but not to the reader's confusion. Madame Malafré, the evil genius of the play, meant to be odious, is made almost unreadable, while even the sweet Valencia does not wholly escape vulgarity. The best portraitures in the book are those of Count Aristodème, of the old nobility, and Félix, gardener, hostler, general utility man. Félix's epitaph, composed by himself, is the one capital touch of humor. When all abatements are made, however, it remains true that Mrs. Crowninshield has the story-teller's gift; has grace, delicacy, observation, picturesqueness and humor, and it is because of these gifts that her voluntary lapses, her lack of self-criticism, her crudities, her want of style, and what appears to be her unreadiness to work over her pages, pass the bounds of foibles and become serious faults.

Readers of Mr. Clive Holland's graceful little story, "My Japanese Wife," will be glad to meet again in *Mousmé* the lovely Oriental bride. Pretty Mousmé is brought to England to make acquaintance with her new kinsfolk, and her haps and mishaps in the conventional society of her husband's family are related with as much delicacy as amusement. Her sweetness converts the stony British stare into a British smile. But English fogs and English ways and English philistinism go near to be the little bride's undoing. It is all very lightly and easily told, and the book is an entertaining trifle, with a sigh sounding through the laughter.

Mrs. Francis Blundell in her *Pastorals of Dorset* reverts to those versions of the short and simple annals of the poor which have made the name of M. E. Francis a favorite. Here are eleven stories of the soil; stories which set one down among the green lanes and sagging cottages of lovely Dorset, peopling them with the primitive yet canny natives, kindly, shrewd, contriving, child-like; rooted as their own apple orchards, yet always picturesque. Mrs. Blundell's sympathy makes her the best of observers; her art, the most truthful of delineators.

Critically speaking, the only fault, or, at least, the chief defection of Mr. Louis Evan Shipman's story, *The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins*, is that it is not interesting. The author's recipe for a historic romance is authentic. All the ingredients are good. The mixture is stirred with a patient and thorough hand. The flavoring of antiquity is judiciously proportioned. But the leaven of life has been left out. To drop metaphor, which, like Malvolio's cross-gartering, "obstructs the blood," it may be said that the *Curious Courtship* never piques curiosity because Miss Kate Poins is but a quaintly dressed wooden figure, while the adult reader has outgrown the age of dolls. Mr. Shipman is so careful a workman, so good an artificer, that one hopes he may yet deal with a phase of life in which he himself believes, thus inducing belief in his readers.

The Diary of a Freshman is Mr. Charles M. Flandrau's latest contribution to the annals of college life. His Freshman is a Western lad dropped into the difficult Harvard conditions without acquaintances or social anchorage. He finds much roistering fun, makes many blunders, shows himself as silly and feather-brained as the average man of his class, but escapes serious harm through an instinctive preference for the better way of living—a preference which is uprightness in the

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MOUSMÉ. By Clive Holland. F. A. Stokes, 12mo, $1.50.

PASTORALS OF DORSET. By M. E. Francis. Longmans, 12mo, $1.50.

THE CURIOUS COURTSHIP OF KATE POINS. By Louis Evans Shipman. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN. By Charles M. Flandrau. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

gristle, so to say; sure to harden one day into the bone and sinew of principle. If the book have any moral it is, perhaps, that a man should be thankful that he does not grow up and grow old in close companionship with the fellow he is at eighteen or twenty. But the most churlish alumnus will enjoy the happy-go-luckiness of the record without thought of a moral.

It would be unreasonable to expect any chapter of Mr. Sydney Preston's *The Abandoned Farmer* to be as good as the book's title, which is nothing short of an inspiration. Yet good the chapters are. From beginning to end, in a wholesome, unforced way, with the gaiety of natural good spirits, the autobiographer makes fun of his amateur farming on a suburban tract of land. The little domestic drama that is played in this rural setting is very simple and sweet, the relations of husband, wife and child being altogether charming, while the inconsequent and affectionate shrewishness of the abandoned farmeress is always delightful. With all its nonsense the book betrays the genuine love of country life which is becoming so marked a characteristic of a commercial community. Even its covers seem to "babble o' green fields."

A rather silly American wife who discovers that her husband is somewhat of a man, even though he does wear a coat two years old, is the heroine of *The American Husband in Paris.* The dialogue, while not brilliant, is amusing, and the characters are fairly typical. Mrs. Nash learns to appreciate the full value of her husband when she sees him at the Embassy Ball, surrounded by the Russian and German Ambassadors and great English personages. Like many a worthier American woman, whose head also has been turned by European gaieties, she does not deserve the man.

A new English novelist, Mr. H. C. Bailey, has done so well in his first book, *My Lady of Orange,* that one regrets the many opportunities he has allowed to pass unused for its rounding out. He tells here, in the simplest possible way, an episode of the grand struggle of the Netherlands against Spain, choosing the darkest moment of the war, that after the fall of Harlem, but, though we cannot accuse him of giving us merely the skeleton of his novel, we must say that he has clothed it only sparsely with flesh. An English gentleman-adventurer and his troop of mercenaries, long unpaid, desert Alva for the cause of Orange, and relieve Breuthe —a place that is not found on the maps or in Dutch history. We may, however, fancy ourselves in Alemaria Victrix, the first town to withstand the enemy, or in starving Leyden itself, for what details Mr. Bailey gives us are graphically correct. The love of the Dutch maiden for this swashbuckler is convincing, the duality of his nature—that of the cruel professional soldier overlying and hiding the kernel of breeding and nobility—is strongly indicated and felicitously employed, there is an excellent German sergeant, the fighting is good, but—we "want more" of it all, and that, in a day of novels to satiety, is a feeling so rare that it augurs well for the future of this new writer. Mr. Bailey has the gift, there can be no doubt of that, and it will be well worth his while to cultivate it. In this book he reveals himself as a capital story-teller; he can make for himself a place, if he wishes, among the historical novelists.

The ragged selvedge of civilization is shown in Basil Marnan's *A Daughter of*

THE ABANDONED FARMER. By Sidney H. Preston. Scribners, 12mo, $1.50.

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND IN PARIS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, $1.00.

MY LADY OF ORANGE. By H. C. Bailey. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

the Veldt, which is, of course, a tale of South Africa. *Veldt, kopje*, to *trek* have become part of our tongue now, and need no interpretation. This book has no concern with the Boer War, however, its scenes being laid in the seventies in the prologue, and in the early nineties in the sequel, in an advanced camp of the Border Rifles, among Kaffirs, half-breeds, Dutch and English, the dregs and scum of civilization, broken down gentlemen turned soldiers, store-keepers and traders, the kind of women found wherever troopers are in garrison, and, above them, the English officials. The story is realistic, naturalistic even, without bias of race, though allotting to the Dutch the less pleasant rôles, which, in this case, is favoring the English but little. The trail of the serpent is over the whole crew of them, except the daughter of the veldt, of course, a martyr in a home of sin and drunkenness—alcohol and lust furnishing, indeed, the Leitmotivs of the whole story. It has undeniably a certain brutal strength. Its publication leads us to wonder what has become of Mr. Scully, the author of "Kafir Stories" and "The White Hecatomb," two volumes of tales of native South Africa of unmistakable strength. So good are they, indeed, that we gladly take this opportunity to direct to them the attention of the readers of this review.

The Dreyfus case is faintly suggested in John Oxenham's *Our Lady of Deliverance*, but its author feels in no way bound by the facts in that famous affair, and has nothing to say about *bordereaux*. His chief villain, moreover, is but a colonel, who smashes his accomplice over the head with an iron bar, all for the love of a lady's fortune. That fortune, indeed, is the moving factor of it all, for there are some half-hearted attempts made by a crafty priest and the noble abbess of a convent to secure it for the church by persuading its fair possessor to become a nun, but all these machinations are frustrated by a young Englishman, an ex-officer of the Cunard line, who, having "jumped" into a million in the first chapter by rescuing an American money king from drowning, arrives in Paris in time to fall in love with the portrait of the young lady, exhibited at the salon, and to take charge of her affairs in the usual high-handed way of the hero of a tale of adventure. The scenes of the story are mostly laid in an old castle, but there is also a trip to New Caledonia, with the traitorous colonel a captive aboard the yacht. And there is a madman, and a very aggressive bulldog. The tale is mildly entertaining, never engrossing, second-rate in plot and workmanship.

The Tory maid and the patriot lover are once more to the fore in Mrs. Sara Beaumont Kennedy's *Joscelyn Cheshire*, which is quite readable, even though necessarily reminiscent of much that has been used time and again in novels of its class. There is nothing new under the sun, and the possibilities of the Revolutionary War for fictional purposes seem to be exhausted : there remain now only changes in proportion and the admixture of materials. Philadelphia must have swarmed with patriot spies from Valley Forge on the day of the mischianza ; most of the charming colonial maidens evidently were Tories, and all the good young men, patriots. However, Mrs. Kennedy interests her readers for the time being, and more than once sounds the right note—in her excellent work, for instance, in the episode dealing with the

A Daughter of the Veldt. By Basil Marnan. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

Our Lady of Deliverance. By John Oxenham. Henry Holt & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

Joscelyn Cheshire. By Sara Beaumont Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

horrors and brutalities on the prison-hulks in Wallabout Bay. The escape of her hero is particularly well managed. Probably one of the last novels dealing with this period of our history, *Joscelyn Cheshire* needs no apology for its publication. We are now to proceed to Aaron Burr and his dream of empire and to the Civil War, the latter probably destined to hold the greater share of our attention.

The Potter and the Clay—it is one of those sayings fraught with meaning and suggestion that, once uttered, become part of our heritage of proverbial wisdom. Miss Petersen uses it as the title of a really good bit of imaginative work, which yet does not directly live up to the suggestion of its name. There is no straining after effect, no violent interference by the author to make her fable interpret her text, even though one suspects that her title was chosen before the book was written; therefore, while we may ignore the Potter in her story, we are genuinely interested in the clay. There is more of free will here than there is in the first translation of Omar's quatrain used by the author in preference to the fourth, but it is, perhaps, wisest not to concern oneself with the author's *haec fabula docet*, and to take the fable itself as a story, and nothing more. It has enough strength to stand upon its merits as such, enough color and movement, enough semblance of life. America, Scotland, England, India, are drawn upon for characters and scenes; army life and the martial attitude towards life engross it completely, and there is a new presentation of the old puzzle of the courage that kills and the courage that saves. Miss Peterson has done well in what is evidently a first novel.

Mr. Jack London's strength never degenerates into brutality. He deals with brutal things, with naked things, with the primitive life in a world barren of all save hardship, ice and snow, rich only in gold; but he remains an artist to the last. Whatever he tells us we accept, because we feel its truth and the skill of its telling. *The God of His Fathers*, the first of the eleven stories contained in the volume that bears its name, is a more direct, a more suggestive version of the feeling which Kipling analyzed in "On the City Wall," and the ten that follow it have, each and every one of them, a just claim to preservation between covers after their first use in the pages of some magazine. Mr. London remains the only chronicler of the Klondike; he is, in his own strong manner, the Bret Harte of a more barren, rude and inhospitable El Dorado, where man reveals himself frankly in all his primitive virtues and his more numerous primitive vices. These tales are worth reading, alike for their subject matter and the manner in which they are told.

They That Took The Sword are the soldiers, North and South, who fought in the civil war. It is, in fact, "another war story," but one does not need to get very far into it before realizing that it is quite another war story, although built out of the same familiar material. It is laid in Cincinnati, in 1862, and the plot, which turns on the way in which Confederate sympathizers inside the city try to help a small force outside to take possession of it, is interesting from the unusual fact that in a drama of action the character of the actors develop the plot. There is the usual love affair between the girl with Southern sympathies and the lover on the Yankee side, but the individuality of the book lies in the strong delinea-

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY. By Maud Howard Peterson. Lothrop Pub. Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS. By Jack London. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THEY THAT TOOK THE SWORD. By Nathaniel Stephenson. John Lane, crown 8vo, $1.50.

tion of the characters of the four Kainsons. In this one family three generations are taking the sword, and the four men represent nearly every type of the upper-class soldier; the man of iron, the doubter, the zealot and the boy who loves adventure.

It is in no sense a great book. It cannot be compared to "Red Rock," a book that dramatizes a whole era. But on its smaller stage, the figures are living and convincing, and finely rendered, and it is told entirely without partisanship.

The precocity of Italian boys is not too much exaggerated for artistic purposes in the group of stories called *In His Own Image*. Toto Maidalchini, looking "divinely smart" in dark-blue *makroskeles*, with tan gaiters buttoned, was capable of understanding and describing Italian life as he drove *la sua eccelenza* to hear mass at San Giorgio in Rome, and back again. The sophistication which is almost an inevitable accompaniment of life in tropical lands, is nicely balanced by the boy's superstitious wrath when small Guido and Ercole, spreading breakfast under the magnolia tree, fill three great bowls of beaten brass with damask roses of the darkest purple, fresh, and breathing liquid odors as of cloves celestial. To present red roses to an Englishman was an insult, for which those boar-pigs should bleed, those vinegar-sons-of-wine, whose hides must be flayed to teach them their manners. The Italian atmosphere of the stories is helped out by mechanical means. The sign of the cross is indicated typographically by a heavy Roman cross, and many Italian names and words are introduced without producing an overwrought impression. The boy Toto appears to be talking in most instances. The religious beliefs of Italy and the *dolce far niente* life there are adequately reproduced. Six of the tales were printed in the "Yellow Book."

BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

PHRENOLOGY has never received encouragement at the hands of scientific physicians, but they study certain phases of palmistry. The nails, for instance, as an outgrowth of the skin at the ends of the fingers, indicate health or disease. Mr. Benham, in his *Laws of Scientific Hand Reading*, a voluminous book of over six hundred pages, gives the result of years of study in hospitals, state institutions for the imbecile, insane, blind, and deaf, and in alms-houses, jails, and penitentiaries. He has examined the hands of prominent doctors, lawyers, ministers, speakers, actors, musicians, literarians, hypnotists, spiritualists, murderers, and forgers, so that he might help to raise palmistry from a superstition to a modern science worthy of a dignified recognition. The text is well written and interesting. The illustrations would have greater value if they were better reproduced in some cases, and followed by a brief indication of the meaning of the most characteristic lines. The chapters on the carriage, pose, and shape of the hand are better and more logical than those on its lines. The author makes much of a fanciful, unscientific idea that life enters the body through the tips of the fingers. As a whole, the book is the most comprehensive one that we know on palmistry.

The six pages of "authors and publica-

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. By Frederick Baron Corvo. John Lane, 12mo, $1.50.

THE LAWS OF SCIENTIFIC HAND READING. With 800 illustrations from life. By William G. Benham. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo.

tions referred to" in *Foundation Rites*, show at first glance that Mr. Burdick's book is nothing more than a compilation. There is hardly a page of the text without from one to six foot-references to books consulted, principally those of Baring-Gould, G. W. Speth, E. B. Tylor and Grant Allen. The chapters are made up of paragraph after paragraph either of quotations or of digested material, referred for their origin to the proper source. In his preface Mr. Burdick says he has not always accepted the interpretations of the authors whom he quotes, but his own interpretations, if they differ, must be locked up in his breast. They do not appear in print. The book can in no sense be called a contribution, even humble, to the literature of archæological investigation. It is no more a "contribution" to literature than a birthday-book is. It is a pleasant, well ordered collection of alleged facts gathered after desultory reading. For systematic study, one might better go to the authors quoted. The difficulty with the book is that the subject of belief, customs and legends connected with buildings, locations and landmarks is not one to attract popular attention; and the student wishes a more scholarly and authoritative exposition. There is no middle ground between the popular and the scientific exposition.

But one need not be so serious about the matter. The different phases of which Mr. Burdick treats give ample enough opportunity for entertainment if one is interested in rites. Traces of human sacrifices at foundations in ancient and modern times, the substitution of animal and vegetable products, images, shadows and spectres, relics, writings, circular movements and symbols, stones, sacred colors, pillars and sites, completion and christening, landmarks and boundaries, are the subjects touched upon. The book is made up of curious facts similar to this—concerning christening: "The Japanese hang a pasteboard cage full of birds over the prow of a ship, and when the vessel is afloat, the cage opens, the birds fly away, and the christened ship begins her career as a thing of life."

Mr. Max O'Rell tried his 'prentice hand on almost every other subject of international importance before bringing out this book in which he says what he thinks, or what he would have you think that he thinks, about women. Stevenson is the only man who has honestly confessed that he couldn't say what he thought;—at least, not in English.

Her Royal Highness Woman and His Majesty Cupid contains information which some people need, in just the form that will make it most palatable to them. There are people in the world who do not wash their hands before sitting down to dinner, and there are plenty of home missionaries out slumming among them. Mr. Max O'Rell is doing a little slumming among the *ménages* of the "middle" and "upper" classes. He is a settlement visitor who comes in sociably, quite as a friend of the family, with a joke or an anecdote which says in the most soothing and tactful way, "Now you've been having a little tiff, but that amounts to nothing. Wear your prettiest frock, my dear, when your husband comes home this evening. Wear your prettiest manner. In fact, read the seventh chapter of my book over again, 'Maxims for Married Women,' and I promise you that inside a week you will put 'God bless our home and Max O'Rell' above your mantelpiece."

That the men who read the book may not feel slighted, there is a chapter of maxims for them, also. But it may be ques-

FOUNDATION RITES WITH SOME KINDRED CEREMONIES. By Lewis Dayton Burdick. The Abbey Press, 12mo, $1.50.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN. By Max O'Rell. Abbey Press, 12mo, $1.50.

tioned whether, cherishing their freedom and independence, as Mr. Max O'Rell says they do, they will be glad to have him dictate to them about chatting sociably with their wives instead of reading their newspapers at the breakfast table.

Our national motto has not yet been changed to "*Place aux Dames*," though Mr. Max O'Rell thinks it should be, and we can fancy the American men whom he describes as martyrs, "the most useful of domesticated animals," saying in a travesty of Mr. Kipling:

> "We ain't no thin red 'eroes, nor we ain't no blackguards too,
> But plain men after money, most remarkable like you."

The account of the blossoming of the bit of wilderness pictured in this story adds a uniquely attractive chapter to the many yearly put forth on the charms of Maine. A family wishing to make a summer home away from the haunts of city sojourners, buy a little island which they discover nestling amid the Maine lakes. The nearest village is dubbed Insley, and several other fictitious names, unpronounceably Indian, serve to disguise a locality that suggests the family features of the famous Rangely Lakes.

The whole story of the clearing, pruning, planting and blossoming of this primitive spot makes the reader long to go and do likewise. The minute description of the building of the house—not for the admiring interest of the passerby, but for the comfort of the inmates; the manner of creating a lawn out of primeval forest, together with the practical and æsthetic commingling of growing flower-patches, and the habits, varieties, charms and utilities of the flower family, will be read with zest by those who enjoy the surprises of delectable bits of knowledge dropped from a cultured observer of trained tastes.

This pictured struggle between wildly beautiful nature and man's will is still further enhanced by the human interest with which the volume abounds. The author quotes the late James G. Blaine as saying that "the purest bred of Anglo-Saxons on earth to-day was to be found in Northern Maine," and he supplements that famous statesman's assertion with the following remark of his own: "A chapter of the Colonial Dames, if it were established here, would be forced to take to its bosom every female in Insley, if the tracing of one's descent from those who founded a nation was the real qualification for membership. Many a silk-gowned matron of our cities would give much if she could claim a genealogy showing such a host of celebrities as can that woman of Insley who gains an honest livelihood at the washtub, or by repairing a watch or clock at odd moments. Of course, I know she is not eligible as a Dame; the washtub may be at the other end of the line, but not at this. 'Kind o' curious, ain't it?'"

In curiosities of habits, speech, shiftiness, thrift, honesty, sharpness and racy native wit, the author sets forth these people most engagingly, and with a coloring of truth which those who know them best will applaud. They verify their racial strain. The book is fittingly illustrated and in style and quality of material is one of the most original of recent publications.

Those who admire the crisp style and graceful fancies of Candace Wheeler at her best will not be disappointed in this volume. In it she treats flowers with such an intimate personal interest as brings the different species before the reader with a sort of individual human intelligence. She reveals the poet's in-

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AND THE WILDERNESS BLOSSOMED. By Almon Dexter. Illustrated. H. W. Fisher & Co., 12mo, $2.

CONTENT IN A GARDEN. By Candace Wheeler. With Decorative Border by Dora Wheeler Keith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, $1.25.

sight into cause as well as the poet's enjoyment of effects; gives valuable hints concerning the sowing of seeds as well as the achievement of color harmonies, both in growth and in the massing of cut flowers; and she illustrates her theme by quoting more than one artist in flower composition. Of the house of the poet artist, Celia Thaxter at the Isles of Shoals, she writes:

"I have never anywhere seen such possibilities of color! The fine harmonic sense of the woman and the artist poet thrilled through these long chords of color and filled the room with an atmosphere which made it seem like living in a rainbow."

For a description of how this wonderful color atmosphere was produced we must refer the reader to the book—it is too long for quotation in these crowded pages. "It was while enjoying this, as I have enjoyed few things in life," writes the author, "and conscious that in lastingness of quality it was scarcely more than a dream of color, that I began to think of making a summer dream of it in my garden."

All the secrets of this garden—located in the Catskills—she gives away to her readers. "Most flowers," she says, "are socially inclined, yet if we place them with something they detest one of the two dainty creatures will quietly disappear. Some fine morning its place is empty and we have learned a lesson. . . . If we of the human race could as quietly divorce ourselves from obnoxious people—those in whom instinctive dislike springs in our hearts . . . the very peace of heaven would compass us. But, alas, there are houses and lands, and they are immovable."

The above sub-title of Mr. Howard's book sets forth pretty clearly the contents of this volume of 241 pages of compact, comprehensive matter. It is somewhat technical and scientific in the matter of presenting the tabulated experience of several noted practitioners, and the net results of their war upon the mosquito. The great bulk of tests go to show that common kerosene oil thrown upon the surface of streams, pools, marshy waters, reservoirs and old cisterns—anywhere that mosquitoes breed—is the most effective agent yet discovered in utterly destroying the mosquito larvæ; about the proportion of a pint of oil to a cistern of water seems to do the work. Other oils have been tried, but they keep in patches on the water; none spread over the surface as does kerosene. An interesting feature of the book is the manner in which doctors in countries which do not raise petroleum, and consequently in which the oil is dear, have fought against its use in preference to other agents. Some interesting chapters deal with experiments in Cuba and elsewhere during our late war with Spain; after the supposed discovery that the little blood-sucking pests carried in their sting malaria and yellow fever. Yet the doctors appear to have proved this to their own satisfaction rather than to that of the community at large, who naturally rebel against the consciousness of being laid low by so insignificant an antagonist.

Whoever would know all about the different families, breeding and habits of a familiar foe, learn how to kill him in his native haunts, destroy him before retiring, keep him from biting through the night, and allay the pain after being bitten, ought to look into this book for information. Many recipes are given to use upon the skin against being bitten at night. The best seems to be an ounce of castor oil to one of alcohol, mixed with one drachm of oil of lavender—simple enough to be tried by all.

MOSQUITOES: How They Live; How They Carry Diseases; How They Are Classified; How They May Be Destroyed. By L. O. Howard, Ph.D., Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Winifred. S. Baring-Gould. L. C. Page & Co., illustrated, 12mo, 309 pp., $1.50.

The Archbishop and the Lady. Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo., 458 pp., $1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. Seumas MacManus. McClure, Phillips & Co., illustrated, 12mo, 256 pp., $1.50.

Quincy Adams Sawyer. Charles Felton Pidgin. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., 12mo, 586 pp., $1.50.

Lord Linlithgow. Morley Roberts. Harper Bros., 12mo, 319 pp., $1.50.

Daisy Miller. Henry James. Harper Bros., illustrated, 12mo, 184 pp., $1.25.

The Duke. J. Storer Clouston. Longmans, Green & Co., 12mo, 341 pp., $1.25.

Quicksand. Hervey White. Small, Maynard & Co., 12mo, 398 pp., $1.50.

Who Goes There? R. K. Benson. Macmillan, 12mo, 485 pp., $1.50.

The Prodigal. Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., illustrated, 12mo. 99 pp., $1.25.

The Last of the Mohicans. J. Fenimore Cooper. Macmillan, illustrated, 12mo, 398 pp., $1.25.

The Dissemblers. Thomas Cobb. John Lane, 12mo, 313 pp. $1.50.

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Pony of the Dams. Sarah P. McL. Greene. Harper Bros., illustrated. 12mo, 271 pp., $1.50.

Heirs of Yesterday. Emma Wolf. A. C. McClurg & Co., 16mo, 287 pp., $1.00.

The Slaves of Society. Anny. Harper Bros., 12mo, 253 pp., $1.25.

A Captive of War. Solon Hyde. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, 389 pp., $1.00.

The Day of Wrath. Maurus Jokai. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, 352 pp., $1.25.

The Soul of the Street. Norman Duncan. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, 168 pp., $1.25.

The Temptation of Friar Gonsol. Eugene Field. Woodward & Lothrop, 12mo, 100 pp., $3.00 net.

Half Portions. Tom Masson and Others. Life Pub. Co., illustrated, 12mo, 159 pp., $.

L'hasa At Last. J. Macdonald Oxley. Am. Baptist Pub. Society, 12mo, 269 pp., $1.25.

Foes In Law. Rhoda Broughton. Macmillan Co., 12mo, 296 pp., $1.50.

Wages. L. T. Mead. A. I. Bradley & Co., 12mo, 385 pp., $1.50.

The Inn of the Silver Moon. Herman K. Niele. H. S. Stone & Co., 16mo, 196 pp., $1.25.

Griselda. Basil King. H. S. Stone & Co., 16mo, 388 pp., $1.25.

The Cardinal's Rose. Van Tassel Sutphen. Harper & Brothers, illustrated, 12mo, 271 pp., $1.50.

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott. *Temple Classics.* Macmillan Co., 18mo, 2 vols.; each, 50 cents.

Maya. William Dudley Foulke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, illustrated, 16mo, 219 pp., $1.00.

The Sequel to a Tragedy. Henry C. Dibble. J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, 276 pp., $1.50.

My Indian Queen. Guy Boothby. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, 382 pp., $1.00.

The Christmas Story from "David Harum." Edward Noyes Westcott. D. Appleton & Co., illustrated, 12mo, 107 pp., 75 cents.

Sharps and Flats. Eugene Field. Charles Scribner's Sons, 2 vols., 12mo, each, $1.25.

Through Stress and Storm. Gregory Brooke. Abbey Press, 12mo, 240 pp., $1.00.

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Tangled Flags. Archibald Clavering Gunter. Home Pub. Co., 12mo, 289 pp., $1.25.

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In the Name of a Woman. Arthur W. Marchmont. F. A. Stokes Co., illustrated, 12mo, 368 pp., $1.50.

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For the Honor of the School. Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton & Co., illustrated, 12mo, 253 pp., $1 50.

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The Childhood of Ji-Shib the Ojibway. Albert Ernst Jenks. American Thresherman Pub. Co., illustrated, 12mo, 130 pp., $1.00.

The April Baby's Book of Tunes. Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Macmillan Co., illustrated, small 4to. 77 pp., $1.50.

Daddy Long Legs Fun Songs. James O'Dea and Alfred Solman. M. Whitmark & Sons, illustrated, folio.

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The Boy General. Story of the Life of Major-General George A. Custer. Elizabeth B. Custer. Edited by Mary E. Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, illustrated, 204 pp., 60 cents, *net.*

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ESSAYS

For My Musical Friend. Aubertine Woodward Moore. Dodge Pub. Co., 16mo, 207 pp., $2.00.

Lucid Intervals. E. S. Martin. Harper Bros., illustrated, 12mo, 264 pp., $1.50.

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The Writings of King Alfred. Frederic Harrison. Macmillan Co., paper, 12mo, 31 pp.

POEMS AND PLAYS

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The Early Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Edited by John Churton Collins. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, 315 pp., $1.75.

The Rose of Joy. Josephine L. Roberts. The Neely Co., 12mo, 44 pp., $1.00.

The Man With the Hoe. Edwin Markham. William Doxey, illustrated, narrow 12mo, 75 cents.

The Romance of the Rose. Vol. II. W. Louis and J. Clopinel. Macmillan Co., 24mo. 268 pp., 75 cents.

The Complete Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The Coxhoe Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 6 vols., 16mo.

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THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

577 —(1) Which is Robert Buchanan's best poem ?

(2) Where can I find any or all of the few poems that George William Curtis wrote ?

(3) Did Alfred Domett write any other poems besides his well-known "Christmas Hymn"? Is he still living ? D. L. C.

(1) The editors of the anthologies appear to give that honor to his "Langley Lane"; but though a large part of his verse is only ordinary or scholarly, he has passages that rank high; for instance, that section of "Meg Blane" which begins:

> "Lord, with how small a thing
> Thou canst prop up the heart against the grave."

(2) We think they never have been brought together, and can be found only here and there in the collections. Col. Higginson's "Thalatta" (a volume of poems of the sea) contains four of Curtis's. As the book is long since out of print, it may be a favor to other readers besides D. L. C. if we reprint here the best of them, which is entitled "Ebb and Flow":

> "I walked beside the evening sea,
> And dreamed a dream that could not be;
> The waves that plunged along the shore
> Said only, 'Dreamer, dream no more.'
>
> "But still the legions charged the beach,
> And rang their battle-cry like speech;
> But changed was the imperial strain—
> It murmured, 'Dreamer, dream again.'
>
> "I homeward turned from out the gloom;
> That sound I heard not in my room;
> But suddenly a sound that stirred
> Within my very breast I heard.
>
> "It was my heart, that like a sea
> Within my breast beat ceaselessly;
> But like the waves along the shore,
> It said, 'Dream on,' and 'Dream no more.'"

(3) Domett published two volumes of poems, but they contain nothing equal to the "Christmas Hymn." The poem "Revelry in India" has been persistently attributed to him, in spite of his published disclaimer. He never was in India. He died in 1886, at the age of seventy-five.

578.—Will you please inform me if there was a book published about thirty years ago, entitled "The Southern Planter's Northern Wife"? I would like to know if I can secure a copy. M. B. S.

Probably the book you have in mind is "The Planter's Northern Bride," by Caroline Lee Hentz, published in 1854. Mrs. Hentz was a native of Massachusetts. Her husband, an artist, scientist and educator, was born in France, but came early to the United States. They lived mainly at the South, where both died in 1856. Her books, we believe, are still in print, and any bookseller can procure them.

---

579 —(1) Who wrote "The Popcorn Man"?

(2) Who wrote "The River of Time"?

(3) Who wrote "Somebody's Darling"?

(4) Who is known as "Poet of The Isles of Shoals"? J. M. B.

(2) Benjamin F. Taylor (1819–1887). His collected poems are published in Chicago.

(4) Celia Thaxter (1836–1894). Her books are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

580.—Is there any translation of the essays or other works of Mr. Fukugawa, the Japanese philosopher and teacher, who died recently, and who is said to have had an immense influence through his books, which reached a sale of 4,000,000 copies, his newspaper and the college he founded in Tokio ? E. M. O.

We do not know of any.

581.—I would like to know who wrote and where I can find a poem containing the following:

> "And she stooped and picked a violet from amongst the faded leaves,
> As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning 'mid the Oriental sheaves."

P. F. M.

582.—In one of the college catalogues I find that the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon a candidate who offered "Greek, Comparative Philology." The thesis was, "The Messenger Element in Shakespeare and in Greek Tragedy." What is "the messenger element"? Is it a technical term in philology, or is it to be understood literally as the use of messengers as characters in dramatic composition ? C. C. M.

583.—(1) Did Gilbert White of Selborne write a book on birds? Or did he leave any writings besides his diary and "Garden Kalendar," and the letters included in the "Natural History of Selborne"?

(2) In a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* a correspondent, in describing a journey in Russia, says: "Often the way led us through wolf-haunted forests, and we sometimes heard their cry—

"'In their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire.'"

From what poem are the lines taken?

(1) He wrote on the "Antiquities of Selborne" (generally included in the volume with the "Natural History"), and "Observations on Birds and Insects." He also wrote a few poems. A long manuscript journal of his, covering twenty years, was found in 1880, but we are not aware that it has been published.

(2) The lines are Scott's.

584.—Can you tell me the correct grouping of the novels of Anthony Trollope and the order in which they are to be read? There is the Cathedral Group, and the Political Group, with, I think, a third, but I am unable to find the exact and complete grouping or the proper sequence.

H. N. C. S.

We do not think they need be read in any particular order.

585.—About three years ago a little poem was printed in many papers about the woman with no cares and responsibilities, with freedom and health, and the other women with wealth and with cares, whose little boats fought for existence. Would like to find the poem and the author. R. E.

ANSWERS

565.—This query no doubt refers to a German poem, "Das Grab im Busento," which can be found in almost any school collection of German poems. The first stanza, as much as I remember, is:

"Nächtlich am Busento wispern
Bei Consense dumpfe Lieder,
Aus den Wassern schellt es Antwort
Und in Wisbeln Klingt es wieder."

R. B.

578.—(2) The baptismal name of "Bright Eyes" was Suzette La Flesche. She is now Mrs. T. H. Tibbles, of Lincoln, Nebraska. She wrote "Ploughed Under" and a smaller book three years ago, the title of which escapes me.

R. B. P.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XXIII NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1901 No. 2

THE BOOK BUYER is published on the first of every month. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.
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SEP 3 1901

THE RAMBLER

WE take pleasure in publishing as frontispiece this month the portrait of Mr. Graham Balfour, whose forthcoming biography of his kinsman, Robert Louis Stevenson, is awaited with keen interest. Mr. Balfour, who lives in Oxford, is associated with the work of the University. An intimate friend has favored us with the following interesting details of his life:

Graham Balfour was born at Chelsea in 1858. His father, a son of one of the Balfours of Pilrig, and thus a first cousin of the mother of R. L. Stevenson, was a distinguished statistician, Surgeon-General in the Army, President of the Royal Statistical Society, and Honorary Physician to the Queen. His mother was an Irish lady, daughter of Mr. George Prentice, of Armagh. Mr. Balfour's home was in London and its neighborhood. He was educated after the usual English fashion, first at private schools, then at Marlborough, and then at Worcester College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1882. At school, besides laying a solid foundation of Latin and Greek scholarship, he was an enthusiastic naturalist and a member both of the Rugby foot-ball fifteen and of the shooting eight. At Oxford he maintained his skill in the use of the rifle, was the best University long-range shot of his day, and twice captained the Oxford team at Wimbledon.

Of his University career he once said, in conversation: "When we were undergraduates my greatest friend and I were left very wisely to ourselves, and we read English far and wide, having the run both of the college library and of that of the Union Society. We might have read a good deal more philosophy, but I doubt whether it would have done us more good than our own miscellaneous diet. There was a small literary club in college, called the "D. Q. S." (De Quincey had been an undergraduate of Worcester, and we naturally took his name), and some of us used to give a good deal of time to authors who were less widely read in 1880 than they are now. We studied Browning and Hardy and George Meredith; Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells were very familiar to us, and I can still remember the excitement that we felt when Turguenieff received his honorary degree of D.C.L. It was in

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1880 that I first got hold of one of Stevenson's books—the "Travels with a Donkey." The "Inland Voyage" was read with even greater delight, and then I foraged through the *Cornhill Magazine* for the essays that afterwards went to make up "Virginibus Puerisque." Thenceforward I read and reread every page of Stevenson I could find, and I doubt whether anyone possessed a closer acquaintance with the text of his published works."

After leaving Oxford Mr. Balfour spent a winter at Stuttgart studying German, and two years later he was called to the English bar. For the next few years he was at work in London, more perhaps at French and English literature than law, diversifying his labors with periods of foreign travel—a visit of eight months to the United States, and a series of shorter excursions to France, Italy and Spain. The death first of his mother and then his father severed the ties which bound him to England (for like Stevenson he was an only child), and in 1891 he started for the far East. After visiting Egypt, India and Japan, he made his way to Honolulu and so reached the South Seas. On Stevenson's invitation he continued his voyage to Samoa, and there began a friendship that lasted till his cousin's death. "Although I had never met Louis before," he wrote, "in a few hours we had established such an intimacy as is seldom reached except after years of acquaintance. Mr. Lysaght has noticed the same in his own case ('Vailima Letters,' July, 1894) and with myself there was the further tie of blood, which with Louis always counted for a great deal. 'Between kinsfolk,' wrote Stevenson, 'I stick to the old form, you see,' as he signed himself 'your affectionate cousin,' and the words were no idle form. Much as he enjoyed the company of some of his friends in the South Seas, he seldom met anyone with the same traditions, or—even in the degree in which I shared them—with the same tastes and studies. As for me, I only knew that I had come to the best company and the best place I had ever struck. There were all the delights of life in the South Seas combined with the feeling of home, and, above all, such talk and such comradeship as you might find nowhere else. From that time forth I made Vailima my home, I explored the islands, I learned the language, and but for a visit to the Colonies and for one brief return to England (when Stevenson came with me as far as Honolulu), in Samoa I stayed."

In the end of October, 1894, Mr. Balfour left Vailima for Fiji to take the same cruise as that which the Stevensons had so much enjoyed on the *Janet Nicoll* in 1890. Up and down the Pacific he wandered from Savage Island on the south to the Marshall Islands on the north, and in his course he steamed along the coast of Upolu on November 25th and saw the roofs of Vailima from the sea. Eight days later Stevenson was dead, but by that time Mr Balfour was in the Tokelau group, out of reach of all mails, and going further north every day. He landed at Jaluit, spent three weeks there on the best terms with the Germans, daily visiting Mataafa and the other Samoan chiefs in exile. A German schooner took him to the Carolines, and there in Ponape in March he was shown a German newspaper brought by a Spanish steamer, containing the news of Stevenson's death. By the same steamer he made his way to the west, calling at Guam and Yap, found the tidings confirmed at Manila, and thence by Hongkong and Sydney he returned to Samoa with all speed. Vailima was a desert and worse, a desert haunted by caretakers. Mr. Osbourne had been very ill, and was gone with his mother and sister to Cali-

fornia. Mr. Balfour had to wait a month in Samoa for a steamer before he could join Mrs. Stevenson, and ten days after reaching San Francisco he was on his way to England on the business of the family. With him he brought home a large trunk full of old letters and papers, and much of the following winter he spent in sorting and arranging these for Mr. Colvin. Consequently, in 1899, when that gentleman was unfortunately compelled to abandon all present hope of writing Stevenson's "Life," and Mrs. Stevenson asked Mr. Balfour to undertake it, much of the material was already familiar to him.

It is not often that a snap-shot from a small camera brings down such big game as is shown in the photograph reproduced above. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, Canon Driver and Dr. Francis Brown, certainly a distinguished trio of lexicographers, were photographed by a friend just after the conferring of degrees last summer by Oxford University, and the picture is now printed here by permission of the amateur photographer.

Another of our American writers to turn to the field of historical romance is Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, whose "Minister of the World" and "Windflower" are well known to every lover of fiction. Her latest and most pretentious work, entitled "A Lily of France," a historical novel of the sixteenth century, is

now ready from the press of the American Baptist Publication Society. In this book, which is reviewed on another page, Mrs. Mason is said to surpass all her previous work.

MAXIM GORKY
[From "Fomá Gordyéeff."]

Alexis Maximovitch Pjeschkoff, whose pen name of Maxim Gorky has become familiar throughout the world during the past two or three years, has a personality as deeply interesting as his books; indeed, while in no single story has he written down his autobiography, yet all his work is inspired by and infused with the passionate human interest of the struggle for life among the poor in Russia. In choosing a pseudonym he pitched upon the Russian word—spelled in English "gorky"—meaning "bitter"; and although he has not been embittered by the years of grinding poverty before he found means of expression in his pen, yet he is still retiring and timid—his popularity frightens him, while it brings him more money than he ever dreamed of.

Gorky's most ambitious work is his novel, "Fomá Gordyéeff," just published by the Scribners, in which he has drawn a faithful picture of life among the merchant classes by the great river that the peasants call "Mother Volga." Besides this, Gorky has written many shorter tales and essays, among which were two articles in which he attacked Tolstoy (though not by name), who may be called the younger man's literary godfather. These articles, called "About the Devil" and "More About the Devil," were published in a Russian journal called *Zhizn* (*Life*), and their tone was of indignant remonstrance against existing conditions of society. The reference to Tolstoy was only incidental, and veiled at that, and the disagreement probably will prove to be only a disagreement between a young man and an old one, both yearning to improve social conditions whose roots go too far down to be displaced easily.

At present Gorky is engaged upon a semi-critical, semi-satirical study called "The Writer," in which he writes pessimistically of the state of Russian literary society and ethics. He calls it decadent and filled with egotism, yet entirely self-satisfied. As a voice crying in the wilderness, Gorky is certainly an interesting figure. He is just thirty years of age, filled with passionate enthusiasm, and suddenly finds the world listening to him.

A new story of literary life in New York City, which may be said to have the added interest of being, in a great degree, founded on actual occurrences, comes to us from the Henry Altemus Company, of Philadelphia. This story, entitled "The Woman Who Trusted," is the work of Mr. Will N. Harben, whose story of the moonshiners in Northern Georgia, just published in Harper's series of Stories by American Writers is an unusually vivid picture of that little-known locality. His descriptions of the lawless mountaineers have all the reality of those of Mr. John Fox, Jr.

The well-known firm of James Pott & Company, who have been in the past mainly identified with the publication of theological works, are turning their attention more and more to miscellaneous literature, including history, fiction, biography, etc. Their fall list, among other announcements, includes an edition in four volumes of the "Memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon," translated from the French by Bayle St. John, together with a three-volume edition of the "Court and Reign of Francis I, King of France," by Julia Pardoe, to which is added a preface by Prof. Adolphe Cohn of Columbia University. They also have in hand for early publication a volume of unusual interest to people interested in things wholly literary, entitled "American Authors and Their Homes," and including reports of interviews and visits to the homes of over a score of the best known of our living authors—Henry van Dyke, Thomas Nelson Page, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Frank R. Stockton, Paul Leicester Ford and others. The volume is edited with an introduction by Francis W. Halsey, the author of "The Old New York Frontier,"

THE BANKS OF "MOTHER VOLGA"
[The scene of Gorky's "Foma Gordyéeff.]

chemistry which have won him international fame. The students who have graduated from the department of chemistry at Johns Hopkins have been noted for their efficiency in this particular branch. Professor Remsen has held the chair of chemistry since 1876. Prior to that time he was associated with Williams College to which he came after several years of connection with German universities. Prof. Remsen is a native of New York City where he was born in 1846. He graduated in 1867 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons connected with Columbia.

The new president of Johns Hopkins is widely recognized as a man of very broad ideas and advanced thought. Although he has been a specialist in the study referred to, he has marked executive ability and this quality greatly influenced the board of trustees of Hopkins in reaching their decision.

IRA REMSEN
[The new president of Johns Hopkins University.]

and the editor of the "Saturday Review of Literature and Art," published in connection with the New York *Times*. There will be many illustrations in the book, the frontispiece being a photogravure of the library of the Authors' Club.

Professor Ira Remsen, who has been selected to succeed Professor D. C. Gilman as president of Johns Hopkins University, has achieved his widest reputation as an educator through his researches in

The politician as a character in fiction is still unusual enough to lend a special interest to Mr. Francis Churchill Williams's new story, "J. Devlin—Boss." This new figure in our literature is a personage very well known in the political life of almost every town throughout the country, and his energy, enterprise, and power seem to be a distinctively American pro-

FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS
[From a photograph by Marceau, New York.]

duct. Mr. Williams, who is now thirty-two years of age, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He has served a long apprenticeship as a journalist, and this is his first considerable contribution in the way of fiction, though he has written a number of short stories, one of the most notable of which, entitled "The Crane," appeared in the last Christmas issue of *Scribner's Magazine*. His new story is published by the Lothrop Company of Boston.

Mrs. Caroline E. Merrick, the author of the new volume of Southern stories, entitled "Old Times in Dixie Land," which is about to be published by the Grafton Press, is the widow of Chief Justice Merrick, of Louisiana. She lives in New Orleans, and is a well-known leader in the Woman's Suffrage, Temperance Union, and other movements of a public nature

CAROLINE E. MERRICK
[From a photograph by Moses of New Orleans.]

which have been undertaken by the women of the south. Mrs. Merrick's book abounds in anecdotes of an interesting personal character. Her pictures of New Orleans life are lifelike and real, and in her treatment of the negro she has happily chosen to give expression to the proverbial good humor of the darky.

Four more old photographs from Mr. Robert Coster's collection are reproduced this month. They all came from Brady's negatives. We must express regret for two errors which, through carelessness in copying, crept into the titles of the old portraits published in the August number. Dr. "Shelton McKensie" should, of course, have been "Mackenzie," and Mr. H. T. Tuckerman was robbed of the second syllable of his surname.

Several persons have written to correct these slips, and they have our thanks for their courtesy. Two other correspondents, moreover, have written to express their surprise and disappointment that

T. S. ARTHUR

HOWARD EVERETT

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

J. ROMEYN BROADHEAD

THE BOOK BUYER should have been so grievously imposed upon as to print a review of Richardson's "Clarissa" as a new book. They benevolently state the facts in the case with abundant detail, and refuse to be comforted because THE BOOK BUYER was so ignorant. In response we can only urge that Miss Carolyn Shipman, who wrote the article entitled "A Dissection of the Female Heart" in the August number, was not uninformed as to the real state of the case, but that she thought a humorous glance at the history of that famous "young lady" might serve to lighten the gloom diffused by the modern problem novels, through which the sword of romantic fiction has hardly availed to hew out a thoroughfare. And we thank these critical friends, too, and bid them cheer up—all is not yet lost.

Mr. George Horton, whose portrait is published herewith, is probably the most enthusiastic Grecian in Chicago, if not in all America. He was born in 1859, and graduated from the University of Michigan in 1878, with a special diploma in Greek and Latin. For several years he did work of all kinds, from editorial writer to police reporter, on the Chicago *Herald*, and in 1893 was appointed United States Consul at Athens by President Cleveland. He stayed at that post for five years and a half. Since his college days Greek has been Mr. Horton's favorite study, and he is justly proud of his proficiency in both the ancient and the modern forms of the language. While in Athens he naturally became thoroughly familiar with every part of the city, and his papers upon "Modern Athens," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* with Mr. Linson's fine illustrations, were so graphic and entertaining that many readers will be glad to learn that they are to be issued shortly in a handsome volume by the Scribners.

Mr. Horton's literary work includes three volumes of poetry and two novels, the latest of which, "Like Another Helen," was very popular.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce a new novel from his pen, to appear during the autumn. The scene is laid in Greece, like that of "Helen." Mr. Horton's devotion to things Grecian is hearty and sincere. He is held in great regard by the whole Greek colony in Chicago, even to the fruit peddlers. They come to him with their business contracts and their family troubles, and he makes speeches to them in Greek at election times. He is familiarly known to them as

GEORGE HORTON

CHARLES HEMSTREET

"Kur' Georgi"—Mr. George. It is interesting to be told, moreover, that Mr. Horton's domestic arrangements are made in the Greek fashion—Greek servants and cooking, Greek wines, olive oil; and Greek is the language spoken when the family are alone.

Mr. Charles Hemstreet, the author of "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," has written another book, called "The Story of Manhattan," in which he tells that entertaining tale for younger readers. Mr. Hemstreet was born in New York about thirty-five years ago, and though part of his childhood and youth were spent in the West, he has found the way, at last, to live in the town in whose history he is so much interested. For fourteen years he has been an editor and reporter in New York, and (as is said of another managing editor to this day) "he knows every cobble-stone in the city."

The autumn lists of the publishers, now nearing completion, include scores of interesting items. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce the late John Fiske's "Life Everlasting," the fourth and final volume in the series which began with "The Destiny of Man;" and also the work to which Dr. Fiske devoted the last two years of his life, "New France and New England," the completing link in the historical series. Other announcements from the same house are of "The Fireside Sphinx," a philosophical history of cats, by Miss Agnes Repplier; "The Tory Lover," the fine romance by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, and "Margaret Warrener," a novel by Miss Alice Brown. The Scribners will issue Graham Balfour's long expected "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," Slason Thompson's biographical work called "Eugene Field: a study in Heredity and Contradictions," a new animal book by Ernest Seton-Thompson, called "Lives of the Hunted;" "Russia of To-day," by Henry Norman, M.P.; a new illustrated edition of W. C. Brownell's "French Art;" and a new edition of Mr. Mumford's "Oriental Rugs," besides a volume of plays by Mrs. E. W. Blashfield entitled "Before the Play," with drawings by Mr. Blashfield, and a long array of fiction, among which one notes "The Ruling Passion," by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, with pictures in color by Mr. Walter Appleton Clark; "The Cavalier," a novel by Mr. George W. Cable; a book of short stories by "Zack," called "Tales of Dunstable Weir;" "Papa Bouchard," by Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, with pictures by Mr. W. Glackens; "Stratagems and Spoils," by Mr. William Allen White, with pictures by Mr. Christy, and "Fables for the Fair," by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam. *The Rambler.*

THINKING IN JAPANESE

MEMORANDA OF LANGUAGE STUDY BY TWO AMERICANS

WHAT wonders a little word will work! It was the mellifluous "tadaima," for instance, our old friend of the inns and the tea-houses, that set Gardner and me at the language. Something had happened to the "fire-box" that our cook had contrived for the viands we needed on our feast days, so we were waiting for our dinner. We were hungry, we were in a hurry, and the hour was late; yet no matter how much we clapped our hands, all we elicited was "tadaima"—"tadaima" instead of sustenance! I had found out something about "tadaima" the first night I was in Tokio, and I had described my impressions to Gardner. We both knew that in the dictionaries it was opposite the word "immediately." Whoever placed it there may have fancied for the moment that he was at work on a list of antonyms. One could not well imagine a word more opposite to "immediately" than "tadaima." Its location in the dictionary was a good one from that point of view.

"I'll tell you what we'll have to do, Partner," said my good friend, as he clapped his hands f or the fifteenth time rather mildly, and listened to the thirtieth "tadaima."

"Is it far?" I asked. I thought he was about to suggest a tea-house.

"No; I don't mean go anywhere," he replied. "I was about to observe that we must study the language. This eternal 'tadaima' disturbs the equanimity I would maintain. My soul protests. So does my stomach. If we had learned Japanese we should not be sitting here like a couple of blind claqueurs; we should have proceeded to the kitchen at the first intimation of delay, and have remonstrated so accurately, so precisely and so emphatically that by this time we should have been within sound of the surf at Sakaiko."

Sakaiko is a grand place for surf some days and Gardner and I went there often, but to-day we should be late. Gardner was right. If we had taken up the language we should have been more comfortable internally. "Tadaima" would be a lesson to us.

"True," I replied. "We must learn the lingo," and straightway we began. There was no "tadaima" about Gardner once his mind had determined itself. Kojiki San had various books which he said kind lady missionaries had loaned to him once at a Christian school in Kanazawa. While Gardner went over for them I made some tea. Then we began. The book we read first was by an Englishman who held the unique position of Professor of Japanese in the Imperial University of Japan, in Tokio. We also had articles by Captain Brinkley, R. A., editor of the *Japan Mail*, whose particular information about Japan and general information about everything filled us with enthusiastic awe; by Percival Lowell, who would have us believe the Japanese have no souls; by Lafcadio Hearn, who knows that Japanese souls are as plentiful as any people's though not always encumbered with material bodies, and has written about them with such rare illumination that others may see as he does. The more elusive the object toward which Mr. Hearn's mind turns attention, the more brilliantly he seizes it and presents it to his readers. His books, however, were not among those the missionary loaned to Kojiki. Mr. Hearn does not approve the missionary

and says so frankly. We had also an "Etymology," by Imbic, which gave us opportunity for learning by practical examples the uses of particular words; and dear old Hepburn's dictionary, in sombre black, the result of many years of unselfish labor by a Christian missionary who was also a scholar and physician. But the books that helped us most were by the Englishman at the University, Basil Hall Chamberlain. His "Colloquial Japanese," "Things Japanese," and "Handbook of Japan" (in which Mr. Mason collaborated) were a joy—and are so even to this day. May his shadow never grow less!

We found out a lot of things about Japanese that very afternoon, things that everyone else knew, probably, but which we had not happened to think about, to wit: Japanese is not Chinese, nor even second cousin to Chinese, though in the matter of loans Chinese has been a good uncle. Japanese is an only child and its parentage, though certainly respectable, is doubtful. It had a niece in the Luchu Islands, and remote kindred possibly in Korea, where there is some anatomical resemblance.

We had thought to learn to write Japanese, but after a cursory survey of the ground we must needs go over we decided to devote ourselves at first to speaking. The written language would take time—about twenty-fours a day as we reckoned it, though Gardner was inclined to say twenty-six, and we felt it would be hardly wise to write much at first. We could not have begun at the beginning, anyway—not the kind of beginning that other languages begin at, for there is no alphabet in Japanese. We should have had to learn sets of syllables instead of letters. There are two of these and six ways of writing the one more generally in use. Then there would be four thousand ideographs to commit to memory (a number said to be sufficient for reading the daily paper comfortably), which the Japanese write in two different styles, cursive and standard, as the spirit moves them, and in various other ways if they happen to be men of learning. These ideographs, Professor Chamberlain assured us, had three or four different readings according to context. Then in the next paragraph, to give zest to his description, he declared that a printed page was likely enough to have all the different forms of the characters scattered over it pell mell. Perhaps Gardner was correct in saying "twenty-six."

With the spoken language there was hope. In the first place it was agglutinative. A language that glues on its case endings and builds up its grammatical forms of speech with little pellets of cement cannot but be hedonic. Ever since we were children we had looked forward to having an agglutinative language down where we could study it without getting hurt. Now we had one.

"A word as to the parts of speech in Japanese. Strictly speaking, there are but two, the verb and the noun. [The only parts I ever knew! I purred.] The particles or 'post positions' and suffixes, which take the place of our prepositions, conjunctions and conjunctional terminations, were themselves originally fragments of nouns and verbs. The pronoun and numeral are simply nouns. The true adjective (including the adverb) is a sort of neuter verb. But many words answering to our adjectives and adverbs are nouns in Japanese. There is no article. Altogether our grammatical categories do not fit the Japanese language well."

Another interesting feature was the honorific. That was a delight second only to the absence of parts of speech. In Japanese it seems all one's own things are mean and vile while the other fellow's are honorable, august, divine. Gardner and I practiced this, and soon each had the other on a throne while he himself grovelled before him most abjectly. We learned to apologize for living and to say "yesterday I had the honor of being rude to you," or "To-morrow will your august-

ness condescend to remind decayed me to buy some honorable tea," etc.

If I wished to look at the laundry marks on Gardner's collars to see if the august washerwoman was not a thief, I would say: "May I turn towards your honorable collars my adoring glance?" but if I wished Gardner to look at something of mine I would say; "O, Gardner, Prince, august glance deign towards my meretricious cake of Persian healing pine tar soap," or whatever it was.

It so happened that our kimonos were quite alike, it having been necessary to buy three pieces of silk to make three robes, one piece not being sufficient for a foreigner. Often we mixed these up, and in trying to explain in Japanese (English being taboo out of school hours) we had some difficulty in establishing which was whose, and our honorifics got into a mess. For the life of me I could not say whether the robe in my hands was Gardner's august mantle or my unmentionable rags. Gardner would be in equal mystery as to what he held. Then he would deliver himself as to the august forgetfulness of the honorable idiot that had disarranged the room that morning under the pretence of sweeping up, and would say: "Well, let's wear them as they are. Your heavenly attire may now have become by my possession even as that righteousness which has not faith. Who knows? Let us label them somewhere inside the sleeve where the mark won't show."

Having settled this we started in on a few sentences, our daily task to transcribe some examples on Professor Chamberlain's authority. In the first line are the Japanese words, which flow easily as Italian, and with as little emphasis on syllables as there is in French. Then comes the interlinear translation. In the third line is the free English translation which shows how the idea hidden in the Japanese sentence looks when it appears in English. Not only is the second line literal, but it represents as accurately as English words can, the order and sequence of the ideas as they exist in the Japanese mind. After this transcript of native thought, it is not impossible to believe that globe-trotting book writers sometimes fall short of perfect comprehension when they describe the workings of the Far Eastern mind. The Japanese think differently from Europeans, that is evident enough. Their mental machinery is of a different kind—the product of a different factory—and put together on different principles of construction. An occurrence that suggests a certain train of thought to the European suggests a totally different train of thought to the Japanese. His whole intellectual inheritance is different as well as his personal experience, his environment during childhood and the habits of the society of which he has been a member. His ideals spring from a different source, and his point of view is vastly different. As one instance of this the absence of the words "you" and "I" are illustrative. He has no real pronouns in his language, but when he would present the idea of "you" he says "honorable side," the idea being that the side of the room at which you sit is the place of honor while he is humbly at your feet. If he would say "I" he uses the word "watakushi" (pronounced wa-ta-k'shi), which means "selfishness."

A study of the interlinear translations is the only way to get at the "Japanese Mode." Here they are:

O kinodoku Sama
Honorable poison-of-the-spirit Mr.
I am sorry for your sake.

Go burei moshi-agemashita
August rudeness (I) said-lifted
I was very rude to you.

Kiite agemasho
Hearing lift up
I will go and ask for you.

Kiite	itadakito	gozaimasu
Hearing	wishing-to-put-on-the-head	am

I wish you would be so kind as to ask.

O shiete	itadakitai
Teaching	wish-to-put-on-the-head

I wish you would be so kind as to show me how.

We said these over and over on all occasions and even invented occasions particularly for their use. We became so polite that we found it difficult to speak truthfully, and if we had not known each other very well indeed we should have become suspicious.

One day as I returned from a conversation class of young Buddhists not far away I heard Gardner recite as follows. I have it exactly, for I copied it from the text-book he was studying.

"No, indeed! having risen hands wash act even forthcomes not was. Washing basin water altogether freeze sticking having finished how doing even doing way is not was." My heart beat with joy. At last he had learned to think in Japanese. Should anyone be skeptical as to Gardner's accuracy let him look in Chamberlain's "Colloquial Japanese," page 263, the second example on the page. Here it is:

Iya, No	mo indeed	okite having-risen	to hands	wo (accusative) particle
arau wash	koto act	mo even	dekimason forth comes not	deshita was
Chozu Washing	bachi basin	no (possessive particle 's)	mitu water	ga (nominative particle)
maru de altogether	kori-tsuite freeze-sticking	shimatte having-finished	do how	
shite doing	mo even	shiyo doing-way	ga (nominative particle)	arimasen is-not
deshita was				

and this is the translation:

"No, indeed! When I got up, I couldn't wash my hands. The basin was entirely frozen over, and all my efforts to break the ice were in vain."

Clarence Ludlow Brownell.

CHICAGO PHONETICS

THE Senate of the University of Chicago has vetoed the action of the Administrative Board of the University Press in deciding to adopt for use in the University publications the National Educational Association's list of twelve words in the abbreviated phonetic spelling.—*Chicago News Item.*

O Doctors, lernd in menny things,
  No doubt it's just az wel
That yu ar met by others who
  Reject yore wa tu spel ;
Perhaps tha no no more than you ;
  Perhaps not quite az much,
But tha ar more conservativ
  And rather keep in tuch.

With what iz old, than what iz nu,
  Because tha no that what
Iz nu and hithertu untride
  Ma posibly be not
The proper thing ; and so tha stand
  Stif-nekt agenst yore plan
Tu drop the old and make the nu
  Conspikuus in the van.

That it iz sumwhat ruf on yu,
  We must admit, but then
Yu've got tu go a littel slo—
  The conquests ov the pen
Are never quick az ar the soard's
  And time alone can tel
The triumf ov yore efforts tu
  Adopt nu waze tu spel.

—*From "Yawps, and Other Things," by W. J. Lampton. By permission of the Henry Altemus Co.*

WATERWORKS, LOWELL, MASS.
[Engraved by Smillie.]

THE EVOLUTION OF STEEL ENGRAVING IN AMERICA

THE varied interest of prints is well illustrated in the recent addition made to the Print Department of the New York Public Library by the gift of James D. Smillie. In the first place, the bulk of this donation forms the most complete collection obtainable of the work of the late James Smillie, one of the most famous of American engravers, whose active life was synchronous with the period of finest development of steel engraving in the United States. In the second place, the diversity of the work included in the collection, and the number of proofs and extra states which accompany the finished prints in many cases offer unusual opportunities for studying the processes of steel engraving as practiced in this country. Again, the collection includes numerous vignettes engraved by James Smillie or under his direction, as well as work bearing the signature of Rawdon, Wright & Hatch (executed before Smillie joined the firm), which illustrate in a most interesting manner the principles and practice of bank-note engraving in the United States. Many a canvas by American artists has been preserved for posterity in black-and-white by Smillie and his brother engravers, Alfred Jones, R. Hinshelwood, J. A. Rolph, Jackman, De Witt Hay, Prud'homme, etc. There are a number of views of places in this country and pictures of buildings in old New York and in other localities, many of them no longer in existence.

And, finally, one gets, incidentally, an idea of the nature of the artistic embellishments in the periodicals and annuals of the thirties, forties and fifties, for many of these plates were executed for the New York *Mirror*, Graham's *Magazine*, *Ladies' Repository* (Cincinnati) and "gift-books," such as the "Token" (1836, 1842), "Magnolia" (1837) and "Religious Souvenir" (1838).

Smillie's early work in Quebec included much done for daily bread, potboilers among which was a snuff-box cover, an impression of which stands as a veritable nineteenth-century niello. His largest and in some ways his most important plates were the series, "The Voyage of Life," after Thomas Cole. One can well study the evolution of a steel engraving in the prints of this series, each of which is

GEYSERS IN THE YELLOWSTONE
[Engraved by Smillie.]

accompanied by a number of states which show its development from the first etching to the finished plate. The art of steel engraving in this country is now practically limited to commercial portraiture, and it is rare to meet one like James D. Smillie, who, active as a painter and etcher to-day, can speak with certain knowledge of men, processes and results in the early days of steel engraving in the United States. He was of much help to his father, both as draughtsman and etcher, and showed inventive genius as well. Finding machine "ruling" by hand irksome and slow, he attached the ruling machine to an old town clock, bought for the purpose. "We used to set it," says he, "so that it would work by itself all night. When we returned in the morning, the work was done."

When paintings were to be reproduced in those days, they took a daguerreotype of the painting. The daguerreotype was worked over with the dry-point to get the outlines of the picture; the burr was then removed and an impression taken. This impression, while still damp, was placed on a plate covered with etching ground, and the design transferred by press. The plate was then etched and engraved in the usual way. The engravings after paintings by American artists, executed by Smillie for the "Ladies' Repository," were done in this way.

The spirit of specialism is occasionally indicated in the lettering on these engravings, as in the one "The Capture of Major André," after A. B. Durand, under which appears the legend: "Figures eng^d by Alfred Jones. Landscape eng^d by Smillie and Hinshelwood." But such notice of co-operation is given in but few of the frequent cases in which it occurs. J. A. Rolph and R. Hinshelwood executed the preliminary etchings for many of Smillie's engravings, and Jackman, Jewett, Mackenzie and De Witt Hay did the figures for some of them. In one case ("Capuchin Monk," after Cornelius Ver Bryck) Rolph did the etching, Hinshelwood the drapery, and Jones the flesh-work. Smillie exercised direct supervision over all such work, however, even such as did not bear his name. All of it bore the impress of his guiding and intervening hand. The actual engraver's identity was apt to be lost, as far as the general public was concerned, especially in bank-note work.

Bank-note engraving has been highly developed in this country, but only a point or two, brought up by a view of the Smillie collection, can be touched upon here. Pictures of coins and medals were pro-

duced in an ingenious manner by the bank-note companies. A model was first made, and over this the point of a ruling-machine was run, connected with another point resting on the copper—a sort of application of the pantagraph principle, as it were. Bank-notes, by the way, are not engraved on one plate. Separate engravings are made of the various words, names, figures and vignettes. Dies are made from these, by means of which as many duplicate plates can be produced as are wanted. With these any desired combination can be made to suit the needs of each particular case. Thus the same vignette or the same figure 5, for instance, can be used on a variety of bills. A scrap-book of about 300 bank-note vignettes engraved by Smillie, and another one of impressions from dies used in bank-note work, offer excellent illustrations of a branch of engraving which attracted some of the most adept wielders of burin and graver in this country.

SPANISH PLAZA
[Engraved by Smillie.]

Enough has been said, it would seem, to give some indication of the artistic, historical and practical interest of the material which makes up this latest addition to New York's first collection of prints.

Frank Weitenkampf.

THE GOLDEN GATE
[San Francisco Harbor. Engraved by Smillie.]

PRIVATE AND SPECIAL PRESSES

II.—NOTES ON SOME BOOK CLUBS AND ON PRINTING IN AMERICA

THE issue of finely-printed books in America may be divided, for convenience in consideration, into two classes —volumes published for clubs, or privately printed books and books issued for general circulation and sale, the conditions of purchase being payment of money only and not membership in a club. This division is, in a way, fanciful and faulty, since the border lines of each class cannot be clearly drawn in all instances, but some such division is necessary or books issued by famous clubs will continue to receive more than their share of praise, merely because they *are* issued by such clubs, and quite irrespective of the fact that the books themselves are not always models of typographic excellence.

At the head of all book clubs in America stands the Grolier Club of the City of New York. Its main object is "the literary study and promotion of the arts pertaining to the production of books, including the occasional publication of books designed to illustrate, promote and encourage those arts . . ." This it is important to bear in mind, for the influence of the Grolier Club upon printing in America, during the seventeen years of its existence, can hardly be overestimated, or, in general, over-praised; when it has been guided by false ideals or has rested content with anything short of the best, this influence has been misused, the growing appreciation in America of fine printing has been retarded, and the taste of several thousand book-lovers scattered throughout the country who look to the Grolier Club for ideal books, has been perverted. From its eminence as a book club (indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, in great measure from the very excellence of its publications) errors of taste, or defects in printing, seemingly slight in themselves, when countenanced by the Grolier Club, become serious matter for comment: the more so as in this "land flowing with ink and money" opinion cannot but be influenced by the prices some of the Grolier publications have recently realized at auction, the inference being that books so costly must be proportionately fine as examples of typography. For instance, "A Decree of the Star Chamber Concerning Printing," the first book issued by the Club (1884), $1,600, on vellum; $200 on paper; "The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury" (three volumes), $825 on vellum, $96 on paper; "Peg Woffington" (two volumes), $480 on vellum, $60 on paper; "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," $1,100 on vellum, $215 on Japan. Are these books so beautiful? With the exception of "A Decree of the Star Chamber Concerning Printing," were they in need of reprinting? On opening the first volume of the "Philobiblon" one is confronted with a chapter heading composed of a heavy head-band with an extensive and delicate ornament below. The initial letters at the commencement of chapters are in outline upon a red background, and have been filled in with spurious gold, which has already tarnished and darkened. In volume two the head-band to the Prologue has been drawn by George Wharton Edwards. That it is top-heavy seems certain, that it is not in harmony with the type is beyond question. Mr. Edwards' drawings, often decorative and beautiful in themselves, are here out of place; not only are they lacking in the restraint and severity demanded by the subject matter and typography of the

book, but they have been reproduced by a photo-engraving process which is incapable of producing the same effect as engraving on wood or metal. Attention might be called to a number of other points, but those named afford a sufficient illustration of the fact that in this book and in a number of later issues, too little attention has been paid to the matter of decoration and process of reproduction. To digress a moment. No line bitten out, or bitten around, by the action of acid, will give as sharp an edge as a line cut with a graver. When initials, head- or tail-bands, or other page decorations, are drawn with a pen upon paper, and reproduced by photo-engraving, the edge of every line is ragged—*and must print so*—whereas the edges of the types are sharp and clear. It is obvious that this alone would prevent harmony between the main body of type and the initials or head-bands. As an example of this a book recently published by the club, viz., Boccaccio's "Life of Dante," is worth studying. The type, a new face modeled after the designs of Franz Renner of Venice, is admitted by experts to be excellent; the paper for the book was made for it in Fabriano, the binding of vellum was truly Florentine, and the decorations by Edward Edwards, were in the Italian style. Had the page decorations been cut on wood or on metal they would have lent, doubtless, an added beauty to the book; unfortunately they were not so reproduced, and even a hasty examination must convince any observer who will look at things *as they are* (and not through the glorifying haze of "a Grolier Club publication") that there is little harmony between the etched lines of the decorations and the engraved lines of the types. Another Grolier book, "The Charles Whittinghams Printers," published in 1896, is especially interesting in this connection. Here the initials, head- and tail-pieces are those of the Chiswick Press. Cut on wood and the original blocks carefully preserved for duplicating as required, they have contributed not a little to the commanding position held by the Chiswick Press to-day. They give a distinction to any book in which they are used and, once the expense of cutting is covered, their use entails no extra cost to the printer. Not only the Grolier Club but all book clubs and all publishers of fine books would do well to remember that, although wood-engraving has been pushed aside to make way for cheaper (and frequently inferior) processes of reproduction, the American wood-engraver lives and, if given an opportunity, can demonstrate in the future as he has in the past that his skill is unrivaled anywhere in the world.

One of the most noteworthy publications of this club has just been issued. Written by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne and printed at the De Vinne Press, "Title-Pages as Seen by a Printer" will take and hold a permanent place in interest with "Christopher Plantin and the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp," "The Charles Whittinghams Printers," and "The Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of Some of the Poetical and Prose Works of English Writers from Langland to Wither"—all of them Grolier Club publications.

The Caxton Club was organized in 1896 in Chicago, on practically the same lines and with the same objects as the Grolier Club. It has already accomplished some excellent work, not only in the making of fine books, but in reprinting for its members several works of prime importance in the history of America. The first of such publications was "Joutel's Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage," a reprint, page for page, and line for line, of the first English translation of 1714. This was followed in 1898 by the "Relation of Henri de Tonty Concerning the Explora-

tions of La Salle from 1678 to 1683," and "Relation of the Discovery of the Mississippi River. Written from the Narrative of Nicolas de La Salle, otherwise known as the little M. de La Salle." To these will shortly be added "Relation of the Discoveries and Voyages of Cavalier de La Salle." It is a pity that works of this nature, well printed, and issued at five or six dollars only, should be limited to a couple of hundred copies; but this is unavoidable in all such publications, else where would be the distinction of owning such volumes? Moreover, they would not command high prices at auctions.

The Club of Odd Volumes was organized in Boston in 1886. Aside from the issue for its members of "Women of the Court of Louis XV," and "Last Years of Louis XV," translated from the French of Imbert St. Amand, its publications have been mainly of books relating to New England, viz., "New England Crisis," reprinted from the edition of 1676. "New England. A Brief Examination of the Ayre, Earth, Water, Fish and Fowles of that Country"—reprinted from the edition of 1625, "Early Boston Booksellers: 1642–1711"; and "Early American Poetry," in four volumes.

In 1892 some admirers of Frederick Locker-Lampson organized the Rowfant Club in Cleveland, Ohio. "Rowfant Rhymes," with an introduction by Austin Dobson, was issued in 1895, and "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," with Introduction by Liberty Emery Holden, in 1898. The first issue of the club—"The Culprit Fay and Other Poems," by Joseph Rodman Drake—was printed by John Wilson, of Cambridge, Mass., in 1893. This fact speaks for itself, and indicates that the Rowfant Club came at a time when Cleveland needed guidance in matters pertaining to the fine art of bookmaking.

The books of William Loring Andrews, printed under his supervision by the De Vinne and, latterly, by the Gilliss Press, occupy a field of their own. Mr. Andrews, as author, print-collector and book-collector, unites in himself the three-fold qualities of an expert as regards the fitting dress for that which he writes, and the harmony between the matter to be printed and the types in which it shall be set; a thorough understanding of the various processes used in engraving, etching and kindred arts, and the peculiar qualities which it is necessary to preserve in any reproduction; and an eye trained to distinguish at a glance good from bad impressions and detect the reason of any defect. In years past limitations in reproductive processes have prevented him from producing volumes pleasing in all particulars. The half-tones were of a coarse texture in some instances, but the issues of the past four years must be accepted as being of a very high standard of excellence—not "perfect" or "as well as they can be made," as some admirers declare, but as nearly so (with some exceptions) as we are likely to see under present conditions in America, until Mr. Andrews himself beats his own record. The question may be raised: Why praise with these reservations? The most fitting answer will be to consider two or three of the books. "A Trio of Eighteenth-Century French Engravers of Portraits in Miniature" is an example in point. The title-page, engraved by E. D. French, is equally beautiful as a title-page and as an engraving; the paper upon which the book is printed bears the stamp of the Japanese Government mill (this paper is no longer exported), and is beautiful to eye and touch; the illustrations in the introductory chapter are marvels of reproduction (such reproductions as those of "The Towing Path," a dry-point by Seymour Haden; "Landscape with Willows," after the etching by Charles Jacque, and that

of a mezzotint, are as fine as any, if not the finest, done in America); and the portraits themselves, the lines of which in the originals are invisible to the naked eye, have "come" better than could be hoped for—a little heaviness was unavoidable in some instances. With so much that was excellent, it comes as a surprise to see not one, but several, instances where the names of painters or engravers have been badly misspelled beneath the reproductions of portraits. Such slips as "Minnard" for "Mignard" under the portrait of Madame de Maintenon, or "Wiacirk Rigauh" under the portrait of La Fontaine, are out of place in books so fine as this one; nor should the engraving into the plate of "Gravure F. A. Ringler & Co.," on the same line as the names of painter and engraver of portrait reproduced, be passed. Perhaps this, like the word "copy" beneath some of the portraits, was to guard against the possibility of some dishonest person offering for sale these reproductions as originals, but none the less it seems a defect.

In "Sextodecimos et Infra" so many facsimiles of bindings occur that one can get a fair idea from this book alone as to how far the art of reproducing such, and printing in colors, has progressed in America. This is an instance where the limitations of the process as practiced in America have prevented Mr. Andrews from producing a book which shall compare, so far as facsimiles of the bindings are concerned, with books issued in London at one-tenth the price, and in large editions. If any one doubt this statement, let him compare the book in question with the "Portfolio" issue of "Book-Binding in France."

For "The Iconography of the Battery and Castle Garden," the latest book printed for Mr. Andrews, one can have but unmixed admiration. This book seems likely to be an epoch-making one in the history of printing in America. The problem which Mr. Andrews set himself, and which he has triumphantly solved, was one that has engaged the attention of all those who have watched the progress of arts reproductive in connection with printing. Upon a hand-made paper composed of linen rags, not of wood pulp, the surface of which has not been coated with chalk or other foreign substances, it has been shown that it is possible to successfully print half-tones of a fineness of texture and delicacy of values so exquisite that the mechanical grain is, to all intents and purposes, invisible. It is improbable that any further refinement can be made in this particular process, but having solved a seemingly hopeless problem, Mr. Andrews may surprise us with something still more remarkable in his next book.

Early in 1898, a book club entitled The Brothers of the Book, was informally organized at Gouverneur, New York. Mr. Laurence C. Woodworth was, and still remains, its "Scrivener" and leading spirit. The object of the Brotherhood was the issuing of privately printed books and brochures, for semi-private circulation. Mr. Woodworth accordingly set up a private press and, as he writes me, "did almost everything except the actual typesetting himself." That which had been entered into as a recreation for leisure hours, quickly grew to proportions which threatened to absorb the Scrivener's entire time; while business responsibilities of another nature claimed his attention. In September next it is hoped to issue "Some Children's Book Plates: An Essay in Little." The "Souvenir Issues," in brochure form, have appeared on Saint Valentine's Day each year, since the foundation of the Brotherhood, and include "The Vampire," "Old Books, Fresh Flowers," and "Valentine to a Little Girl." The most important book issued so far has been "One Hundred Quatrains from the Ru-

baiyat of Omar Khayyam, a Rendering into English Verse, by Elizabeth Alden Curtis." The volume was printed at the Marion Press, Jamaica, Long Island, though bearing upon its title-page the imprint of the Brothers of the Book.

Mr. Clarke Conwell is frankly a disciple of William Morris. So far three books have been printed by him at the Elston Press, namely, "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury" and "The House of Life." The folio edition of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," of which I have been permitted to examine sample pages, is now nearly ready and is not only the best, but likewise the most important work Mr. Conwell has hitherto done. "The Sonnets from the Portuguese," considered merely as a study in the decorative treatment of the sonnet when placed upon the printed page, is interesting but not altogether satisfying. Like many another disciple of Morris, Mr. Conwell has thought that by increasing the blackness of type and decorations he would achieve greater beauty and legibility, but this has not been the result and the effect is somewhat heavy. "The House of Life" is a happier effort along the same lines, "The Philobiblon," being without other page decoration than such as is furnished by the initial letters and line-endings to titles and chapter ends, is to be considered as a study in composition, spacing and proportion of margins. The inner margins are rather narrow and make the book difficult to read, while the spacing has not been altogether successful.

Another follower of the Morris tradition in printing is Mr. George G. Booth, of Detroit. A year ago, he established in that city the Cranbrook Press, and has issued from it three books, namely, "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," "Life of Abraham Lincoln" and "The Revalacion of Sanct Jhon the Devine." The interlaced borders used in the first and last named books, the initial letters and other ornamental device have been cut on wood from Mr. Booth's designs, and the volumes have been printed by hand upon hand-made paper bearing the Cranbrook water mark. Interlaced ornament has always had its admirers, and from the seventh century, when it was extensively used in early Irish ecclesiastical books, through the thirteenth century in England, it has survived to our own day and in ways as dissimilar as the initials designed and cut by Charles Ricketts and the carvings of the Maoris of New Zealand, still asserts itself. Personally I much prefer those pages in "The Dictes and Sayings" which are devoid of all ornamental borders and wish that the unmeaning and unpleasing leaves scattered through the text might have been omitted likewise. It is a pity where so much and such excellent material was available that Mr. Booth did not model his designs for the initials and borders used in "The Revalacion of Sanct Jhon the Devine" upon those drawn by Dürer himself. In the case of "The Apocalypse" designs of 1498, there is no decoration whatever, merely initial letters of the simplest form drawn in in red ink. The reproductions in reduced size of the original woodcuts have not printed well on a paper as rough as that used in the book, and do not give a very faithful idea of the beauty of the originals. Dürer understood thoroughly the relation between the width of line and the surface of paper upon which his woodcuts were to be printed. It is well to remember that whenever we reduce the size of such cuts, we must also select a paper proportionately finer in texture upon which to print them. *FitzRoy Carrington.*

(*To be concluded.*)

From Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture." Copyright, 1901, by The Macmillan Co.

METAL WORK: WROUGHT-IRON GUARD FOR FANLIGHT, HOTEL RUE S. PAUL, PARIS

STURGIS'S DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE

IT was one of the Scaligers who is said to have "thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries." Where, indeed, would the modern world be without them? Lovers and students of architecture have particular reason to be grateful that it has been put into the heart of Mr. Russell Sturgis to make a dictionary of that art. The need of such a dictionary has long been marked. With the recent growth in this country of interest in architecture, it has become urgent; and Mr. Sturgis is the man certainly of all American men, and we are inclined to suppose of all English-writing men, to supply it, especially for the wants of American readers. For them it may almost be said that nothing has been done. Such books as are extant in the English language on the subject are for the most part, either avowedly partial and special, like the Cyclopædia of Greece, Italy and the Levant which Mr. Longfellow edited, or they are, like the treatment of the subject in the general cyclopædias, too summary and epitomical for the needs of any but the most general of readers. And they are all, perhaps without any exception, obsolete in this respect, that they have not to the full availed themselves and their readers of the modern facilities for accurate and cheap illustration which the methods of reproduction that are now available furnish. Even twenty years ago the cost of such illustrations as the half tone views of famous buildings, and of buildings which deserve to be famous, that these volumes contain would have been so nearly prohibitive that at least the work would have been restricted to a much smaller sale than can now be reasonably expected for it.

A DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING, Biographical, Historical and Descriptive. By Russell Sturgis, A. M., Ph. D., Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and many Architects, Painters, Engineers and other expert writers, American and foreign. In three volumes. Vols. I and II. The Macmillan Co. Royal 8vo.; three volumes, $18.00.

From Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture." Copyright, 1901, by The Macmillan Co.

NEWEL AT TOP OF STAIRCASE, BUILDING OF LOUIS XII. IN THE CHATEAU, BLOIS, FRANCE; ABOUT 1500 A. D.

[This newel is a massive compound pier and carries the vaulting of the roof.]

In saying that Mr. Sturgis is precisely the fittest American writer to meet this now long-felt want, we do not refer so much even to the extraordinary extent and minuteness of his own information on the subject, though that deserves to be called encyclopædic, as to the point of view which his own researches have led him to take. It is distinctly the point of view of the student who is a reader rather than that of the student who is a writer. It is the needs of the reader and not the desires of the writer which are kept steadily and exclusively in view. In the preface all this is explained, and in the body of the work it is faithfully carried out. Cyclopædias may in fact be classified according to the extent to which one of these two not easily reconcilable points of view has been sacrificed to the other. There are the "Conversations-lexicons" which aim to put the reader in possession, at the minimum of trouble to himself, of facts which he may require in a hurry, and which are of small literary pretension, excluding, indeed, for the most part, any literary qualities more ambitious than clearness of arrangement, readiness of reference, and conciseness of presentation. Then there is what may be called the cyclopædia of monographs, of which the "Britannica" is the most famous and familiar example, in which leading authorities are invited to contribute exhaustive essays upon their respective subjects, subject to little other editorial limitation than that of space. In the earlier editions of the Britannica the monographers even had an annex built out to accommodate the "Dissertations," which would not be comprehended under the most generous definition of cyclopædia-articles. Now, evidently, this method has its advantages when the reader, with plenty of time at his disposal, desires to exhaust a large subject, and its corresponding disadvantages, when he is actuated by the humbler desire to ascertain something at the moment. A London literary weekly found fault with the latest edition of the Britannica, when it was new, upon the ground that it was "wasting Robertson Smith" to throw him away upon a curate looking for a little fact, and pressed for time in which to write his sermon. The criticism is quite just. It implies that whoso has a monographic cyclopædia like the Britannica needs also a less pretentious work for purposes of ready reference, or else that a very elaborate system of indexing shall be adjoined to the more pretentious, as indeed has been done, in the case of the Britannica, since the appearance of the work itself.

Mr. Sturgis's plan aims to combine the advantages of the monumental work and of the handy manual, and to do this by breaking up the monographs under separate titles, and at the same time of so connecting them, by means of an elaborate system of cross references, that the reader who desires to pursue the subject "to its fastnesses" can go on after he has found the fact which was the object of his immediate quest. The result is that the reader who has mastered the plan upon which the work is arranged has really the advantage of both arrangements.

All this, as we say, is explained and illustrated in the preface, which it behooves every reader who would get the full benefit of the work to read with care. And in the preface to the second volume Mr. Sturgis recurs to the subject as follows:

"A good dictionary will be good reading even if a column or a page is read consecutively; but it will be still better reading if the reader is in the mood to take a little pains, following not the alphabetical sequences of the terms, but the sequence of his own thought. This matter of the student's use of the book, briefly touched upon in the preface of Volume I, becomes of more obvious importance, now that two-thirds of the whole work is in print. There are some large general subjects which can be fairly well studied if this plan is fol-

lowed; and with the appearance of the third and final volume, four months hence, these studies can be carried yet farther.

"An obvious instance is that subject—the most important to us moderns of all matters of architectural history—the system of building and design of the great Empire from 50 B. C. to 250 A. D. The building and art of the European world since that time, and of much beyond the European world, take their origin in what was done during that epoch; and yet there is so little generally known about it, and it is so misunderstood, that all architectural thought and writing are seriously marred by this lack of accuracy. This very subject will be found treated at great length in the dictionary. If, for instance, the reader begins with 'Italy,' Part IX, 'Latium,' and especially the second division of Part IX, where the city of Rome itself is treated; if then he seeks, in the other parts of the article 'Italy,' for Roman remains, and farther, in the article 'France,' especially Part X, and in Asia Minor, the Balkan Peninsula and North Africa; if he then studies 'Memorial Arch,' 'Memorial Column,' 'Amphitheatre,' 'Basilica,' and technical terms referred to under 'Columnar Architecture,' the subject will have been presented to him from several points of view. The appearance, in Volume III, of the general article on 'Roman Imperial Architecture,' and that on 'Syria,' with 'Portico,' 'Thermae' and 'Tomb,' may seem to complete fairly well (especially if 'Masonry,' 'Vaulting' and the like be looked up) the presentation of what is known on the general subject."

The present reviewer has followed this suggestion, so far as the two volumes already published enable him to do so, with the most instructive results. The reader who follows this course will be all the better prepared to appreciate the sytematic general article which is to come, besides having learned, as and when he needed it, what he would have to tunnel for through the whole of an "exhaustive monograph" in the monumental method of cyclopædia-making.

The advantage of the method of cross references is equally shown in other instances. The architecture of "France," for example, is set forth under the title by geographical divisions, historically under such titles as "Gothic" and the like, more specifically and with special illustrations and in more detail under the names of the monarchs who have attached their names to special phases of French architectural development.

All these workings out of the general plan, like the plan itself, may be traced to the single motive of a desire to consider the convenience of the reader rather than the convenience or the ambition of the writer. It would be much more convenient to the "first living authority" upon any subdivision of such an enormous field, and much more satisfactory to his literary vanity, to dismiss his knowledge in an exhaustive monograph rather than to subject his work to the solutions of continuity involved in the arrangement which is most satisfactory to the reader. Sometimes, to be sure, the monographic method is indicated by the requirements of the reader, and then it is pursued, as, for example, in Mr. Cram's very interesting paper on "Japan," which contains the information for which the general reader would not know where else to look, and for which, indeed, he may have looked already in many places in vain. On the other hand the researches which Mr. Dillenbaugh has made, and made with very little help from any literary predecessors, and in great part from his own investigation of actual building, into two subjects of high interest, the autocthonous architecture of this continent, and the Spanish-American building, as exemplified, within the present limits of the United States, in the "mission" architecture, are divided into a number of articles of moderate length, each complete in itself, but each so connected by abundant references to the next, that it is easy to go from one to another, and as Mr. Sturgis has it "to complete fairly well the presentation of what is known on the general subject."

Whether broken up or continuous, the

contributions to these two volumes are apt to have an air of authority which does not need the authentication of the initials of the contributors. The names of the sixty of them given in the introductory list seem to comprise pretty much all that there is of authority on the subjects properly comprised in the dictionary in the United States, while the comparatively few European names are readily recognizable as those of experts by all readers who have had occasion to pay attention to their several specialties. Nevertheless, it would be doing injustice to the preponderant share which the editor has had in the contents of these two volumes not to acknowledge him as the author as well as the editor of the work. The title is accurately descriptive: "A Dictionary of Architecture and Building, by Russell Sturgis and many architects, painters and engineers and other expert writers, American and foreign." And the reader has reason to rejoice that the chief author has taken so much of the work upon himself. The contributors whom he has enlisted have, it seems, very loyally conformed to a scheme adopted primarily for the benefit of the reader and not of the writer, and, from the writer's point of view, less interesting and attractive than the monographic method. But the editor has set them an excellent example, not only in breaking up what he also would very likely on his own account have preferred to make more continuous and obviously systematic, but also in taking upon himself the greater part of what may be called the drudgery of the work, which most editors would have found it convenient to delegate. This is the kind of work which Dr. Johnson half-humorously deprecated in saying that while all other authors might aspire to praise, "the lexicographers can hope only to escape reproach." Johnson's own example proves clearly enough, to those who know his dictionary, that the deprecation was unnecessary, and that the best intellectual power is not wasted in the difficult and what he thought the thankless work of definition. It would be too much to say that none of Mr. Sturgis's definitions, or commentaries upon his definitions, will seem to any readers disputable. But it is not too much to say that they are in general easily comprehensible, while the illustrations render them still more unmistakably clear.

And this brings us to one of the most excellent points of the *Dictionary*, the appositeness and value of the illustrations. They are always primarily illustrations of the text, as much so as those drawn by the author for Viollet-le-Duc's famous "Dictionnaire" which long ago attained the distinction of containing the best architectural illustrations ever drawn. In the present work, the editor seems to have had all the illustrations extant of architecture from which to choose, and he has uniformly chosen that which was most appropriate to the immediate purpose, insomuch that while all the very famous buildings are presented in some form, there are as many views of buildings or of bits of buildings, with which the casual reader is unfamiliar, but with which he is glad to be familiarized. The mere illustrative cuts assist the verbal definitions, while the buildings chosen to illustrate different styles and phases of styles are almost invariably the most typical. This is as true of the works chosen as the subjects of the hundred or more full-page views in half-tone as of the merest outline sketches inserted to elucidate the text. The result is that in not only the *Dictionary* is it "good reading," but it is equally good "looking through."

Upon the whole, it will be agreed by those who have studied them that these volumes constitute the most impressive demonstration that has been made of

American scholarship in their department. The work is so planned and executed, that while it may need to be supplemented from time to time, we cannot conceive of its being superseded. It should form part of even the smallest public library, and no private reader who has that degree of interest in its subject which belongs to general culture can well afford to be without it. *Montgomery Schuyler.*

From Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture." Copyright, 1901, by The Macmillan Co.
BATH-TUB; "SOFA" BATH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

THE auction season just closed in London has been remarkable for the rise in values of the writings of Keats and Shelley in their original form. Recently at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, Keats's "Endymion" London, 1818, brought £28,10 s.; Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," London, 1820, £43,10 s. Shelley's "The Cenci," London, 1819, £34. Keats's "Poems," London, 1817, £125 (presentation copy to the Misses Reynolds). Besides these two authors one notes the rise in values of Byron, Fitz-Gerald, Blackmore, Browning, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Thackeray, and Vale Press publications.

So much has been written and said about the three copies of Poe's "Tamerlane," known to collectors, that little attention has been paid to the extreme rarity of his second volume, "Al Araaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," Baltimore, 1829. At the Foote sale in 1894 a copy bound by William Matthews fetched $175. Last November a copy turned up in the McKee sale and brought $1,100, and now the record has been broken at the French sale by the handsome sum of $1,300 being paid for a copy in the original boards. True, it was a presentation copy from Poe's sister, Rose M. Poe, but the price was high.

These facts relating to the two first books of Poe have led to the enquiry why the collector of American editions does not collect Edgar Allan Poe? The answer is obvious. He cannot find them, and if he could the chances are very great that he cannot pay for them when found. A little *brochure* issued by William Graham, Philadelphia, in 1843, of only 48 pages realized $1,000 at the French sale in April. As this contained the first appearance of "The Murder in the Rue Morgue" it was easily sought after. This is claimed to be one of two copies. Even when we come down to "The Raven and Other Poems," published in New York by Wiley and Putnam in 1845 in their "Library of American Authors," the price is high, although not nearly so high as some others, but the rarity is very nearly so.

A glance at "American Book Prices Current" reveals the fact that, since the Foote sale in 1894, only three perfect copies have appeared at auction, two in 1895 and one in 1896, McKee's copy bringing the comfortable sum of $610. This was a presentation copy to Mrs. Whitman and had some notes in Poe's handwriting, but that does not altogether explain its high price. In the same sale a copy of "Poems," New York, 1831, brought $360. Although this is ranked as the second edition of "Al Araaf" many poems were published here for the first time. Of "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" only 750 copies were printed and it realizes about $100 when found. Our advice is to buy Poe in first editions. *E.D.N.*

TAMMANY AND CROKER

AN INSTRUCTIVE HISTORY OF THE ORGANIZATION, AND A WORTHLESS SKETCH OF ITS PRESENT HEAD

MANY so-called histories of Tammany have been written, but nearly all of them were prepared with a special view of selling copies to members of the organization; therefore they are worthless as records of the career of that peculiar political organization. As the result of several years of patient and painstaking examination of public records and documents, newspaper files and private correspondence, Mr. Gustavus Myers has written and published *The History of Tammany Hall,* a work ambitious in scope, moderate in tone, and a collection of undisputed and instructive facts invaluable to the students of local politics. The record of the organization has been so bad, Mr. Myers has been careful to quote, or cite his authority, for every important statement. He quotes liberally from grand jury and court records as well as from the reports of investigating committees appointed by the Legislature and local authorities. His history shows as a general conclusion that Tammany was converted into a political organization for corrupt purposes by an unscrupulous leader; that its membership has always been largely recruited from the vicious and ignorant elements of the city; that it has been controlled and manipulated chiefly by men of great political sagacity, who, without sense of honor, used it for their own ends; that it has enriched most of its leaders and favorites at the expense of the taxpayers, and has ever been inconsistent in its political principles.

It is further shown beyond dispute that bad as have been its purposes and deeds, for a century it has controlled New York city government with a few brief exceptions, yet has rarely been a factor of any importance in state or national politics.

An imitation of the Sons of Liberty and Sons of St. Tammany, the Tammany Society or Columbian order was founded May 12, 1789, by William Mooney. A social and benevolent society in name the organization was in reality created to fight a centralized or national government, and each member was required to sign an oath to sustain state institutions and to resist a consolidation of power in the general government. The founders intended to organize branch societies in every state and city. A few were organized in the larger cities, but they were never popular and in a few years ceased to exist. For a quarter of a century after its organization Tammany refused to admit naturalized citizens to membership. It was especially antagonistic to the Irish.

The organization was strongly anti-Federalist from the start, and in 1798 became a partisan body, espousing the cause of the new Republican party. Aaron Burr, although not an active member, controlled the society for a number of years and taught it many of the political tricks used to the present time in carrying primaries and elections and influencing public opinion. Burr manipulated the organization through his friend and political agent, Matthew L. Davis. During one of his campaigns mass meetings were held in every ward in the city in favor of a certain policy. Later it devel-

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THE HISTORY OF TAMMANY HALL. By Gustavus Myers. Published by the Author, 12mo, $1.50.

RICHARD CROKER. By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated with photographs. Life Publishing Co., 12mo, $1.50.

oped that each and every meeting was composed of Davis and two friends.

In 1800 Tammany, led by Burr and Davis, won its first political victory. Assemblymen were then elected from the city at large. New York elected Republican Assemblymen by a majority of one vote. President Jefferson in the following year rewarded some of the local leaders with Federal offices. In 1801 the organization by a series of political tricks elected a majority of the Common Council and by the end of 1804 was in control of the city government.

The Tammany Society was incorporated in 1805, and from that time to the present has attempted to keep up the fiction that the political Tammany is a separate body. Mr. Myers shows by official records that this assertion has always been a fiction, and that the Sachems of the society have again and again decided between opposing factions in the main body and have kept out of the Wigwam the losing side. The Sachems have also been all-powerful in the selection of candidates and in the determination of political principles.

As soon as the organization got control of the city government it filled the public offices with its sachems and chief members. The trouble for the taxpayers began at once. As early as 1806, Benjamin Romaine, a Grand Sachem, was removed from the office of City Comptroller for malfeasance in office. He had fraudulently obtained possession of valuable land in the heart of the city. Mr. Myers was unable to find any evidence that the man was prosecuted criminally. The following year the Tammany Superintendents of Public Repairs and the Almshouse, and various inspectors were caught defrauding the city. Some were removed and others resigned. In 1808 William Mooney, founder of the society, was removed from the office of Superintendent of the Almshouse, an investigation having disclosed that he had spent $4,000 of the city money and taken $1,000 worth of supplies illegally. It does not appear that any of the Tammany men of that period who were caught defrauding the city were arrested or disgraced. A few ran away, but Mooney and Romaine were re-elected Grand Sachems of the Society several times after they had been removed from city offices.

The Tammany majority in the city fell to 116 in 1809 and then began the system of punishment or "turning down" leaders and workers which is still in force. Some members were expelled and they in turn sought in vain to have the Society charter annulled. An editor, who in his newspaper criticised the leaders, was expelled and the state printing taken from him.

Tammany, always posing as patriotic, favored the war of 1812 and many of the leaders were able to make small fortunes out of war contracts. In 1815 the organization gained control of the state government and through the Council of Appointment removed Mayor DeWitt Clinton, who had been a consistent opponent of its methods. A year later it regained control of the Common Council and the entire city government. It then began a system, which is still a favorite with its leaders, of disrupting opposing parties and factions by nominating their leaders for office or in other ways winning them over. But the supreme power of Tammany in state and city was short-lived. In 1817 Clinton, its bitterest enemy, was elected Governor without the aid of any political organization, and the Erie Canal Bill, which it had opposed, became a law.

In 1817 and 1818 a Tammany Sachem, who was Sheriff, ran away, short in his accounts, the Tammany Surveyor of the Port was removed for corruption and a few minor scandals indicated that the personnel of the order had not improved.

Tammany continued in control of the

city with occasional minor defeats until 1834 when for the first time a Mayor was elected by direct vote of the people. Lawrence, the Tammany candidate for Mayor, was declared elected by a small majority, but the opposition carried the council which controlled the patronage. In 1837 the organization's candidate for Mayor was beaten; it again lost the Council and for the first time in many years had no part in the city government. In 1839 Tammany ignored national political questions, set up local issues, promised reform and economy and regained control of the city after an election that was a series of riots and frauds at the polls.

The first prominent Tammany man to steal public money on a large scale was Samuel Swartwout. He was appointed Collector of the Port, in 1829, by President Jackson. In 1838 he fled to Europe, having stolen from the national government the sum of $1,222,705. His stealings extended over a period of eight years. The amount stolen was so large for that period that the verb, "to swartwout," was coined in the city and remained in use for many years. For a generation afterwards, a defaulter or thief, especially if a Tammany man, was spoken of as having "swartwouted."

Mr. Myers sets forth at some length that control of Tammany by the lower element of its membership and the general admission of foreign-born voters dates from 1840. In that year began the system of making American citizens of every foreigner who pledged himself to vote the Tammany ticket. Irish, German and French meetings were held in the Wigwam and Tammany carried the city for Van Buren, although Harrison received the electoral vote of the state. From 1840 to 1850 the history of Tammany and city government as set forth with convincing detail by Mr. Myers is one unbroken record of riot, fraud and bloodshed at the polls, corruption and extravagance in office and general political demoralization in which the Whigs seem to have been no better than their oponents. By 1850 Tammany was divided into two factions, "Barnburners" and "Hunkers." Fernando Wood led one faction and ultimately brought about compromise and reunion as well as his own election to the office of Mayor. Wood was a master of trickery in politics and he seems to have been one of the most unscrupulous and decidedly the most brilliant man who has ever manipulated Tammany for his own advancement and the enrichment of his friends.

The record of Tammany and city government under Wood is the story of one prolonged orgy of violence, fraud, extravagance and bare-faced stealing. Bribery was so common as to cause little or no public comment. Contracts were sold, and all appointments had to be paid for. Street riots at elections and political meetings were common and in one ten men were killed. Mr. Myers found in the official records at the City Hall evidence that every department of the city government at that period was corrupt, and that little effort was ever made to punish those who robbed the city.

Tammany opposed the preservation of the Union by force, denounced Lincoln and his war measures, but sent a regiment to the front to keep up an outward show of patriotism. In 1860 Grand Sachem I. V. Fowler, who was Postmaster, was found to be a defaulter for $155,000. He escaped arrest and fled to Mexico. His brother, John W. Fowler, a clerk in the Surrogate's office, stole $31,000 from the orphans' funds. Fernando Wood, after a brief bolt from Tammany, became Mayor again in 1860. He was charged with selling appointments and nominations, and the city treasury was plundered on every flimsy pretext that could be invented.

Defeated in 1862 by aroused public opinion Tammany did not reform, but regaining control of the city two years later continued a policy of fraud and extravagance that culminated in the "Tweed Ring."

Mr. Myers briefly recites the well-remembered election frauds of 1868 and the career of the organization in city and state while Tweed was in power, but naturally was unable to add anything of importance to known facts of that period of political corruption when men stole millions and wondered at their own modesty of avarice. The skilful rehabilitation of the organization by John Kelly and Richard Croker is accurately and fairly treated. The history is a careful and therefore valuable record of the origin and growth of a powerful and notorious political organization.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has written 90,000 words, which have been published under green cloth covers and labeled *Richard Croker*. Why this title, does not appear, and the only surmise of reason for such a choice is that the name may aid in the selling of many copies to loyal Tammany men. If the author had called his work "What I Think I Know About Several Men and Some Things in General," the title would fairly indicate the character of the contents. He is frank enough to warn the reader at the outset that the book is not going to be a biography of Croker. That promise is faithfully kept to the end. He calls the work a sketch, but it turns out a confused jumble of observations on men and affairs from the time of the flood to the second defeat of William J. Bryan.

Mr. Lewis, in the second paragraph of his first chapter, introduces the names of many famous authors, ranging, in his search for them in the fields of literature, history, criticism and biography, from Plutarch to Carlyle, and from there to the end we rarely escape the atmosphere of the reference library catalogue. Again and again, and finally almost altogether, he wanders far from title and text to discourse impressively of great authors and great men. There is much of Voltaire, a chapter on John L. Sullivan and two about John Scannell. Here and there he harks back to Croker to tell a story intended to convince us that the Tammany leader is a great and good man; but these little asides are introduced with a modest apology, which seems to say between the lines, "See how I can write;" or, "Would you ever guess that I had read so many books?"

About Croker there is little except flattery overdone and personal anecdotes, many of them stale. We are told that Mr. Croker knows the game of politics so well that none may discern the aim of his moves or the scope of his plans. He is gentle and nobly courageous, generous to a fault, kind of heart and ever forgiving, but has the temper of a tiger, which he loves to hold in check. In the stories told of him he is always helping a friend, forgiving an enemy or uttering words of wisdom.

There is a chapter on trusts without a mention of Croker; an essay on religion, another on dueling, a laudatory biography of Aaron Burr and many pages of denunciation of Grover Cleveland. Of study of Richard Croker the man, of true, impartial and connected narrative of his rise to place and power in politics, with presentation of reasons therefor, there is none. It is just 90,000 words, some of them coined by the author, bound in green cloth, cover ornamented with shamrock leaves in old gold.

Walter L. Hawley.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE extraordinary depression which has developed in the world of plays during the past season is now being felt in the world of newspapers and books. The long continuance of the war and the death of the Queen have had far-reaching effects and the country seems to have resolved itself into a state of indifference and of lassitude such as one has not seen for a great many years. These remarks apply to anything that is serious in literature, for, while people have been inclined to read a good deal of fiction, they are sick of everything that appertains to politics or the serious questions of the day. Oddly enough, however, while there has been a good supply of mediocre fiction, no novels of striking quality have appeared unless we except the brilliant examples of Mrs. Craigie's wit. It argues much for the gradual advance in intelligent taste that some of Mrs. Craigie's books should now be offered in the sixpenny form which covers such a multitude of divers talent.

The health of Mr. George Gissing, which has never been very strong, has given his friends great cause for anxiety recently, and he has been staying with Mr. H. G. Wells at Sandgate, where the sea air practically constitutes an "open-air" treatment for the lung trouble which threatens him. Another novelist who lives at Sandgate is Mr. Joseph Conrad, who, like Mrs. Voynich, the author of "The Gadfly," is a Pole. Mr. Conrad's excellent English has astonished his readers, but they forget that he has been nearly a quarter of a century in this country, for he landed at Lowestoft in 1877 and spent an adventurous life as a sailor on English ships. Readers of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" do not need to be told that Mr. Conrad can use our language with far finer effect than the great mass of Englishmen who are now writing fiction. Mrs. Voynich writes absolutely idiomatically.

Mr. Max Beerbohm Tree is at work on a "Book on Rascals," always a fascinating subject, in conjunction with Mr. James Pryde, the partner of Mr. William Nicholson of poster fame. When Mr. Pryde and Mr. Nicholson started out on their campaign of reforming the poster under the name of the "Beggarstaff Brothers," they were scarcely taken seriously, but the influence which they exercised has been so great as to have absolutely transformed the hideousness of our billboards. Mr. Beerbohm's gallery includes everybody from Jonathan Wild to Arthur Overton, the Tichborne claimant. Mr. Beerbohm has a delightful touch of whimsicalness in his point of view and also in his (intentionally) old-fashioned vocabulary. He is a very shy man and has not been so widely read as he deserves.

One of the rarest of Mr. Austin Dobson's volumes of verse will undoubtedly be the little book "Carmina Votiva," of which 125 copies have been printed for private circulation, and sold at twelve shillings each. The volume, which has been beautifully printed by the Chiswick Press, contains 100 pages and is dedicated to Andrew Lang, "Master of many things, the Lighter Lyre included." Mr. Dobson stands absolutely alone in his own department and the present volume is most interesting for its lines (after the manner of Herrick and the seventeenth-century eulogists in verse) on several of Mr. Dobson's contemporaries. Thus he has verses to Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, to Prof. Brander Matthews, to the late Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and to several other writers of the day. Mr. Dobson has just resigned his position as

principal of the Fisheries and Harbor Department of the Board of Trade after seeing five years of public service. One of Mr. Dobson's colleagues at the Board of Trade died the very week Mr. Dobson retired, in the person of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, who had served the Department for forty-four of his sixty-one years. Mr. Monkhouse was a poet (he published his first volume of verse, "A Dream of Idleness," in 1865); an art critic (his book on Turner, appearing in 1879, preceded a number of other art books); a literary critic; and he wrote one novel, "A Question of Honor." Mr. Edmund Gosse is also in the Board of Trade. He is preparing a catalogue of his library.

Lord Rosebery's manifesto, in which he practically cries "a plague on party politics," gives hope to those who believe in his literary skill, that he will give us more books. His monograph on Napoleon has undoubtedly been a great success and his interest in many out-of-the-way aspects of history is so great that one regrets that the pressure of public life in the past has prevented his taking off his coat in the field of letters. Collectors of Roseberiana will be interested to know that the preface of a little book on Epsom, which is to appear in October, from the pen of a very clever young topographical writer, Mr. Gordon Home, has been written by his lordship, although it is signed with a plain "A. R." (in facsimile). Lord Rosebery has a beautiful place called "Durdans" near Epsom and enters into the local life of the district with great zest. With the possible exception of the Premier he is the only man in political life in this country who has the slightest hold on the imagination of the man in the street.

A most interesting autobiography should be that of Sir Edward Hertslet, whose "Recollections of the old Foreign Office" will be issued by Mr. John Murray in the autumn. Sir Edward's father was in the Foreign Office and he himself entered that august department so long ago as 1840. In his fifty-six years of service he must have seen a great deal that has never been told to the world, although he has been so long accustomed to official reticence that he may probably be very discreet. Sir Edward is best known by his admirable book, "The Map of Europe by Treaty." His son, who is Consul-General at Havre, acted as a juror in the Photographic Section in the Paris Exhibition, and his brother was paymaster of the late Queen's household from 1839. The Hertslets are good types of our bureaucratic system.

Mr. Stephen Paget, who is writing the life of his father, the great surgeon, Sir James Paget, for the Longmans, is also a surgeon. The Pagets are a remarkable family. The late Sir James's second son, Dr. Francis Paget, succeeded Dr. Stubbs as Bishop of Oxford the other day, and the members of the family seem to vibrate between the church and the scalpel. I heard Mr. Frederic Treves, the brilliant surgeon who went out to the South African war, recently deliver a striking eulogy on Sir James Paget apropos of the gradual loss of our senses which the perpetual tendency to mechanicalize man involves. No man, he maintained, could fathom the depths of knowledge sounded by the highly developed sense of touch in Sir James's hands. Sir James Paget, during his long life—he was born in 1814—came into intimate contact with some of his most brilliant contemporaries, including the late Queen, and his "Life" should be full of color.

The memoirs which the Empress Eugénie is understood to have been writing since the death of the Prince Imperial are now completed. Nobody has seen the manuscript, which is not to be given to the world until a quarter of a century

after her death. The Empress has been bruised but she is by no means broken, for she remains, perhaps, the proudest woman in the world. In her quiet home at Farnborough she keeps completely aloof from her neighbors and has remained, as far as in her lay, an empress. She has a little court where the faithful few who followed her to this country surround her, and almost the only people with whom she associates are the Royal Family. The Duke of Connaught, who, as a soldier, is very frequently at neighboring Aldershot, is a special favorite. The Empress, during the summer, travels a great deal in her yacht. She takes the keenest interest in all modern movements, as may be judged from the fact that she visited the Glasgow Exhibition incognito.

The fact that the Clarendon Press proposes to issue a complete edition of Dickens on their well-known India paper, once again proves the enormous popularity of "Boz," for Dickens has always been a hero in the universities, even after he had outlived the more "literary circles." One recalls, for instance, the examination paper on "Pickwick" that Calverley set for Walter Besant and Walter Skeat. Now there are many signs that the literary man is once more prepared to give his assent to the popular verdict on Dickens. After Dickens, surely the most popular novelists of modern times have been the Brontës. There is now a proposal to give the Brontë Society a legal standing by incorporating it under the ægis of the Crown, and a Huddersfield man has agreed to pay for the compilation of a Brontë dictionary. We have a Brontë and a Johnson museum, and now a Cromwell library has been established at Naseby. The topographicalizing of literature (if one may use such a word) is an interesting feature of the time.

Dr. George M. Theal, who will be represented in the autumn by a new volume, "Our Predecessors in South Africa," to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is a Canadian, who was for many years Custodian of the Archives of South Africa. It is nearly a quarter of a century ago since he published his "Compendium of South African History." Since that day he has been constantly represented by various books on South Africa, some of them popular and some of them intended mainly for the historian. It may be remembered that he wrote the volume on South Africa for the "History of the Nations" series. This is one of the most popular issues of the famous series, and has passed through seven editions since it first appeared in 1894.

While the historians have been busy with Africa, the country has been peculiarly unproductive of imaginative literature, although South Africa has been called, not without justification, the land of illusions. South African literature really begins with the poems of Thomas Pringle, who spent six years in the country (1820–1826). He might have done more, but he died in 1834, when he was on the point of returning to the Cape in search of health. Between Pringle's day and 1886, when Mr. Rider Haggard published "King Solomon's Mines," there is a great gap in South African literature. Mr. Haggard has been unusually busy, but his later work cannot compare with his early books, although I believe his sales still keep up. His latest essay is a description of a tour through Palestine, Italy and Cyprus, written for the Longmans. Among South African novelists one may note Mr. Bertram Mitford, a member of the old Northumberland family which has sent several soldiers to the present campaign. Mr. Ernest Glanville, who was born in the colony, has also illuminated the veldt with fiction, but South African literature cannot compare with the splendid swinging verse which has distin-

guished Australia. Its fiction has too great a taint of didacticism. Olive Schreiner's work is the best-known case in point.

Our bookbindings are in a bad way, according to the committee on leather for bookbinding, which was appointed by the Society of Arts, and which included such authorities as Mr. Zaehnsdorf, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Dr. Garnett. The committee once again underline the fact that the fumes of burned gas are fatal to books. They also report that tobacco smoke is very bad—which is rather at variance with a generally accepted legend to the contrary. Sunlight is so injurious that all library windows which are exposed to the direct rays of the sun ought to be glazed with glass of a slight yellow or olive tint. The condition of the leather used is a sad story of perpetual deterioration during the last few centuries. It has been found that white pigskin, such as was used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, has been far the most durable, although its hardness and its want of flexibility are against it. Old calf books of the fifteenth century, with wooden boards, seem to have lasted better than boards of paper or millboard. From the sixteenth towards the end of the eighteenth century specimens of white morocco were found to have changed less than any other leather, although after 1860 morocco bindings have gone to pieces. All the leather used at the present time is much too thin and the various dyes used are frequently most destructive. Artificial graining, too, has had a bad effect. Indeed, the modern methods of science in the art of bookbinding have on the whole been very bad. The recent report of the Society of Arts Committee on the quality of paper was also disheartening, although a philosopher might find comfort in the fact that so many of the rubbishy books that have been turned out during the past fifty years will, by the kindly hand of nature, become rapidly decomposed and returned (literally) to dust.

The "pastoral play" has become more popular this year than ever it has been before. For several years Mr. Ben Treat, who like Mr. Benson has turned out some of our best players, has been in the habit of giving representations of Shakespeare in the open air. This year he has produced five or six of the comedies in the grounds of the Royal Botanical Society in the heart of Regent's Park. You would have thought yourself hundreds of miles away from London, instead of being surrounded by miles and miles of hideous brick, if you had been there to see Puck chatting among the trees, and Oberon and Titania exercising their charm beneath the waving branches. In contradistinction to the outdoor play-house, the theatres have done very badly.

J. M. Bulloch.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES

THESE woods are never silent. In the hush
Of the high places, solemnly there goes
In endless undertone the stately rush
Of music,—windy melody that grows
And ebbs and changes in uncertain time;
As if some pensive god tried here apart
Vague snatches of the harmonies divine
Before he played them on the human heart.

—*From "The Flight of Helen, and Other Poems," by Warren Cheney. By permission of Messrs. Elder & Shepard.*

CURRENT LITERATURE

MAETERLINCK ON THE BEE

IN his study of the *Life of the Bee* M. Maurice Maeterlinck is a poet among men of science, and a man of science among poets. He warns his readers at the beginning that his one object is to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Why draw upon the imagination when the facts are so marvelous? The details of his subject far surpass the wildest fairy tales. Here are puzzles to make the wisest and most patient of philosophers pause in bewilderment. The more that has been learned about the bees the more there is to learn. The "mystery of the hive" is something that you can only wonder at. There is no explanation to be hoped for, because if the forces behind the bee community were explained, the whole riddle of the painful earth would be solved. There is a parallel between the teeming life of the bee community and the life of men in society. Of course, we are prejudiced in favor of what we regard as our higher civilization. But it is not likely that a being who regarded us from the outside would find our system so well fitted as a means to an end as is that of the honey flies. With us, according to the political economists and the sociologists, enlightened self-interest is the principle that makes the wheels go round. It is every man for himself first, and all for the city or state afterwards. But with the bees it is different. They have only one object in life and that is the future good of the community. For that they are ready to make any and all sacrifices.

Next to the "mystery of the hive," the most amazing thing of all is the "spirit of the hive." Indeed the two are inseparable. The spirit of the hive disposes of the wealth, liberty and life of the winged people. It regulates the number of births. It decrees the queen's deposition or warns her that she must depart. It compels her to bring her own rivals into the world, and protects them against her hatred. It tolerates the expensive presence of three or four hundred idle males, from whose ranks the queen shall select her lover and companion in the, to him, fatal nuptial flight, in which he pays for his success as a wooer with his life. It regulates the labor of the workers. It apportions the tasks of the nurses who tend the nymphs and larvæ; of the maids of honor who wait on the queen; of the house bees who air the hive by fanning their wings; of the architects, masons, wax-workers and sculptors who construct the combs; of the foragers who visit the flowers in search of the material upon which the hive subsists. It is the spirit that prescribes the work of the capsule-makers who seal the cells; of the sweepers who keep the streets clean; of the bearers who remove the corpses; of the amazons of the guard who protect the hive from intruders and scare away vagabonds, marauders and loiterers. It is the spirit of the hive that settles the time of the great annual sacrifice, the hour of the swarm. Then the community, at the height of its riches and prosperity, abandons to the next generation its wealth and home, and goes forth to establish itself in a new habitation. "This act," says M. Maeterlinck, "be it conscious or not, undoubtedly passes the limit of human morality. Its result will sometimes be ruin, but poverty always; and the thrice-happy city is scattered abroad in obedience to a law su-

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THE LIFE OF THE BEE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

perior to its own happiness. Where has this law been decreed, which . . . is by no means as blind and inevitable as one might believe? Where, in what assembly, what council, what intellectual and moral sphere does the spirit reside to which all must submit, itself being subject to an heroic duty, to an intelligence whose eyes are persistently fixed on the future?"

Stern devotion to duty on the part of all concerned marks the bee's short year, which extends only from April to September. And the great events follow each other with an inevitableness that is like fate. There is the formation and departure of the swarm, the foundation of the new city, the birth, combat and nuptial flight of the young queens, the massacre of the males, and then the winter sleep. Each hive consists of a queen, the mother of all her people; of thousands of workers or neuters, who are sterile females; and of some hundreds of males, one of whom becomes the consort of the queen through his success in accompanying her in her flight high into the air, from which she returns alone to be from that time on the most important personage in the hive.

M. Maeterlinck, in a striking passage, indicates the saddening effect of watching the mystery of the never-ending activity of the bees:

"Some little time back I conducted a friend to one of my hives of glass and . . . showed him, in all its bareness, the unusual agitation on every comb; the perpetual, frantic, bewildered haste of the nurses around the brood-cells; the living gangways and ladders formed by the makers of wax; the abounding, unceasing activity of the entire population, and their pitiless, useless effort; the ardent, feverish coming and going of all; the general absence of sleep save in the cradles alone, around which continuous labor kept watch; the denial of even the repose of death in a home which permits no illness and accords no grace. And my friend, his astonishment over, soon turned his eyes away, and in them I could read the signs of I know not what saddened fear.

"And truly, underlying the gladness that we note first of all in the hive; underlying the dazzling memories of beautiful days that render it the storehouse of summer's most precious jewels; underlying the blissful journeys that knit it so close to the flowers and to running water, to the sky, to the peaceful abundance of all that makes for beauty and happiness—underlying all these exterior joys, there reposes a sadness as deep as the eye of man can behold. And we, who dimly gaze on these things with our own blind eyes, we know full well that it is not they alone that we are striving to see, not they alone that we cannot understand, but that before us there lies a pitiable form of the great power that quickens us also.

'Sad let it be, as all things in nature are sad, when our eyes rest too closely upon them. And thus it ever shall be so long as we know not her secret, know not even whether secret truly there be. And should we discover some day that there is no secret, or that the secret is monstrous, other duties will then arise that, as yet, perhaps, have no name. Let our heart, if it will, in the meanwhile repeat, 'It is sad;' but let our reason be content to add, 'Thus it is.' At the present hour the duty before us is to seek out that which perhaps may be hidden behind these sorrows; and, urged on by this endeavor, we must not turn our eyes away, but sturdily, fixedly watch these sorrows and study them, with a courage and interest as keen as though they were joys. It is right that before we judge nature, before we complain, we should at least ask every question that we can possibly ask."

If the mystery of the bees were solved, there would be no other mystery so difficult as to defy human thought. But this

is impossible. Are we then to despair? Mr. Goldwin Smith takes the other side in an article on M. Maeterlinck's book in the *Sun*. He suggests that perhaps the main object of the essay is attained when the writer, glancing from the bee to man, seeks, in the name of the bee, to dispute man's exclusive claim to reason, forecast and self-sacrifice in pursuit of an ideal. Mr. Smith points out that, in spite of all the weaknesses that are to be found in human society, the disinterested observer imagined by M. Maeterlinck would see "that man was always struggling against the defects of society; that in the higher communities philanthropy was at work; that plans of reform were on foot; that dreams of social perfection were being dreamed." And then he goes on to ask: "Is there anything analogous to this in the commonwealth of the bees? Is there the slightest reason for supposing that they take thought for the improvement and elevation of their race?"

Are we to believe that there is no secret at all? That man and the bee are equally accidents, the results of some force with no design at the back of it? "If this is the truth," Mr. Goldwin Smith goes on, "we must bow—though the materialist can hardly expect us to rejoice—and make each of us the best we can of our brief lease of existence. Three things, however, may still be whispered on the other side. One is that it is well to be cautious how we allow ourselves to be carried away by the last great discovery of science. Another is that the phenomena of what we have hitherto called man's spiritual nature, his sense of moral responsibility, his appreciation of moral beauty, his moral aspirations, his conception of a state beyond the present, the refinement of his affections, his poetry and art, his conscious and forecasting efforts for the improvement, moral as well as material, of himself and his race, in themselves claim consideration like other phenomena submitted to science, whatever may be the physical genesis of man or the soundness of his particular conceptions. A third is that we have apparently no sufficient reason at present to conclude that there is nothing in the universe, or nothing cognizable by us, beyond that which is perceived by our bodily senses and is the subject of physical science."

Whether you are right or wrong with M. Maeterlinck, or right or wrong with Mr. Goldwin Smith, the fact remains that this is a beautiful and poetical book, and one which will be read many times by all those to whom it appeals, which means most persons of good taste.

Frederick James Gregg.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

AN anecdotal history of the men of letters whose names are associated with the City and Lake of Geneva—that is what Mr. Francis Gribble, in a rather neat little preface, indicates to be the scope of his new volume. Now the mere anticipation of what a book, written with such a motive might be, insensibly widens the breast and brightens the eye. And when, at the author's bidding, we follow him to the shores of the famous Swiss Lake, with its evergreen traditions, one is quite prepared to be fascinated by the series of anecdotes promised. One is quite prepared, indeed, to find the ceiling of one's consciousness illumined here and there by sudden frescoes; frescoes which shall flush and gleam in olive and rose and gold. Alas! no Fra Angelico is set loose with his palette, and most that we see is cloudy and gray.

Stella said of Swift that he could write

LAKE GENEVA AND ITS LITERARY LANDMARKS. By Francis Gribble. E. P. Dutton & Co., 8vo.

beautifully about a broomstick. No doubt, for to follow the peregrinations of a broomstick, upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber, would offer opportunities for rather fetching work. But that was not what Stella meant. Young women should not be taken literally. The idea she wanted to convey was that Sir William Temple's secretary could write beautifully about anything; a fact which makes one wish that he might have steered the author of *Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks* through the polemical and political bogs which, in a mere anecdote history, are necessarily hindrances to pleasing and airy travel. Of course, in writing of Geneva, it follows that one must cross these bogs. But might they not be crossed nimbly? Why linger in them, and expatiate upon them? One feels tempted at times to commend to Mr. Gribble the reminder Erasmus left for the big-wigs, that it is the quality of what we know, never the quantity, which tells. As a matter of fact, he takes nothing for granted in his readers but ordinary intelligence—sometimes he doubts even that! For example, on page 62, condoning Calvin's measures for the protection of the evangelical religion, including the burning of Servetus, he says:

"He must be judged by the standards of his period; and the religion of the Middle Ages, whether Catholic or Protestant, mainly consisted of the punishment of heretics. In reconciling sincere piety with savage cruelty Calvin was only acting in accordance with the best theological opinions of his time. But we will deal with this question in more detail when we come to it." Later, "when we come to it," on page 100, we read: "When the popular historians of Protestantism talk glibly of 'judging Calvin according to the standard of his times, they forget that some of the best men of his times—including sundry of his own theological opponents—such men as Castalion, for example, whom Calvin called a 'blackguard' for objecting to the burning of Servetus, already took the modern view of persecution."

But when all has been said, there are some entertaining portions in the book, notably the chapters dealing with Bonivard, for whom the author has an evident love and appreciation, and to learn to know whom he considers it quite worth while to have faced the barbarous French of the Geneva records. It is with "The Prisoner of Chillon" that the long list of "landmarks" begins. You feel something very like a touch of pathos strike into your pulse when you get a glimpse or so of the patriot historian at work from the Register of the Council. An entry, dated June, 1546, records that "a lot of sweetmeats is to be given to Francois Bonivard who is working at the Chronicles of the Town." Later, in 1547, an entry runs: "François de Bonivard begs the Council to assign him, for the coming winter, a room to work in. He cannot," he says, "write conveniently in the room in which he and his family have their meals." Well, his History of Geneva was finished in the court of 1552. In 1831 the manuscript first saw the light in print. Isn't there a bit of pathos there?

As great as Mr. Gribble's admiration for "The Prisoner of Chillon" is his depreciation of Jean Jacques. The Prince of Biographers, forsooth, is "a cad if ever there was one." The indictment against him on page 195 doesn't seem to leave much for Geneva to be proud of in the case of her Rousseau! And because the "Confessions" must not at all be trusted we have "the real Madame de Warens" reconstructed for us.

Decidedly, the most interesting pages of Mr. Gribble's book are those upon which he allows dead and garrulous beings to give us pictures of their periods. Gossip,

after all, is what clothes the dry bones of history with flesh. The astonishing narrative of Sister Jeanne de Jussie, at the time of the Reformation, shows her to be a lively annalist and shrewd observer, and it holds your attention from first to last. So does the pretty prattle of Lady Mary Coke. My lady is always picturesque whether she writes concerning the absence of trimmings on the Genevan ladies' gowns, or describes the flowered silk waistcoat of Monsieur Voltaire as he shows her his garden. Madamoiselle Cuchod is likewise engaging; her pen picture of Gibbon shows him to have been very different looking at middle age from the podgy, ungainly little man whom we know by his portraits. But then—she saw him through the eyes of love!

One could wish that there were more of these vignettes in the book before us and less of the case of the Bishop of Geneva *vs.* the House of Savoy, and political jumbles galore; less of "Quietism," "Pietism," and religious systems in general.

W.

RECENT POETRY

OF the ten writers responsible for the dozen volumes of current verse at hand, Mr. W.V. Moody is just now attracting most attention and may be considered first. His book of last year, "A Masque of Judgment," was a bold sally into the difficult field of spiritual drama, and while not overcoming the great disadvantage of its theme, was a striking performance, which bespoke a poet.

The present collection of lyrics makes a more popular appeal and will widen Mr. Moody's audience. The book has a variety of contents which marks the passing of its author from subjective dreams, lovely, musical, but on the whole lacking definiteness and concreteness, to a simpler objectivity, such as is found in the verse of patriotic motive; the "Ode in the Time of Duty," or the dirge on "A Soldier Fallen in the Philippines." Here are dignity, elevation, adequate diction, the musical movement that seems spontaneous, not factitious. We like much, too, poems like the "Road Hymn For the Start," "The Ride Back," and "The Brute." Mr. Moody in such work does not hesitate to deal with large, vital themes of interest to modern men, with vigor and directness; he takes himself and his hearers seriously, which is well. There is a touch of the mystic in other examples of his work; this will appeal to some and certainly has poetic value; but it is less distinct, less original. The art of the book, viewed as a whole, indicates that the poet has mastered his tools. It is fair to assume that in future efforts the occasional taint of the "literary," and a tendency towards the philosophic, which does not happily merge with the poetry that is in him, will be eliminated to the strengthening of verse which is already so acceptable.

Mr. Lewis Morris's name has, it may be supposed, some carrying power, so that there will be readers in this land to welcome his *Harvest Tide*, a book of verse representing his old age, if the right side of seventy can be so harshly called. At their best the poems have smooth technique and sufficient felicity to furnish pleasant reading; but take it by and large, the work is terribly commonplace, whether Sir Lewis essays the light lyric or the pompously philosophic ode. The alleged popularity of such a singer in England sets one on cynical thoughts as to the taste of the Philistine; one hears again Carlyle's historic remark about the population of Great Britain and imagines what a sermon Arnold would have preached with

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POEMS. By William Vaughan Moody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

HARVEST TIDE. A Book of Verse. By Sir Lewis Morris. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 8vo, $1.50.

Sir Lewis as a text. The publishers have given the poems a most attractive setting and we haven't a doubt that the poet's intention, as expressed in his Apologia, to solace the "toiling, unregarded crowd," will seem to many successfully carried out.

'Tis a bold man who continues to publish book after book of sonnets and expects to win a large audience. Probably Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, whose work in this kind is well known to critics, only seeks hearers fit though few; these he will get, for the present volume, containing a sonnet series of forty-five poems, in which the moods of nature for a round year are charmingly described, and a golden thread of love is interwoven to make the pattern perfect, is surely such a one as the poetry lover prizes. But, as in his previous collections, Mr. Mifflin pays the penalty of his devotion to this one verse form; an effect of monotony is inevitable in such an exclusive use of a verse-medium so circumscribed, however lovely for art and great associations. The volume also includes some fine tributes and memorials in the same mould.

After her pleasantly remembered lyrics, Miss Helen Hay tries her hand at narrative verse in *The Rose of Dawn*. It is a love-tale of the South Sea, and takes us into the atmosphere made familiar by Melville, Stoddard and Stevenson. The form is blank verse, interspersed with lyrics; both are happily handled, and the exuberant tropical color is picturesquely conveyed. The story tells of the love between an island maiden plighted to an old chief and a young Apollo from a neighboring isle, who wins her away from his aged rival, the tale being managed with considerable feeling and force. To make such a situation, so distant and so alien in its actors, interesting at all is not an easy thing, and Miss Hay does this—even more—for one feels that one is reading poetry steadily. There is no lapse into prose, and some of the expression is genuinely imaginative and beautiful. The externally attractive book is dignified by a frontispiece drawing by John La Farge.

No woman verse writer of late has exhibited more strength than Josephine Preston Peabody, whose *Fortune and Men's Eyes* follows her "The Wayfarers," a book of lyrics. The title-play is an Elizabethan study, introducing Shakespeare as central character, and deals with the episode in his private life darkly hinted at in his sonnets; hence Mary Lytton appears, the mysterious "dark lady," and several other typical sixteenth-century folk, including the Earl of Pembroke, and the Shakespearean setting is skilfully rendered. It gives one pause to think of a latter-day bard making the divine Will talk in his own blank verse; yet the reader enters sympathetically into the scene and feels no incongruity. The residue of the book contains lyrics in which the note spiritual is again and again struck, a favorable example being "In the Silence." We like also the longer "The Violin Withheld." At times Miss Peabody's bent for philosophizing hurts the simplicity and music of her verse, and for this reason there is special attraction in the final group of songs, where one gets straight poetry—in "A Spring Song," for instance. Altogether, the volume makes an impression of earnest power and high purpose.

The motive in Mr. Lounsbery's *An Iseult Idyl* is love and he shows the influence of the classics and of European literature in his work, which is graceful and artistic rather than compelling or original. The book can be read with

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THE FIELDS OF DAWN AND LATER SONNETS. By Lloyd Mifflin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THE ROSE OF DAWN. A Tale of the South Sea. By Helen Hay. R. H. Russell, 16mo, $1.

AN ISEULT IDYL. By G. Constant Lounsbery. John Lane, 12mo, $1.50.

pleasure, in spite of a feeling, often present, that the verse is derivative, another example of the cultured technique and correct taste possessed by many of the latter-day verse writers.

The Australian poet Gordon, who died young a generation ago, has always held a place in anthologies because of the vigor and distinctive quality of his verse, especially that dealing with the turf, and the handsomely bound edition of his *Racing Rhymes*, for which Henry Kendall writes a blank-verse memorial, pitched in the top key of laudation, is very welcome. There is red blood in these pieces, which are racy in a double sense; the lines leap as do the horses under the wire and Gordon's gift for musical diction is marked. His poems on graver themes have a haunting, melancholy cadence that at times suggests Poe and the spirit of the man seems summed in these words of his, which cling to the memory:

> "Life is mostly froth and bubble,
> Two things stand like stone:
> Kindness in another's trouble,
> Courage in your own."

Mr. J. Stuart Thomson is a Canadian poet, whose work is occasionally seen in American magazines. More pretentious verse often lacks the agreeable lyric quality which Mr. Thomson now and then gets into his songs and descriptive pieces. He loves Nature and knows her at first hand and his poems of sentiment, too, are not seldom delicate and winning. When he waxes didactic the charm mostly goes, as with other bards. The Nature poems are the best of all.

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore is the Philadelphia singer, hailed some years ago by Dr. Weir Mitchell, as a man to reckon with. The public has not accepted this verdict, for Mr. Moore, whether sonneteering, or writing a play like the *Ghost of Rosalys*, holds aloof from themes and methods likely to be popular in the market-place. But this is not to say he isn't a poet. We think he is, but do not find him at his happiest in the present production, which is French as to *locale*, tragic in story and introduces the supernatural at the end in a way reminiscent of "Faust." There are both strength and poetry in the play, however, particularly in the manipulation of the lovers; but Mr. Moore has not yet come to a mastery of the dramatic form.

Under the aspiring title, *Ad Astra*, and in over two hundred stanzas, Mr. Charles W. Wynne describes the course of a love for a woman whose death turns the lover's thoughts to spiritual things, so that the last part of his vision is of the church and the religion which shall regenerate the world and merge all lesser loves in the love of God. The earlier part of the poem has a warmth of emotion which colors and kindles the verse into the real thing, but later it becomes philosophico-theological and correspondingly dreary; it is discouraging to have the first line of a stanza run:

> "Self is the basis of philosophy,"

a sentiment not poetical, however sound. It is unfortunate that Mr. Wynne thus puts all his best wares in the front window, for the first favorable impression is not confirmed. *Richard Burton.*

RACING RHYMES. By Adam Lindsay Gordon. Selected and arranged by J. O. Guen. R. H. Russell, 12mo, $1.50.

A WAY OF SONG. By John Stewart Thompson. Wm. Briggs.

GHOST OF ROSALYS. A play. By Chas. L. Moore. Printed for the Author.

AD ASTRA. By Charles Whitworth Wynne. John Lane. 8vo, $1.50.

WILD BIRDS

IF the life and habits of wild birds at home and abroad remain longer unknown to any class of readers the fault, certainly, does not lie with either authors or publishers. Never before has so much

in the form of bird lore been published as has appeared within the past few seasons—and especially within the current year. Like all other nature study it fascinates the mind and stimulates inquiry because of the tantalizing nearness to nature's secrets which it constantly suggests and never quite satisfies.

For the new volume, entitled *The Home Life of Wild Birds,* by Mr. Francis Herrick, the publishers claim special consideration by virtue of its new method of treatment and photography. That which is likely to impress the reader at first glance is the semi-scientific, semi-judicial habit of mind, coupled with patient observation on the author's part. He aims to convince rather than to "enthuse" his readers. While not disclaiming intelligence or reason for birds he seeks by personal observation and experiment to show that acquired habits, together with mechanical or chemical reactions of organism to external stimuli, may account for what is usually put forth as active, personal intelligence on the part of birds.

"Animals," says Mr. Herrick, "should be studied as animals, which they are, and not as human beings, which they have never been, and are not likely ever to become. . . . The first duty of the narrator of natural as well as civic history is to tell the truth. I trust that the reader will not misunderstand these remarks. Is it denied that animals possess intelligence or any power of reason? Not at all! Such questions depend largely upon our definition of words, and without fresh observation are usually fruitless of result. What is criticized is the gross anthropomorphism which characterizes much that is written on the action of animals. If I am an offender in this direction I hope it is only in a minor degree."

The plea made is not only for a new method of bird study but for a new phase of bird photography also, and the author's right to claim the latter becomes at once patent. Illustrations made by himself, to the number of 141, appear in this work, and in unusualness of pose, vividness of expression and beauty of finish, they surpass anything we have seen in recent works on this subject. How he managed to get near enough to the birds, in certain instances, to picture them in their most intimate home relations is a mystery that suggests something like hypnotic influence over the feathered tribe. Every individual trick and social habit of the wild creatures seem to be caught and brought before us at close range. Especially valuable is a chapter on the taming of wild birds without a cage. But when all is told by Mr. Herrick, and all due praise accorded him for his first-hand methods of study, he has only begged certain questions in regard to the birds themselves; for all his patient observation and conscientiously recorded facts may serve but to make many readers believe the more firmly that birds do possess both reason and intelligence—in varying degrees—so remarkable are the things he relates.

In *Everyday Birds,* by Mr. Bradford Torrey, we find the subject treated in a more sketchy and somewhat autobiographical manner; yet the author's fullness of knowledge leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of scientific accuracy, so far as he lets his theme extend. The book is intended to interest children and young people, but readers of any age are likely to find it instructive as well as entertaining. The note struck is that of simple, personal narrative, dealing with simple objective life and touched here and there with enough leisurely lit-

THE HOME LIFE OF WILD BIRDS. A new method of the study of photography of birds. By Francis H. Herrick, with 141 original illustrations from nature by the author. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, $2.50.

EVERYDAY BIRDS. Elementary studies. By Bradford Torrey, with 12 colored plates from Audubon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, $1.

erary charm to make the stories effective. Everything touching the ways of the well-known birds, from egglife to winglife, and from yearly arrival to yearly departure for warmer climes, is here minutely portrayed and in a manner to engage attention. The interest is further enhanced by twelve beautifully colored plates from Audubon.

A little book entitled *The Woodpeckers*, by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, departs somewhat from the usual course of bird study in confining itself to one single family. Of the woodpecker and all his relations, near and removed, she makes an exhaustive study, depicting his structure, character, habits and mode of work.

The style is lively and engaging, and well adapted to stimulate nature-study in the young. The generally accepted notion that this bird is by trade a carpenter does not seem to be borne out by this author, whose descriptions all tend to prove him a miner—working with bill, tongue, claw and tail as tools. It is altogether an intimate and interesting exposition of the life-work of a very respectable and useful member of the bird family.

Those familiar with Olive Thorne Miller's "First Book of Birds" will welcome its sequel, which now comes forth under the title of *The Second Book of Birds*. This work touches no deep question in the past or future of bird life, and is intended simply to stimulate study on the part of amateurs, old as well as young, and this it does in a manner which has made this author one of the most popular among the ever-increasing number who devote themselves to nature studies. In a style of almost colloquial ease she shows why and how birds are grouped into distinct families, and how these families may be distinguished in their divisions and relationships.

Game birds alone are exempted from the groups discussed; the eagle, owl, vulture, and scavenger birds generally are included. Of these, and the whole list of small and more familiar birds many and varied anecdotes are told. Some of these anecdotes are remarkable enough to tax credulity, did they come from a distance or from some unknown source. But most of them are from personal observations and tests made by the author herself, or by others whose names are given and authenticity vouched for. Whoever would learn of the strange knowingness of birds, their sense of mischief and humor, and their adaptation of means to ends, cannot fail to enjoy the reading of this little book.

THE WOODPECKERS. By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. With five colored plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and drawings by John L. Ridgeway. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, $1.

THE SECOND BOOK OF BIRDS. By Olive Thorne Miller. With 24 full-page illustrations. 8 in colors, by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, $1.

NATURE STUDIES—THE INSECT WORLD AND THE SEA BEACH

MR. L. O. HOWARD'S exhaustive work on mosquitoes is followed by a still larger volume, entitled *The Insect Book*, giving the life history of insects of every kind and degree, exclusive of butterflies, moths and beetles, and their places in the economy of nature. As science itself seems to be only now beginning to grasp the full significance of this myriad world of small organisms which surround man, it seems well and timely to have this world dealt with comprehensively by the foremost of living entomologists. The book is written in a popular, entertaining vein, and is copiously illustrated. There

THE INSECT BOOK: A popular account of the Bees, Wasps, Ants, Grasshoppers, Flies, and other North American Insects, exclusive of the Butterflies, Moths and Beetles. With full Life Histories, Tables and Biographies. By Leland O. Howard, Ph.D., Chief of the Division of Entomology, W. S. Department of Agriculture. Doubleday, Page & Co., 8vo, $3.

are sixteen colored plates, thirty-two black and white full-page pictures, made direct from the insects, and three hundred text cuts. Thus text descriptions are supplemented by seemingly living realities; the reader learns the uses of some lives he may have thought useless, of others with which he is only too annoyingly familiar, and of more of which he may know only by hearsay. He is introduced to the queer stories, beliefs and superstitions that have been created and handed down in connection with them, as well as to the really useful and friendly parts they sometimes play towards man. In some respects it is a book of almost weird interest; bringing forcibly to mind the full meaning of those oft-quoted words: "The fairy tales of science and the long results of time."

An elaborate work on similar lines, but more delicate in form, and confined to moths and butterflies, is by Mary C. Dickenson, B.S., with two hundred photographs, taken from life by the author. Miss Dickenson states that this work is an outgrowth of her own interest, inspired by the enthusiasm shown by children in grammar grades, and students in the Rhode Island Normal School; also by teachers in summer schools wherever this subject has been presented. She finds there has arisen a need for insect books, especially of an elementary nature, to work in harmony with animal ecology; to interpret habit and detailed structure as responsive to surroundings and blood relationships. Above all she finds such work useful as leading to a freer out-of-door life, which "makes acquaintance with groups of living organism with instincts developed to so high a degree that they do many things for self-preservation which it seems impossible to believe are not the result of self-conscious intelligence."

The work is made very readable and as non-technical as its scope will permit. Besides taking in all the well-known insects of this species, it treats of the whole tribe of Tiger Moths, Woolly Bear, Yellow Bear, Hickory Tiger, etc; also the white marked Tussock, the Chinese silk worm, the American silk worm, the Bull's Eye, the Cecropia moth, etc. There are chapters on the relationship of all these to one another. Occasional quotations from well known authorites lend significance to some of the chapters. For example, this from Thoreau: "Entomology extends the limits of being in new directions so that I walk in nature with a sense of greater space and freedom. It suggests, besides, that the universe is not rough hewn but perfect in all its details. Nature will bear the closest inspection; she invites us to lay our ear level with the smallest leaf and take an insect view of its plane." Or this from Emerson: "He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtures are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, he is the rich, the royal man."

Still another volume is the *Nature Biographies* series, by Clarence Moores Weed, treats of the lives of some familiar butterflies, moths, grasshoppers and flies. Although written by a professor of entomology it is markedly free from technicalities or hard reading. It simply takes the form of a biography of the insects studied, following them from birth to maturity and age limit—so far as known. This close personal study is made vivid by photographs which caught the creatures

MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES. By Mary C. Dickenson, B. S. (University of Chicago), Head of the Department of Biology and Nature Study in the Rhode Island Normal School, R. I., and in charge of the Nature Study in the Observatory School in Connection with R. I. Normal School. With 200 photographs from life by the author. Ginn & Company, 12mo, $2.50.

NATURE BIOGRAPHIES. By Clarence Moores Weed. The Lives of Some Everday Butterflies, Moths, Grasshoppers and Flies. With 15 photographic illustrations by the author. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

in every attitude and action peculiar to them. One hundred and fifty of these photographs illumine a volume of only one hundred and sixty-two pages. Of the insects which we see unfold from the egg to the wing are the Monarch Butterfly, the Tent Caterpillar, the Rural Impostor, who lives on sweet fern, and so closely takes on the color and shape of the leaf as to defy the sharpest search for him. We have a study of the Devastator of Forests, of the Walking Sticks, the Morning Cloak, Locust Mummies, insect parasites, and so on. The easy, colloquial style enhances the interest of the book.

A book likely to fascinate many lovers of the seashore and the teeming life of its waters is *The Sea Beach at Ebb-Tide*. The information given is of just the sort desired by amateurs, who would fain identify and place specimens they come upon either by quest or accident. The book is fairly accurate without wearing a learned air, and admirably fitted to lay the foundation of knowledge that may be pursued to any extent desired. The directions for collecting are so plain that they might be followed by an intelligent child. A description is given of all the curious and interesting animals and seaweeds of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, as they abound in rocks, pools and fissures.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is devoted to the wonders of small animal life to be picked up on the Maine coast, and especially on Mount Desert Island. Wonderful as are the things to be found in the famed Anemone Cave—on the schooner Headroad from Bar Harbor—our author tells of wonders more plentiful still which she found in spots near Hull's Cove. Richer even than these were her discoveries on Porcupine Island, in the harbor.

"These pools are resplendent with large anemones, hydroids, nudibrancks, mollusks, echinoderms, crustacheans and algea. Alaraia esculata several feet in length are lashed to a fringe against the rocks; and the sea colander is also found here, together with beautiful specimens of Rhodmenia palmata (whose common name is the edible, Dulse), which is so plentiful that it reddens the rocks. Sea urchins (*strougglocentrotus drobachiensis*) seem to carpet the pools, having the appearance of mossy tufts. Beautiful pink and purple starfish, sea cucumbers, anemones, crabs, are abundant." The author then proceeds in telling how to collect and how to have a care in the dangerous passing of rock-bound pools. The latter caution is needed; whoever knows the locality will realize that only an intrepid explorer will venture on Bald Porcupine, as the natives call it. The book is richly illustrated with six hundred pictures.

THE SEA BEACH AT EBB-TIDE: A Guide to the Study of the Sea Weeds and the Lower Animal Life found Between Tide-Marks. By Augusta Foote Arnold. With 600 illustrations. The Century Co., 8vo, $2.40.

FERNS AND FLOWERS

THE obvious aim of Mr. Clute's book *Our Ferns and Their Haunts*, is that it might prove equally valuable as a reference book for students and as an entertaining guide to amateurs. Mr. Clute makes it easy for the fern-seeker to know both the popular and botanical names, to discover their haunts, and to identify the varieties when found. There are about two hundred pictures—including eight colored plates—of specimens with descriptions for identification.

"In recent years," writes Mr. Clute, "there has arisen a widespread interest in ferns from the popular point of view, creating a demand for more detailed information than is to be found in the text

OUR FERNS IN THEIR HAUNTS. A guide to all the native species. By Willard Nelson Clute. Illustrated by William Walworth Stilson. Frederic A. Stokes, 12mo, $2.15.

books on the subject." Yet, as he proceeds, the fullness of his information shows us plainly that this same popular interest is most ancient; that ferns have always piqued human fancy and quickened superstitious imaginings concerning them; hence the hoary lore and legend that have gathered around their long-time mysterious mode of propagating themselves—all of which belong, of course, to the old world, for America has contributed no mosses of fancy.

Of the most prolific of the family, the Osmunda, with its various subdivisions of cinnamon fern, flowering fern, maiden hair, Venus hair, interrupted fern, etc., our author writes very fully. "In everything," he says, "this family runs to extreme; their roots are the largest, their crosiers the wooliest, their fronds the longest and their fruit the earliest. Every farmer and wanderer in country ways is familiar with them although he may have no other names for them than brakes." The myths connected with ferns are endless. "Probably there is no fern in whose haunts serpents of any kind are less frequent than the species which bear the terrifying name of Rattlesnake Fern," says Mr. Clute. The legends connected with the imaginary finding of fern seed on St. John's Night (Midsummer Eve) and its power to make the finder invisible, are made very readable; so, too, are the accounts of the various uses to which ferns are put. In India they still serve as food in various forms. In Europe in times of scarcity the roots were ground and mixed with flour to make bread. They have been brewed in the making of beer, and in some countries are so used to this day. A peculiar soap has been made from them. In parts of Scandinavia the young crosiers are eaten as asparagus. The author says nothing about their having ever been used in a similar way in America, but as a matter of fact the custom must have been brought hither; for there are persons in parts of New England who still cook the young fronds as "greens;" and a delicious morsel they are, as any one will testify who has ever tasted them. The book is most appropriately gotten up, the binding of a dull-toned fern green, and a few quaint verses on ferns from the ancient Border poet Twamley preface it.

So far as fern life and lore go, Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright treads practically the same ground as that traveled by Mr. Clute in her *Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts.* But her nature studies take in all the wild flowers as well as ferns. To say that her style is more conversational than that of Mr. Clute does not mean that her book is less valuable. It is stocked with information drawn from authoritative sources, and is supplemented and enriched by her own observations and discoveries. It would be hard to come upon a volume in which nature's manifold stories are more attractively told. There are about sixty full-page illustrations of flower scenes and 122 text illustrations; these are made by the author, assisted by J. Horace McFarland. Not a family or variety worth mention is left untouched.

The following quotation concerning an interesting family may serve to show Mrs. Wright's style: "The tribe of orchids comprises many households under one general roof, and the habits of this original family are as variable as their colors. An orchid may grow from a bulb, a hard coral-like crown or a mat of fleshy or tuberous roots. It may live in a tree-top in torrid regions or it may inhabit the depths of cold, sunless northern bogs; it may lend rich color to the grasses of an open meadow or flourish equally well in the dry crumbling mold of evergreen woods. It may, according to its kind, bear flowers a

FLOWERS AND FERNS IN THEIR HAUNTS. By Mabel Osgood Wright. With illustrations from photographs by the author and J. Horace McFarland. The Macmillan Co., 8vo, $2.50.

hand's-breadth in size, of exquisite coloring, to attract the insects upon whose service this royal race so largely depends for fertilization of seed, or it may have a blossom so dull in color, or so minute, as in some of the Habenarios, that a microscope is needed to make its naming sure. You will, however, find a strong family cast of features, an eccentric lip type, in every one; and if you will carefully scan the features of the crystal white rattlesnake plantain and ladies' tresses of our wood and low meadows. you will see the same lineaments as in the rare green-house beauties which peer through a veil of costly ferns to make a bride's bouquet. . . Beauty and fragrance are the chief attributes of this royal race. Orchids offer structural problems quite as difficult as the higher mathematics. . . No less a man than Darwin has confessed that after devoting twenty years to their study he doubted if he perfectly understood the contrivance to secure fertilization possessed by one single orchid. . . However, this whole subject of flower fertilization belongs to science, to biology. It is too profound and serious a matter for a summer day in the field, or to be awkwardly fingered by the nature-lover who follows the flower trail for the pleasure of eye and ear, for the rest it brings to the brain and the peace to the soul."

Another smaller but interesting contribution to the lore of our familiar flora is a volume by Maud Going, entitled *With the Wild Flowers from Pussy Willow to Thistledown.* This book is peculiarly adapted to beginners in outdoor studies and to the young. It is compiled from articles contributed some time ago to the New York *Evening Post* and other publications. The author calls attention to the fact that "botany is far from a settled science, and that work published even seven years ago needs considerable revision to bring it up to date." This in itself serves as a good explanation for the ever increasing number of nature books now coming forth; each gleaner has some fresh observation to chronicle or minute fact to relate concerning a world of things yet to be explored. "Nature studies," says this author, "are always asking why? Some few of the wherefores are known but many have not been found out yet, and if we ever learn them the flowers themselves must teach us, for the botanists do not know. It is a wonderful moment to the student when he learns the answer to even one of the whys which the humblest need suggests, for he feels that ignorant and unworthy as he is, he has for one brief moment been taken into the confidence of the Creator." The simple, engaging narrative style enables the reader to easily grasp the lessons taught, and the numerous half-tone illustrations mirror to the eye what the mind gathers in.

WITH WILD FLOWERS, FROM PUSSY WILLOW TO THISTLEDOWN. A Rural Chronicle of our Flower Friends and Foes, describing them under their familiar English names. By Maud Going (E. M. Hardinge). Revised edition, illustrated with many half-tone engravings. The Baker Taylor Co., 12mo, $1.

CHINESE LITERATURE

PROFESSOR GILES'S *History of Chinese Literature* is a key to an unknown language, the first attempt in any tongue, including Chinese, to produce a history of that literature. Under the circumstances, the task must have been an enormous one, especially since the author has had to compress his work into the compass of the series known as "Literature of the World," edited by Edmund Gosse.

The book is divided into eight sections,

A HISTORY OF CHINESE LITERATURE. By Herbert A. Giles, M. A., LL.D. (Aberdeen), Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, and late H.B. M. Consul at Ningpo. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

extending from the Feudal Period, 600 B. C. to the present Manchu Dynasty. Much space is devoted to translation, both of prose and of poetry. Although many cheap novels have been written that are unfit for translation, all literature in China is pure, for novels and stories are not called literature there.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the book is the insight that it gives into the characteristics of the people. We are accustomed to think of the Chinese as a barbaric race, to whom the enlightenment of western civilization and religion came as a blessed boon when in 1842 the five ports were opened to comparatively unrestricted trade. The impertinence of foreign religious missions is emphasized if we consider that Confucius, the founder of Chinese literature, taught his disciples to love one another five hundred years before Christ was born. When the spread of Romanism began to cause apprehension, the greatest living Chinese scholar of the time, Lan Ting-yüan, wrote in 1732 of the "red-haired barbarians," as he called the foreigners, that their descendants would overshadow the land, making it a kingdom of devils. Among the foreigners he counted Dutch, French, Spaniards, Portuguese and English, "all of which nations are horribly fierce," Wherever they go, he says, they spy around with a view to seize on other people's territory. The astute statesman put his finger on the root of the foreign motive when he went on to say, "Now these traders come this immense distance with the object of making money. What then is their idea in paying away vast sums in order to attract people to their faith?"

Besides the Book of History (Shu Ching) which Confucius edited, the Chinese produced poetry, dictionaries, encyclopædias, books on medical jurisprudence, plays, novels, proverbs, and what is known as "wall literature," that curious forerunner of the journalism "introduced by the audacious brood of England by wicked fraud," following which were evils worse than consumption and fevers. This wall literature stood to the people for newspapers. Advertisements of medicine for depraved opium-smokers, sermons against female infanticide, anonymous indications to certain persons to desist from offensive conduct—this and much more composed these poster pages.

The Chinese will read almost anything, provided the style is good. "The Pilgrim's Progress," with illustrations in Chinese costume, Spencer's "Education" and the "Adventures of Baron Münchausen" have been translated, but many books have been rejected by them because of inferior style.

The most popular writer of modern times is Yüan Mei (1715–97). He wrote poetry and letters, witty and amusing; but his chief claim to our attention is the fact that he was the Brillat-Savarin of China, and in the art of cooking, China stands next to France. He wrote a gossipy little cook-book in the style of a scholar and a philosopher. The translations from it are delightful reading.

The temptation to quote from Prof. Giles's book is one proof that it contains excellent material. The specimens of Chinese humor that he cites do not need to be explained, as one might suppose. And the proverbs which children learn by heart show that China has always contained philosophers. "If you bow at all, bow low." "Deal with the faults of others as gently as with your own." "A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better." "Gold is tested by fire; man by gold."

It is needless to say that Prof. Giles has made a remarkable contribution to the history of literature.

THE NOVEL OF A POLITICIAN

AN African traveller once told of the difficulty of seeing the forest because of the trees. It was a philosophical observation, and applies in many directions. For example, the "practical politician" who has "arrived," and is commonly called the "boss," is like the poor, in that he is with us always. He is so familiar that we have ceased to regard him as even a phenomenon. Yet he is a distinctly American type. He is unknown, in a highly developed condition, in British political life. In other countries with the pretence of popular or representative government, he exists only in a highly undeveloped state. You would think, under the circumstances, that some gentleman, or lady, who writes with ease, would have said, "go to, here is virgin soil." Instead of dragging in G. Washington and A. Lincoln why should I not try to produce *the* American novel that everybody has been waiting for so long, by doing something that would make people say, "Of course! It is strange that somebody did not think of it before." Mr. Francis Churchill Williams has made the attempt, has done the obvious thing, and with considerable success in the book in which he has set forth, with apparent knowledge, the life and adventures, the successes and sorrows, the good deeds and personality of "J. Devlin—Boss."

Some men are born politicians and some have politics thrust upon them. Both conditions held in the case of Jimmie Devlin. He started as a seller of newspapers in the public streets, and led that strenuous life for some time. Then he was an office boy in a newspaper building. At an early age he realized the value of money as a source of power, and became a sort of banker for the other office boys. He gave them one cent on the dollar, and got two cents from the savings bank, which showed that had he not gone into public life he might have become a great financier in time. But one day he deceived the city editor, learned in time that he was to be discharged and "resigned." A local politician was present when the boy handed in his resignation; admired what he regarded as his "nerve" and took him in as a sort of handy man. Thus Jimmie began his real career. By always keeping his head, and his eyes open, he soon reached a position where he was sure to strike out for himself. Jimmie didn't want to have a boss. He did want to be one. So he became a power in the city, a dispenser of patronage, a visitor of the widow and the orphan in their affliction, was able to throw his district the right way when a few votes counted, made a United States senator on one occasion and reached the height of his greatness when he had a hand in the work of the celebrated convention which nominated Garfield after the convention had been incited to madness by the speech in which Conkling placed Grant in nomination.

Jimmy Devlin was not quite a happy man in spite of his success. There was a girl whom he had admired in his early and struggling days. She married another man, and this other man turned out to be a bad lot. The boss only retaliated by doing favors for her husband and son. The deterioration of the father, and the development of his offspring into a good man, through the efforts of his patron, furnish the necessary opportunity to the author to introduce certain skillful contrasts in character and environment. But, it must be admitted that though this long story of Jack and Mollie is well told, it does not affect one so much as the steady and carefully suppressed feeling of Jimmie himself for the object of his early affection.

J. DEVLIN—BOSS: A ROMANCE OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Francis Churchill Williams. Illustrated by Clifford Carlton. Lothrop Publishing Co., 12mo, $1.50.

In spite of his willingness to do a kindness to a friend or to forget the injury of an enemy, Jimmy Devlin never forgot—J. Devlin. "In a score of years he had accumulated, partly by the process of assimilation, a considerable fortune; and to this he was steadily adding. There are many ways of knowing when a profit may be reaped when one can forecast the employment of the city's millions; there is a legitimate profit in having connections with such industrial concerns as a municipal economy utilizes; last, but not least, there are always men whose gratitude for services rendered in the field of politics takes the form of 'inside information' on the stock market eccentricities, or, perhaps, is represented by stock certificates themselves. Though some may cavil at such transactions, it is difficult to find the law books in which they are specially forbidden, still more difficult to find the lawyer who can prove them illegal to the satisfaction of an impartial court." In other words it is easy enough to get the facts, but it is hard to get the legal evidence. This is borne out by many details in this remarkable book.

There was no doubt that Jimmy was, from many points of view, a very good man. But many queer things happened in his office. Once in this little back room a railroad company convinced Jimmy that "silence is golden," and so saw the bill giving it the right to lay tracks at grade within the city, passed by City Councils. Once the Acme Electric Light Company persuaded Jimmy that the city ought to open certain streets along which it might string wires; and merely to assure him of its financial soundness, left $10,000 of its stock on his desk. . . . And once—but there is no need to multiply instances of the magnitude and diversity of the cases which Jimmy settled 'in Back.'"

Jimmy and Kate Mayne are two distinct creations. They ring true to human nature. And whatever may be said of "practical politics," it is well for us to remember that there are many true men in it. The world would be in a very bad way otherwise. Besides, did not Bismarck say that even high politics was a bad trade. *G.*

THREE NOTABLE ROMANCES

THE first impression caught from Caroline Atwater Mason's latest romance is likely to be of the large ambition of the author's undertaking. In all history, surely, there looms no more tremendous period than that which covers the contemporary reigns of the Queen mother, Catherine de Medici, Elizabeth of England, Philip of Spain, the Duke of Alva, Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, her son, the famous Henry, William the Silent, Prince of Orange; the Huguenot leaders, Coude, Coligny, Teligny, Cardinal de Lorraine—not to mention other notable actors in plots and perfidies culminating in that foulest of all political crimes masquerading under religious guise, the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

With all these historic figures flitting before us it is hardly a reflection on the author's art to say that our first thought is of the historic gleaning that must have preceded the writing of these 456 pages of compact fiction. As we proceed our interest is gradually diverted, until we find ourselves wondering that the author has succeeded so well in vitalizing so many actors in those memorable scenes, and with what deft, symmetrical touches are woven in the threads of fact and fiction. It cannot be said that the work is equally well done throughout. Nothing short of the flashlights of supreme genius could supply insight into human motives so

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A LILY OF FRANCE. By Caroline Atwater Mason. The Griffith & Rowland Press, 12mo, $1.50.

varied, and antagonistic as those which moved the actors within these scenes, and it would demand a breadth of sympathy and dramatic instinct rare indeed to interpret without partisanship forces so opposite in aims and interests.

The heroine is the Princess Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. His wife having become a Huguenot, he sends his infant daughter to be trained in the Benedictine Abbey of Notre Dame de Jouarre, over which the child's aunt—her mother's sister—is Abbess. In the picturing of the machinations of the bigoted and wily Montpensier against the ambitious lady superior of Jouarre, there is scope for character drawing of subtle power. We do not feel, however, that the author has made the utmost of the situations through which the Abbess is deposed, and her little niece, the Princess, of twelve years, is forced to assume vows and become superior in her stead. The child's distaste for the life, her struggles which result in an illness that almost deprives of life, are all well depicted. The lack of rounded art is felt chiefly in the atmosphere of unrelieved gloom, the life of petty chicane and narrow bitterness with which conventual life is described, and which is likely to make the average reader doubt if any woman ever entered it of her own free will. In this our author has not risen above the ordinary achievement of the Protestant writer whose sympathies are not elastic enough to compass the many-sided possibilities of convent life in days of yore. As an antidote to this limited view we have only to recall the many famous women of Mediæval and Renaissance days who did of choice seek such sanctuary for the working out of large individual powers.

The subsequent development of the young princess into a sweet-souled woman which makes her sobriquet, Lily of France, singularly appropriate, is well told, and the rising tide of vicissitudes which culminate in her marriage to William the Silent, are made to seem but fitting links in the chain of events of which the life story of one charming princess forms but a small part. The character of William himself is not strongly drawn. We feel somewhat more certain of the fibre of his brother, Louis of Nassau, and others who surround him. His somewhat superhuman perfections make William seem almost as elusive as King Arthur among his Knights of the Round Table. The *aura* of his loneliness and melancholy and chivalrous treatment of his erring first wife, Anne of Saxon, is brought much nearer our ken than is the wonderful military genius, the mastery of strategy, which enabled him to rise above defeat and impoverishment and wrest his country from the grip of the terrible Alva.

In the glimpses given of historic episodes and of the famous actors who sought to checkmate one another in games of statecraft, the author is at her best. We seem to see the bright face and know the brave soul of the Queen of Navarre, daughter of the famous Marguerite of Valois. Equally happy are descriptive touches concerning Catherine de Medicis: "If only we could read behind that ivory mask! If only she could be trusted to do to-morrow what she promises to-day! If only she were either Catholic or Protestant!" sighs one near to her. Equally well do we feel the vacillating nature of her son, Charles IX. Scraps of real history are now and again given, such as messages passed between Coligny and William of Orange, under sanction of Charles, who withdrew his aid from the Low Countries almost as soon as promised.

As a historical novel the book is far and away above the average. The side lights it throws upon doubtful spots in history have the color of verisimilitude.

Coming from these heroic happenings

to another romance of much the same period brings us to a totally different world in scenes, quality and purpose. The name of this new aspirant for favor is *Captain Ravenshaw; or the Maid of Cheapside*, a romance of Elizabethan London. Its author, Robert Neilson Stephens, favors us with a humorous and quite lengthy preface couched in form of apology for having written a book wholly contrary to the canons laid down by Mr. Howells, since his book has no other cause for being than just to tell a story. One thing is pretty certain; the reader who dips into *Captain Ravenshaw* is not likely to lay the book down until he makes further acquaintance with its hero, and after that he is likely to dispute the author's need to apologize to critics. A more rollicking, laughter-provoking, unusual story than *Captain Ravenshaw* has not been told in many a day.

The author himself assures us that he is thoroughly familiar—through long and patient gleaning—with the lore of Elizabethan England, and quite in touch with the aspect and manner of its popular life. If he wishes to disarm Puritanical carpers, and thoughtless faultfinders, this assertion may stand him in good stead, but with readers in general he needs no explanation; the very atmosphere of the story carries conviction—and it is charged with spontaneity. It does not attempt to give even a peep into the deeper life, the serious side of the days of "great Elizabeth." It deals wholly with the street life of young bloods, an adventurer out of employment, always on the lookout for a meal or a bed, and not squeamish as to how or where he obtains either, a poor scholar out at elbows and lank of stomach, gentlemen lacking all that we moderns have come to regard as moral perception, and with that twisted sense of honor with which the old comedies have kept us familiar. Add to this a scene or two from the domestic life of a Cheapside goldsmith—father of the heroine—and his apprentices, and you have the whole *dramatis personæ* of *Captain Ravenshaw*—barring a few cutthroats and beggars who help out the plot.

Captain Ravenshaw is, indeed, a book that will take you wholly out of your own world of to-day with all its moral complexities, its niceties even in the matter of greed and grasping, its screened and gilded ill-doings, and launch you into a world of coarser appetities, plainer speech, a variety of impromptu "cuss words," banalities, and scurrillities that form a study in the evolution of language. And if, perchance, your gorge rise at some of the oaths and witticisms you have only to turn to any dramatist of the time, to prove how true to local color and habit is our author. And after the worst is said of this local color and habit, the breeziness and abandon of it all, the big, brutal, animal life, make our spirits bound, tickle our sense of humor and leaves in our memories a sense of large, irresponsible animal health that is, in effect, refreshing.

The story sets us singularly close to the physical aspect of old London. Certain streets, corners, lanes now passed away or changed, are described with a familiarity as unerring as we would now apply to Union Square or Trinity Church in New York. We can see as if we were within it, old St. Paul's at midday when the people of every kind and condition were wont to meet there as if in a club house or saloon to-day, and discuss their cares, business scandals; plan a fight or the abduction of some heiress or coveted tradesman's daughter. This, too, together with certain other pictures, may easily set our imagination working till we see how and why the rising tide of Puritanism swelled

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CAPTAIN RAVENSHAW; OR, THE MAID OF CHEAPSIDE. A Romance of Elizabethan London. By Robert Neilson Stephens. L. C. Page & Company, 12mo, $1.50.

to such dimensions just after the demise of Elizabeth, why the shriek for the purification of church and custom went forth throughout the land. Yes, *Captain Ravenshaw* is a light, and to some will prove a frothy, even absurdly amusing book, with quite impossible situations, yet to others it may suggest long and solid vistas through which they may trace things running down quite into the present day.

The Road to Ridgeby's is the posthumous work of a young American novelist, of such quality and promise as make us wish he could have tarried here a while to watch its fate and learn from it how to further develop the powers for creative work which he undoubtedly possessed. The book has faults both of construction and proportion; some of the characters introduced have little or nothing to do with the real working out of the story, while others give promise of something which the denouement does not fully sustain. When all is told it does not make sufficiently clear the motive the hero had in going incognito into that rude Western farming district and letting himself out as a farm hand for board and lodging. His love for the farmer's daughter is hardly explanation enough, since his act almost took shape before he knew the girl, —nor is it made clear that he was at all a student on sociological lines.

But despite these drawbacks—which may be laid wholly to the author's 'prentice hand, since he died at twenty-four—the story has plenty of promise and potency. Its sense of humor, the raciness of speech which smacks so richly of fresh Western soil, the virility and love of physical prowess in the young men, the materialized outlook and closefistedness of some of the elders, create a commingling of character contrasts that alone make the story worth telling. Besides this we feel that the author had a natural vein which he had not yet learned to work out; a Dickens-like faculty for discerning queer mental twists and turns of personality. The story is less satisfactory as regards the farmer's young daughter sent to Vassar for education and who makes such feeble use of her acquirements in the matter of asserting her own individuality. The youthful author evidently knew men much better than he knew women. Yet the story as it is is full of interest. It is fresh, vigorous, humorous and always entertaining.

M. T.

THE ROAD TO RIDGEBY'S. By Frank Burlingame Harris. Small, Maynard & Company.

GOOD OUT OF PENNSYLVANIA

THERE is a something about certain books which makes it sure they are good reading. It may be the print, it may be print and paper of *A Drone and a Dreamer*, it may be Mrs. Shinn's irresistible frontispiece of Arthur Marcy looking down from his six feet two on his new-found relative, Cousin Joe—whatever it is, the book invites the reader. In the immortal words now classic, it is to laugh. The idea of three city men going to a farm in Kishikoquillas Valley, Middle County, Pennsylvania, to spend the summer provides a good starting-point for an infinite amount of fun which Mr. Lloyd extracts from the situations. "Over my desk hangs Her photograph"—and there is not the slightest doubt that with this first sentence comes the desire to know all about Her, to judge whether she justifies her prominent introduction to our attention, and Mrs. Shinn's picture of her charms as she sits on the fence, "with her chin a-restin' on her hands," to quote Cousin Joe, "her eyes a-restin' on jest nawthin', jest a-lookin' and a-listenin'."

There are so many comical situations that it is possible to choose a good one al-

A DRONE AND A DREAMER. By Nelson Lloyd. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

most at random. Mr. Hume's attendance upon Sunday-school is of the best. Mr. Hume followed Her to school one day, Sunday-school, and was forced to join an adult Bible class presided over by Squire Bellows. Now, on week days, Mr. Hume was wont to talk politics and play checkers with the Squire at the village store; but on Sundays it was quite another matter. The Squire was then a teacher, with a method. (Mr. Hume is telling the story).

"I was about to beg to be excused from active participation in the lesson when the Squire's head shot toward me again, and he repeated a little louder: 'Mr. Hume, will you recite the golden text—the golden text?'

"Mrs. Elisha Marcy had always been a favorite of mine, for she was a sensible, whole-souled woman. Now I could almost have worshiped her. She pushed toward me a pamphlet and with one finger pointed to a bit of print enclosed in a wreath.

"'There, read that,' she said in an undertone.

"I read: 'And Mephibosheth had a young son whose name was Micha. And all that dwelt in the house of Ziba were servants to Mephibosheth.'

"Somehow, when I finished, I felt that I must have made a dreadful mistake. Mrs. Elisha Marcy got a side glance from me to see if she looked capable of treachery and could even now be laughing. No. The Sunday-school was buzzing away as merrily as ever. The Squire was thoughtfully eyeing the ceiling, the adults were all intent on their lesson papers."

Pages of just such delightful nonsense as this, with a serious undercurrent, which makes the book one of the best of summer novels. The illustrations are of the rare variety that really illustrate, and stay near enough in view of the text to have some bearing upon it. *C. S.*

THE "MOVING FINGER" AGAIN

NO English quatrain is so useful in literature nowadays as that of Omar Khayyam, beginning, "The moving finger writes." It serves for novel, short story, chapter heading, sun-dial, and now, in *Mills of God*, for motto. Longfellow's quatrain, however, gives the title to the book, which describes the slow, exact grinding consequent on the breaking of man-made laws. A woman may love outside her marriage vows, but she must pay the penalty. If she is unfortunate enough to marry the wrong man before she meets the right one, the misfortune of it is her part in life, inevitable and to be borne. She must feed her heart on the scent of the Eden rose, remembering for consolation the hour of Paradise she lived when the angel gave her the rose. Her lover is free to cherish her and their child, or to love again, perhaps a younger woman than she.

Such was the fate of Elinor Grafton, wife of Sir William Grafton of Virginia, a woman combining emotion and intellect to that rare degree which makes for fascination. So beautiful was she that the boy Sandy, on her first appearance in Virginia, described her as "tall, and her hair ith like thith"—and he touched the black velvet of Sir William's coat—"and her eyes like blue starth, and the rest all thtand and look at her, and when she smilth she maketh you feel queer. She ith thplendid. I went bethide her." As for Harry Bedford, he was of the sort that sticks at little in the attainment of his desires. It was inevitable that they should love. In some lives there is a force which carries all before it; choice is excluded, even though one believes in free will. Lady Elinor wished to be true. She fled from his influence. But behind her was an heredity of entire lawlessness involving a royal scandal. They met at a house party where neither knew that the other would be. Elinor wrote in her journal: "The Marriage Look passed between us, the meaning of Life was clear, and Right and Wrong, and duties to others, and all

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MILLS OF GOD. By Elinor Macartney Lane. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, $1 50.

that was and is, and ever shall be, became as nothing beside the man my heart had chosen for its own."

This is strong, fine feeling, and it requires clear-eyed vision to deal adequately with the situation. Mrs. Lane is equal to the occasion. She makes Lady Grafton, although in the bonds of a great love such as rarely comes to either man or woman, consistent in her conduct, dispassionate in her judgment. She accepted uncomplainingly the legitimate evil tendencies of her illegitimate son, would have confessed her unfaithfulness to her dying husband, and had the splendid courage to place in her lover's hand the hand of her young cousin Anne in marriage. After all, each one of us has a right to fullness of life if we are willing to pay the penalty. The mills of God grind slowly, and they grind exceeding small. The question is: Is it worth while? Mrs. Lane has written an unusual book. *C. S.*

ELDER BOISE

I BELIEVE he might have been better styled Elder "Billy B.," for that's what he was from the beginning to the end of this charming story. Frankly of the school of "David Harum" and "Eben Holden," this book has a place of its own, and all who can appreciate kindly humor and quaint characterization, mingled with the sweetly serious side of life in a little isolated eddy of humanity, a village (I take it) in northern New York, near the New England border, will find it here. The hearty, wholesome, clear-eyed, sturdy young minister with his primeval congregation had many problems to face, and although he was defeated in the end and forced out of the field as many another young minister has been and will be, yet there are defeats more honorable to the defeated than the victors, and this was one. There is much in this book. Deacon Mason, "Hat" Smith, Miss Mary, are characters truly and quaintly drawn, and we are drawn to them as we read. The book is full of humor, too, sometimes it's genuine fun, but it never descends to buffoonery, and there are serious, thoughtful and tender pages which are full of charm. It is a homely, helpful, stimulating novel and as interesting as it is good. The young elder wins our affection, yet we are not without a certain appreciation of the Deacon's plea. "What we want, an' what we pay for, is th' story of th' cuss that rests on ev'ry son o' Adam!" The old man lacks a sense of humor, but who can fail to appreciate this from him when he first "experienced religion" while driving the cows home: "I see heow a few was t' be plucked like bran's from the burnin', and I was one on 'em! Why, my frien's jes' 's soon 's I b'lieved the ceows took on diff'rent expressions on their faces. When they switched their tails they were keepin' time t' th' solem' music in my soul. He thet don't b'lieve shill be damned!"

And, first requisite of a novel, there runs through it all a charming love story, a real one which fits in, apparently, not one which did not belong there. This is a clean, honest, enjoyable piece of work and we shall look with pleasant expectation for more from the same pen.

C. T. B.

ELDER BOISE. By Everett Tomlinson. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

MORE STORY BOOKS

SOLOMON is authority for the infrequency of "newness" in the world, and, in the multiplicity of novels put forth almost daily, it is too much to expect originality every time. Nor can we disguise old things by giving them new names; to reverse the scriptural metaphor the old wine bursts the new bottles. *The Moderns* is very old. The poor but honest artist, with his sudden accession to wealth, and the rich and lovely maiden, whom he finally wins, the proud ambitious mother, the weak, feeble, dissipated son of the house, a scheming villain of a duke—French, at that; why are all French dukes such utter scoundrels? Can no one write a story about a French or Spanish gentleman?—a Russian exile; murder, theft, forgery, and high society, all are here; and in the good old-fashioned way. Yet, in spite of a ponderosity of style which would have delighted Boswell, for it would have recalled Dr. Johnson, and a variety of wonderful information on all subjects, the book will do very well to pass an idle summer afternoon with. "Toddy and the Tom-Cod" are amusing and sometimes witty. There is a good description of the Paris Charity Bazaar fire, too, which, however, has nothing particular to do with the rest of the book—perhaps that is why it is so good. And by the way, perhaps injustice has been done to dukes, for the one referred to turned out not to be a duke after all—that is the mystery of the tale.

> "The dove is my lover so dear,
> The hawk is the pirate I fear,"

sang Julietta on the coast of Hayti, as she thought of her lover. Dove and hawk were one and the same, but Julietta never knew it. Robert Barthelemy, the hawk, was her enemy sworn and enemy of William, her dove, who toiled on the sea to gain riches for her. One's head whirls with the wild adventures of the pirates in *The Corsair King* as they run down and capture Portuguese, English and French men-of-war and merchantmen, careless of numbers, inviting death. Retribution comes at last to the evil-doers, and the reader closes the book with a glad sigh because the tale is no longer.

All the occultism and mysticism and superstition and fascination of India are reproduced in *The Way of the Gods*. The author says that in writing the stories he has been reminded of nothing so much as those deliciously lazy moments when waking from a dreamful sleep. They must not be read after a practical dinner of roast beef, when a yellow primrose is a yellow primrose and nothing more. Rather after coffee and a cordial, while one smokes and is credulous, when mind is subordinate to senses, when the hazy world of the imagination is the only real world. Then will the great crystal on its carved pedestal pulse and beat with a vital, rosy flame, revealing the absent present and the future to be. Then is it possible to understand why the white man, though loathing the ill-lighted and often evil-smelling by-ways of those Indian bazaars, feels a pull at his heartstrings as he tramps along the London pavements and knows it is those same bazaars that he longs for, with all their possibilities of wickedness. Because in those high, blank walls sometimes a window opens and a spray of jasmine falls, inviting to an un-

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THE MODERNS. By George Trimble Davidson. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THE CORSAIR KING. By Maurus Jokai. Translated by Mary J. Safford. L. C. Page & Co., 12mo.

THE WAY OF THE GODS. By Aquila Kempster. Quail & Warner, 12mo, $1.00.

known land where care enters not. Given the proper mood, and these stories of Indian life and love read themselves into heart and mind.

The Inheritors announces itself on the title-page as an extravagant story, and the reader is not disappointed. Taken from a purely technical standpoint, it is fearfully and wonderfully made. Ouida, and other ladies of the pen, have familiarized us with the use and the abuse of the asterisk, but a page of dialogue in *The Inheritors* resembles nothing so much as an unpatched sailcloth. It is literally full of holes. As a way of expressing broken, hesitant conversation, such a manner is open to a good deal of criticism. It is baffling to look at. The patches of black dots dance before the reader's eyes like an optical illusion or a chart for testing astigmatism. And then it conveys nothing that might not better be intimated. It is like holding in one's hand a photograph of a conversation.

The story is a wild extravaganza stripped of the usual properties, the end-of-the-world sensations, etc., with which stories as fantastic as this one are usually equipped. The book deals with contemporaneous problems in English and French politics, touching satirically on the political, social and literary life of London and Paris. It is the story of the *dèbâcle*—a *dèbâcle*, that is, of Messrs. Conrad's and Hueffer's own conception, and they have kindly furnished us with new shoulders on which to heap the burden of our growing moral disintegration, ascribing the final downfall to the machinations of some remarkable people who live in a mathematical monstrosity of space; in fact, in the Fourth Dimension, and who are impatient to wipe us off the face of the universe, so that they may take undisturbed possession of it. The authors of the story evidently do not hold with the theory stated in an older book that the meek are to inherit the earth, for the personality which dominates this story is a sort of sculpturized "She." We have forgotten just who "She" was, but we remember that she was to be obeyed, and the extraordinary woman without feeling or soul or morals who in *The Inheritors* elects to be a long-lost sister to the narrator, gets her hold on the helm of the ship of state in the old familiar way. Our Catherine de Medicis have mostly "gone before." This story suggests a startling possibility that they have not gone to the bourne whence no traveller returns, but that may come back.

The Land of Cockayne is a demonstration, in fiction, of the evils of the lottery in Italy, and of the hierarchical power which leads a daughter to bend to her father's arbitrary will, even though obedience be death. The Land of Cakes is in Naples where each Saturday despair succeeds hope in almost every heart after the lottery drawing. Low born and high born are affected —Gaetano, the glove cutter, Annarella, his wife, with one child at the breast, and two hanging to her skirts; Carmela, the factory girl, and her insolent lover, Raffaele; Cesare Fragalà, the wealthy pastry-maker, and most of all the proud Marquis di Formosa of the house of Cavalcanti, with whom gambling was the one terrible passion of his life.

The cover design of this book is symbolic. It is a mosaic in dull green, yellow and brick red. The book itself is a mosaic of the lives of the Neapolitans of all ranks, done in colors distinct and imperishable. The background is vivid, the action dramatic. The pitiful sordidness of existence devoted to money-getting

THE INHERITORS. By Joseph Conrad and Ford Hueffer. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THE LAND OF COCKAYNE. By Matilde Serao. Harper Bros., 12mo, $1.50.

without work is emphasized by the minutest details. Two good spirits rise above these feverish conditions: Bianca Maria Cavalcanti, the Marquis's daughter, and her lover, Dr. Amati, a peasant born, but a great and rich physician. She is twenty years old, he forty. The idyllic nature of their love is almost the only redeeming feature of the book. The tragic conditions that keep them apart give the unhappy ending inevitable in such a story. Matilde Serao has drawn pictures that will always haunt the memory.

BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

MR. ALBEE does not offer this volume as personal recollections. His remembrances are intellectual, and thus deal with the influence which Emerson has had upon young men and his value and significance as an essayist. Emerson has profoundly influenced his own thought and conduct. He seems to have had only one personal interview with him. "I have spent most of my life," he says "at lanes' ends and country cross roads, where my opportunities for frequent association with those to whom my sympathies were drawn were much restricted." Mr. Albee counts it a red letter day in his life when he first saw one of Emerson's books. He had just been reading Plutarch and was drawn to the title "Representative Men." Little as he could afford the outlay, he, as a poor student, exchanged for that volume what he calls "the princely sum of seventy-five cents," which was the amount he earned each week for delivering a daily newspaper to subscribers. It was the first volume he ever bought with his own money, and he has it still. It prompted him to write a letter to Emerson, stating his difficulties, as to the value of a college education. It brought a somewhat extended and most gracious letter from Emerson, inviting him to Concord to spend an afternoon when "we could talk over the whole case by the river bank." Mr. Albee soon improved this opportunity and spent the afternoon, not only in Emerson's company but in that of Thoreau.

The account of that afternoon is charming. What Mr. Albee says of Emerson's manners is best worth quoting. He describes them as "those of the finest women one has ever seen or heard, blended with those magnificent moments in the lives of ancient sages and demigods which make the ideals of human intercourse." He adds that, until one had adjusted himself to Emerson, "they were triumphant and just a little oppressive in their novelty," but one soon found that Emerson's presence and conversation were merely "a few more pages out of the essays." When you arrived at his door you simply "entered the same house that you left behind in his books."

Dr. Girdner's book may be called an indictment, and if severe and exaggerated, its essential meaning will be easily recognized. The termination "itis" he uses in the medical sense as meaning inflammation; it may otherwise be described as egotism, resulting in narrowness and provincialism. His pages, he tells us, are the result of "twenty-five years of study and observation of the people and conditions

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REMEMBRANCES OF EMERSON. By John Albee. Robert G. Cooke, 12mo, $1.50.

NEW YORKITIS. By John H. Girdner, M.D. The Grafton Press, 12mo, $1.00.

which exist on Manhattan Island," and he reminds his readers that it is the lot of the physician, not only to hear the first uttered sound made by a human being when born into the world, but usually the last farewell words a person speaks. More than any other person, the physician goes behind the scenes and knows the vices of men as well as their virtues.

Dr. Girdner contends that here in New York a large percentage of the population lead an artificial life. They are possessed with the delusions of grandeur; they have hallucinations about what they call society; they have an exaggerated respect for clothes, and an astounding regard for certain streets and avenues as compared with others. What he calls "the patient," he says, has forgotten the fact, if it was ever known to him, that Manhattan Island is really very much like the farm this patient probably came from, in being "only a small portion of the surface of the globe;" whereas, the patient thinks it almost the centre and sum of earthly things. No age or sex is exempt from the disease, and women seem to suffer from it more than men. Children show the symptoms very early and the disease is often hereditary.

Dr. Girdner, who gives a medical turn to his chapter headings, dealing as they do with symptoms mental, moral and physical, does not even neglect to insert "clinical reports." In his final chapter he prescribes treatment for the disorder, and obviously thinks he has a sure cure. It is summed up in the one word "culture," used in its highest significance.

Culture will cure the patient of his radical difficulty, which is a mania and respect for money. It will convince him that he has only a few years to stay on this planet, and that he can take nothing away from it; that the accumulation of millions was not so much the result of his superior intellect and industry as of "unjust and vicious social and economic conditions in which he found himself, and for which he may not be responsible." When he gives millions to found colleges and libraries, if he will trace the sources of his wealth to their ultimate origin, he will find how little came into his possession as the result of any higher law. This culture will also teach him how to get out of the treadmill of his calling; it will widen his horizon, and will destroy his exaggerations concerning his own city.

Dr. Girdner does not quote Mr. Carnegie, and yet he might have done so, in that saying which ought to be memorable, that the great difficulty with millionaires, who wish to retire, is that they have so much to retire from and so little to retire to.

Mr. Maurice, in an "Introductory" to *New York in Fiction* gives a receipt for the great American novel, which has nothing particular to do with the subject in hand, but which is suggestive. His book really speaks for itself without an introduction. The smallest details are given, even to a reminder of the route followed by the hero in Davis's "Walk up the Avenue." The numerous and well reproduced illustrations concern the works of Bunner, Crawford, P. L. and James L. Ford, Townsend, Davis, Ralph, Cahan, Henry James, Chambers, Howells, Janvier, Henry Harland, Matthews, Hopkinson Smith, Westcott, Fawcett, and last, but not least, Washington Irving. Mr. Maurice considers old New York in the Battery, Bowling Green, Lower Broadway, Park Row and the East Side; middle York in Washington Square and its surroundings, Gramercy Park, and Second Avenue; and the new city about Madison Square and the Park, Harlem, and the

NEW YORK IN FICTION. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, $1.35 *net*.

suburbs, Westchester, Greenpoint, Staten Island, and New Jersey. In spite of the fact that literary criticism and speculation as to the historical novel of the future are irrelevant to the matter in hand, the book is well ordered and is a good guide to the literary localities of New York. One can see future Cook's tourists peering through Colonel Carter's gate in West Tenth Street, obedient to the directions found here.

In "The Study of Fiction," an essay included in his volume on *The Historical Novel, and Other Essays*. Professor Matthews devotes some entertaining pages to the tracing of literary relationships founded on unconscious influence rather than direct imitation. Thus, for example, he claims for Mr. Howells a kinship with Heine, Jane Austen, Tolstoi and Turgenieff. In another essay, an informal talk about the piece of fiction Mr. Matthews finds himself re-reading and re-re-reading, he casts an enthusiastic vote for Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon," boldly proclaiming it "his best artistically, the one most to be respected." Of all the other essays which the volume contains, perhaps the loving memorial of H. C. Bunner will be found to have the most lasting value. Bunner did not live early enough to find a place in the abundant reminiscences of the older generation of American writers. But his place as man and author was so clearly his own, and so significant in its separate way, that the future students of American letters towards the end of the last century will be fortunate in having this authoritative bit of portraiture for reference.

Dr. W. Duncan McKim's remedy for most of our social ills is a radical one—nothing less than the killing off by some gentle means of all incorrigible criminals, confirmed drunkards, epileptics, insane people and idiots. He points out that crime, drunkenness and insanity are largely a matter of heredity, so that besides ridding ourselves of these objectionable persons we should be killing the seed and sparing our descendants much trouble. Moreover the material saving by making unnecessary four-fifths of our prisons and asylums and grog shops is worth considering. Altogether there is much in the plan to commend it in theory. When it comes to practice even the author admits that it may be some years before the world consents to heroic measures of this sort.

Dr. McKim's array of facts in support of the theory that one generation of vicious or defective beings is certain to breed another and still larger group of like persons without whom the world would be far better off, is not new, but is interesting and well presented. Some of his figures are startling and at times incredible. For instance, we doubt whether the number of murders in the United States went up from 1,449 in 1886 to 14,000 in 1896 (p. 193). Surely there must be an error here.

In recent years the tendency in civilized countries has been to make the death penalty more and more rare. Formerly human life was not looked upon as so valuable. As late as 1820 there were over two hundred crimes punishable with death under English law. Men, women and children were hanged by thousands for offences that would now be punished by a small fine or short imprisonment. A poor woman was actually hanged for the stealing of one cabbage, and in 1789 a woman was hanged in Boston for stealing a bonnet. Nowadays we hang people only for murder, and not always for that, and the land is full of reformatories and asylums. To establish an idiot asylum is, according to Dr. McKim, to nurture vicious weeds. As to the disastrous moral effect of penal establishments upon their inmates, experts are pretty well agreed.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

HEREDITY AND HUMAN PROGRESS. By W. Duncan McKim, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, $1.50.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

586.—(1) What is the meaning of the word "chuck" as Chaucer and Shakespeare used it?

(2) Would you call the Bible literature, inasmuch as it is so largely a chronicle?

(3) What is a plate "découverte" in terms of engraving? M. B.

(1) A term of familiarity or endearment.

(2) The commonest mistakes about the Bible arise from the habit of considering it all one book. It is, in fact, a large number of books, and between the writing of the earliest and the writing of the latest at least a thousand years elapsed. Setting aside, for the moment, the question of inspiration, it would hardly be more discrepant to bind up together Chaucer's poems, Bacon's essays and Macaulay's history, and call it one book. It is true that some books of the Bible are mere chronicles, but others are emphatically literature—Job, the Psalms and Paul's epistles, for instance.

(3) In one or more states of a plate something is shown that does not appear in the ordinary impressions. The edition that shows all is called "decouverte."

587.—Can you tell me the present value of bound volumes of the New York *Mirror* for 1835, 1841 and 1842? E. G. H.

If they are in good condition, they are worth from $2 to $5 a volume.

588.—Can you or any reader tell me who said: "After all, a book is the only immortality"? M. N. B.

589.—Can you or any reader put me on the track of a passage from some poet which was once familiar to me, but of which I can now recall with certainty only a part of the first line:

"Men die, arts fade, but——"?

I think the next words are, "Nature still survives," or something to that effect. C. D. L.

590.—(1) I would like to find the poem that contains the line:

"The clock ticks out the little lives of men."

(2) A humorous song written by Campbell to the tune of "Woo'd and married and a'," has the lines;

"Better be courted and jilted
Than never be courted at all."

If it will not be considered irreverent, I would like to ask if this is the original of Tennyson's

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

(3) Campbell once wrote an ill-natured epigram on the American flag, which contains the lines:

"Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars.
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars."

I have read somewhere a repartee by an American poet, but cannot now find it. Can any reader help me? O. C.

(2) Probably not.

(3) The answer was written by George Lunt, of Newburyport, Mass. (1803–1885), who was once reckoned among the American poets and published several volumes of verse, all of which are now out of print. His rather sharp rejoinder to Campbell was this:

"England, whence came each glowing hue
That tints your flag of meteor light—
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly white?

"The blood and bruise—the blue and red—
Let Asia's groaning millions speak;
The white, it tells the color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek."

Campbell, in a manly letter to Mr. Lunt, acknowledged a fair hit, and accompanied the letter with a fine copy of his poems.

591.—What are "the horses of Branksome," referred to by Hamerton in "The Intellectual Life?" F. B. G.

Look at Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto 1, stanza 5.

592.—Will you kindly tell from what poems of Whittier the following three quotations are taken?

1. "God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself if thou couldst see
The end of all as well as He."

2. "Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take,
That we give for love's own sake."

3. "Not unblest is he who sees
Shadows of God's realities;
And knows beyond this masquerade
Of shape and color, light and shade,
And dawn and set, and wax and wane,
Eternal verities remain."

J. L. P.

ANSWERS

565.—The German poem on the burial of Alaric was written by Count August von Platen (1786–1835). R. B. M.

577.—(2) "Rushes Lean Over the Water," one of the four poems by George William Curtis included in Col. Higginson's collection, was published in the old *Putnam's Magazine* (January, 1853) as one of two Gondola Songs. The second song, which, though the better, would have been not appropriate to "Thalatta," I herewith enclose to you. A song, "Egyptian Serenade," will be found in Charles A. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry." I believe that two more songs in Mr. Curtis's "Lotus-Eating"—"Over the Gleaming Watery Meadows" and "I Walked Among the Golden Grain"—were his own.

"Girl on the marble riva,
You watch the gondolas glide;
The gondoliers are silent,
The lovers sit side by side.

"The gondoliers are silent,
The lovers have all to say;
The cheek of the blushing lady
Is paled by the dying day.

"Her long fair hair is braided,
Yours falls in a midnight shower;
Her face from the sun is shaded,
Your bloom is a sun-bronzed flower.

"The whispering lovers see you,
As they glide by the marble shores;
You are the shade of their picture,
And they are the light of yours.

"You do not glide in a gondola,
Nor lie on a lover's breast;
You stand in the palace shadow,
And look on the sunset west.

"There glitter your proud pavilions,
And, breathing a summer air,
Dark girl on the lonely riva,
The lover awaits you there."

E. M. T.

579.—(3) The familiar poem, "Somebody's Darling," was written by Miss Marie Lacoste, of South Carolina, and was first published in a Charleston paper about 1863. It may be found in Mason's "Southern Poems of the War," Clarke's "Songs of the South," and other collections. R. L. C. W.

In Eggleston's "American War Ballads" it is credited to Maria La Conte.

583.—(2) The lines quoted "in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*"—and misquoted—correctly given, are:

"With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire."

They are not Scott's, but Byron's. See "Mazeppa," xii. R. L. C. W.

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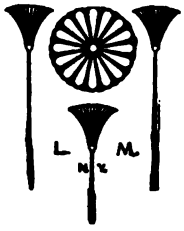

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Looking over the long lists of new books which are to issue during the next two or three months, one's attention is arrested first, perhaps, by two biographies which must be of peculiar interest. Mr. Horace E. Scudder's "Life of James Russell Lowell," which has been prepared by this distinguished editor and author in the form of an orderly and definitive work, at once a narrative of Lowell's life and a study of his character and literary career, must prove of absorbing interest and substantial value. And the "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by his kinsman, Mr. Graham Balfour, will make an equal appeal, we think, though from a different angle, to Americans, who have set up Stevenson's image among their literary saints. Stevenson's personality has been found so fascinating that its every explication charms, and in this biography we are to have, from the hand of a man who lived with him long and sounded his character, a record of his career and a penetrating study of his character in its development through years. The book will include a fragment of autobiography found among Stevenson's papers after his death, together with hitherto unpublished manuscripts and letters, diaries of travel and reminiscences by friends. This mass of information has been edited with such a fine appreciation of what an editor's work should be, and the story of his life written with such sympathetic insight, as results in an illuminating study in literary por-

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traiture. Deeply interesting from quite another stand-point is Mr. Jacob Riis's autobiography called "The Making of an American," which is made up of chapters that have already been published in the *Atlantic*. We believe it was President Roosevelt who dubbed Mr. Riis an "ideal American citizen." Those who read "How the Other Half Lives," years ago, and who have since followed the career of this tireless altruist in his work with pen and on the platform, do not need to be told how faithfully and well he has labored for the poor in his own great city. And in this narrative of his own life, told with a simplicity not to be achieved by a lesser man, he has written a manual of living which may be studied with profound respect by every man who pretends to the name of American citizen. Pathetic beyond words in many of its details, consistently light-hearted in its outlook upon a world always grudging, Mr. Riis's story will find sympathetic readers in every State in the Union.

Another biography of importance, also announced by the Macmillan Company, is Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life and Letters of John Richard Green." The same publishers announce a biography of "George Washington," by Mr. Norman Hapgood. Messrs. A. C. McClure & Co. will issue a new edition of Henrik Jaeger's critical biography of Ibsen, translated by William Morton Payne, who has added a chapter covering the period from 1888 to 1898. The Lippincotts will issue "The True Thomas Jefferson," a biography by William Eleroy Curtis. The Century Company announce Dr. William Mason's "Memories of a Musical Life," in which this veteran musician gives his reminiscences of fifty years. The Harpers announce "V. R. I. [Victoria], Her Life and Empire," by the Marquis of Lorne. The Scribners will also publish "Eugene Field: A Study in Heredity and Contradictions," by Slason Thompson, which is an intimate biographical study of

NIZHNI NOVGOROD: THE SCENE OF GÓRKY'S NOVEL "TOMÁ GORDYÉEFF.
[From a photograph by Dumpleby.]

RUDYARD KIPLING.

[From the etching by William Strang. By permission of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.]

"A WOMAN TENDERFOOT."

[Portrait of Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson, from the etching by William Strang. By permission of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.]

Mr. Field by a close friend who shared his daily work and play.

By courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co., we reproduce herewith, in reduced size, two portraits recently etched by Mr. William Strang. The portrait of Mrs. Seton-Thompson has not been reproduced before, we think; the portrait of Mr. Kipling, surrounded, like Mr. Venus, with the trophies of his art, was published as a supplement to *Literature* some months ago.

Mrs. Seton-Thompson's portrait reminds us that she has designed the cover for Mr. Seton-Thompson's new book "Lives of the Hunted," which the Scribners announce for early publication. This book is, in a sense, a companion volume to "Wild Animals I Have Known," and is the most important work since that first book with which Mr. Seton-Thompson achieved his great popularity at a bound. It chronicles the doings of six quadrupeds and three birds, and contains all the animal stories which Mr. Seton-Thompson has written since his last book appeared, including several which have not been published in periodicals. More than two hundred drawings, large and small, form an equal attraction with his always entertaining text.

Mr. Howard Pyle's sister, Miss Katharine Pyle, has written a story for children called "As the Goose Flies," and adorned it with many illustrations as attractive as those in "The Christmas Angel," Miss Pyle's earlier book, which received much appreciation. It will be issued by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., who also announce a new edition of Miss Alcott's famous story "Little Men," with illustrations by Mr. Reginald B. Birch.

"The Real Latin Quarter" is the title of a book of drawings by Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, to be published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. It includes a hundred

RUTH HALL.

drawings and sketches, and the frontispiece is a reproduction of a water-color by Mr. F. Hopkinson-Smith, the author's father.

Miss Ruth Hall is a young lady who finds the popularity of her stories growing with each new appearance. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce "The Golden Arrow" as her contribution to the not too long list of excellent books for younger readers, this autumn. "The Brave Days of Old," was Miss Hall's first long story, and its success led her to write "The Black Gown" and "The Boys of Scrooby," which were equally well received. Miss Hall lives in Catskill, N. Y., where she was educated, partly at a somewhat famous private school, but rather more by the good books of which her father's house was full. Her father was the late Joseph B. Hall, who edited and published a paper to whose editorship his sons succeeded. Miss Hall wrote much for "the family paper," in its various departments, and during two years of travel in the South, her letters sent to the paper attracted so much attention that she was led to devote herself definitely to literary work.

New issues in the Beacon Biographies, announced by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., include "Edwin Booth," by Charles Townsend Copeland; "Alexander Hamilton," by James Schouler; "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," by George Rice Carpenter; and "Samuel Finlay Breese Morse," by John Trowbridge. The new Westminster Biography is of "John Henry, Cardinal Newman," by A. R. Walter and G. H. S. Barrow. The same publishers are to bring out "Church Building," a study of the principles of architecture in their relation to the Church, by Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, fully illustrated with plans and reproductions; a book of graceful verse by Mr. Gelett Burgess, entitled "A Gage of Youth," and a number of new novels, among which we note "Aphrodite: The Romance of a Sculptor's Masterpiece," by Mr. Franklin Kent Gifford, with a portrait of the heroine, drawn by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield. This picture has been reproduced by Messrs. Curtis & Cameron in the series of Copley Prints, in which have lately appeared the Janice Meredith portrait, Mr. W. L. Taylor's pictures illustrating the Longfellow poems, and the portrait of "Mary Hamilton," the heroine of Miss Jewett's "The Tory Lover," made from the miniature painted by Miss Marcia Oakes Woodbury.

Among the announcements of the new firm of Messrs. Noyes, Platt & Co., of Boston, we note "American Mural Painting," a study of important decorations by distinguished artists in the United States, by Miss Pauline King. Beginning with the decorations of the capitol, at Albany, by Mr. William M. Hunt, and those by Mr.

MME. ORZESZKO.

John La Farge, in Trinity Church, Boston, the author comments upon celebrated decorations in public buildings, the great decorative works at the Chicago Fair, and upon many decorations in private houses not generally known to the public. There are more than a hundred reproductions of fine examples of American mural decoration, and the book must find its welcome waiting.

The same firm will publish "Mother Goose's Menagerie," one of Miss Carolyn Wells's books of fanciful humor, illustrated by that equally vivacious draughtsman, Mr. Peter Newell. This is one of the books "for children" which their elders do not tire of reading.

Mr. Fisher Unwin announces an edition for England of Booker Washington's autobiography, "Up from Slavery," and it is also said that the book has been printed in several foreign languages, and that an edition is being specially prepared for the use of Spanish-speaking children in the Cuban schools.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

Mme. Eliza Orzeszko is a Polish novelist now first introduced to the American public by the Scribners through Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's translation of her romance "The Argonauts." Mme. Orzeszko had won some local reputation with her earlier stories, but in this novel she arrested the attention of a much wider circle of readers. It is a tale of modern life in a society so entirely foreign as to be unusually full of piquancy and interest.

James Payn once collected a volume of the most vivacious of his shorter tales under the title "High Spirits: Being Certain Stories Written in Them." This is exactly the classification in which Miss Molly Elliot Seawell's new story belongs. "Papa Bonchard" is a sparkling tale of life in Paris at the moment, full of amusing incidents and illustrated with keenest sympathy by Mr. W. Glackens, whose illustrations have gained a wide reputation of late, and who was the single artist, except Mr.

Howard Pyle, to receive a gold medal at the Pan-American for an illustration.

"Count Hannibal," a new romance by Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, is announced by the Longmans, together with "The Man from Blankley's, and Other Sketches," by Mr. F. Anstey, and "In Spite of All," a novel by Miss Edna Lyall. The same publishers will issue several books written or edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, of which the most important, probably, is "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," an investigation into the character of Queen Mary, and especially her relations with the Earl of Bothwell and the other murderers of her husband, Lord Darnley. Mr. Lang has had access to manuscripts used by Mary's enemies in preparing evidence against her, and the book is illustrated with portraits and fac-similes. "The Women of the Salons, and Other French Portraits," by S. G. Tallentyre, is another important volume in Messrs. Longmans' autumn list, and another is "Mary Rich (1625–1678), Countess of Warwick; Her Family and Friends," by C. Fell Smith, also illustrated with fine portraits. An elaborately illustrated book from the same source is "Andrea Mantegna," by Paul Kristeller, which has twenty-six protogravure plates and nearly two hundred illustrations in the text.

We believe it was an English publisher who first adopted frankly the methods of the circus in book-advertising. Five or six years ago, or less, this ingenious gentleman hired street-pedlers to sell pairs of rag-dolls appropriately dressed, which were labelled—very legibly—"The Heavenly Twins." We are not sure whether it was this same publisher, or another, who sent "sandwich-men" about the streets, their placards advertising his wonderful book. Nothing has come under our notice to equal these performances since that time until this autumn, when we have a novel "illustrated with ideal portraits of the heroine" by no less than twelve well-known American artists, whose work is turned to special advantage by an American publisher with an ingenuity worthy of the inventor of the penny-in-the-slot machine. To quote from his announcement, these "twelve artists, known for their types of beautiful women, have each drawn their conception of the heroine. Their pictures are reproduced as illustrations to the book. Each reader is invited to choose the one which he thinks the best, and to indicate the order in which he thinks the others should rank. The person whose list comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive a prize of $500. Full particulars are given in each copy of the book." This thoughtful exposition of literary merit is headed: "The prize on —— [the heroine's] head is $500." It is certainly the British publisher's turn to play, and it would seem that he would have to trump or lose the trick.

We think that all the admirers of Mr. Kipling will rejoice that in "Kim" he has given us another tale of "his own people," if we may paraphrase one of his titles. On another page Mr. John Adams writes in detail of the story, but so fine a book cannot be overweighted with repeated praise. Structurally it is not at all a novel, but a panorama of India. The magic mirror is held up once more before our eyes, and the pictures are just as vivid and fascinating as in the first volume—what would one not give to be able to read it, now, for the first time!—of "Plain Tales from the Hills." The boy Kim comes close to Mowgli in charm; indeed, there is something of the same charm of dual personality, for though Kim's friends are all human beings, yet Mr. Kipling gives us the same metempsychosis in this engaging brat who is pulled out of his low-caste rags and put

From "Kim." Copyright, 1901, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

KIM AND THE LAMA.

into a white boy's clothing, but who 'verts, periodically, to a stained skin and the native dress.

It is curious, certainly, to consider how much fonder one becomes of Mowgli or Kim than of any of the brood of English school-boys. Perhaps, after all, Kim, saturated in that strange civilization which heaps up more contradictions and beauties and horrors than the Caucasian, stands more symmetrically for the truly romantic, and as we have heard—

> "Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee
> To gild his dross thereby,
> And knowledge sure that he endure
> A child until he die—
> For to make plain that man's disdain
> Is but new Beauty's birth —
> For to possess in loneliness
> The joy of all the earth."

Kim, first of all in the book, is delightful, and he stands against a background of arabesque of white and brown, avarice, poverty, reckless daring, devotion to duty, joys of irresponsibility, religious exaltation, mysticism, Babu ingenuity, soldiers, priests, strange gods and dumb cattle; and the reader's eyes close to daily surroundings, and he goes once more, upon Mr. Kipling's magic carpet, to the unknowable heart of India, and the way is as wonderful as the art which makes us "hear the East a-callin'."

Enthusiasm for the unusual—even the cruel and unusual—seems to have invaded the office of a certain American literary periodical of dignified habits. We clip the following paragraph from its circular of announcements:

Those who maintain an interest for the Carlyles and the domestic atmosphere which characterized their house in Cheyne Row will welcome an article, entitled "Mrs. Carlyle and her Housemaid," in the succeeding number of THE ———.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Surely the satirical illustrated papers are not to blame if they cannot think of anything quite so funny as this.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "Circumstance," announced for immediate publication by the Century Co., is said to be a penetrating study of life and character in Philadelphia. The author has drawn upon his great fund of experience and observation, sketching each of his characters from life if not, in each instance, from a single individual.

Dr. Carl Lumholtz has completed a book embodying the results of his five years' exploration among the tribes of the western Sierra Madre and throughout northwestern Mexico, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History and the American Geographical Society. His object has been the study of the few races of primitive men yet unmodified by their civilized neighbors, and the story of his discovery of a tribe of cave-

CARL LUMHOLTZ

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

dwellers is deeply interesting as well as of high scientific value. The book is elaborately illustrated from photographs made by Dr. Lumholtz, and will be published by the Scribners within a few weeks. The portrait of the author, printed herewith, shows him in his straw rain-coat.

The accompanying silhouette portrait of Edward Gibbon, the historian, is taken from Mr. Francis Gribble's recent volume, on "Lake Geneva, and Its Literary Landmarks," which is issued in America by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. The portrait is not romantically beautiful, although Gibbon was at that time the object of the devotion of Mlle. Cuchod.

A new volume of stories, by Mr. William White, the Kansas philosopher, called "Stratagems and Spoils," is among the autumn announcements of the Scribners. In this book Mr. White has done his most important work in fiction. A book of sketches dealing with out-of-door life in Kentucky, by Mr. John Fox, Jr., called "Blue-Grass and Rhododendron," has just been issued by the same house. These sketches may be classed with the out-of-door books of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who, as his own contribution to the season's literature, will have a volume of his brilliant tales of nature and human nature brought together under the title "The Ruling Passion." Dr. Van Dyke's fiction concerns itself with certain elemental forces in men and women which have a universal appeal. There are many beautiful illustrations by Mr. Walter Appleton Clark, which are printed in color.

Three volumes of essays, announced by the Scribners, may be taken, literally, as the very best things of their kind to be found this year. A second series of "Views and Reviews," by Mr. William Ewert Henley, consists of "Essays in Appreciation—Art," and is illustrated with

GIBBON

[From Mr. Gribble's "Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks." By permission of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.]

JOHN FOX, JR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

cameo portraits of thirty modern painters and leading Englishmen of the eighteenth century. A new book of essays, by Mr. Augustine Birrell (whose portrait is taken from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry in *Literature*), is similar in literary style and mechanical make-up with the famous "Obiter Dicta." And Mr. W. C. Brownell has a volume of essays upon "Victorian Prose Masters," which will give keen intellectual pleasure and stimulus to all lovers of the great literature of their own time. The list includes Thackeray, George Eliot, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and George Meredith. It would be difficult to arrange another group as worthy of the most intelligent study, and it would be equally hard to choose another expositor so accomplished as the author of these illuminating papers.

Mrs. Meynell, the English poet and essayist, whose work is always exquisite and often beautiful, is coming to visit California and Mexico. She will lecture in various places in the United States upon "The Transition Period in Poetry from the Seventeenth to the Eighteenth Century." Mrs. Meynell will send her impressions of American life and scenery to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in occasional letters.

The Rambler.

BOSTON AS PORTRAYED IN FICTION

GIVEN a city, with an eventful history covering nearly the third of a millennium, and yet in itself a small unit in a country which is still occasionally called the New World; given, further, more than nine generations of citizens who have lived and died in this city since John Winthrop's day—given these vague data, how shall one reach forth at random and touch the books which have sought to illuminate through the service of the imagination the story of such a city, or the lives of its good people? To some investigations there are no clews; and I frankly give up supposing that I can do more than hit by chance on a portion of the books which have dealt with the organic life of the town and city of Boston.

In some respects, Boston as a *mise-en-scène* offers tempting inducements. I do not agree with that aforetime wit who said that Boston is a "state of mind"; it is in fact any number of such states, according to its observers, and it is no wonder then that so many have found interesting its varied history as the home of continuing social idiosyncrasies; of religious earnestness and intolerance; of theocratic optimism; of a contrasting shrewdness and enterprise in commerce; of political fervor, rising at last to the pitch of revolutionary acts, which involved thirteen colonies in a prolonged war. It has cherished Puritanism, and yet nourished the benignities of free thought; laid its cool financial hand on the West, at the same time embracing Transcendentalism; cruelly misused the Christian Indians, but wept over the wrongs of slavery, defying even the national Constitution in its abhorrence. Here, and this is not all, is a field for satire, humor, careful analysis; but not much scope for pathos, and still less for tragedy. Comfortable living and self-complacency do not offer to the novelist much chance to moisten the eye of his readers.

The critics who pass judgment on great cities in a single word, and who call New York "fast" or "selfish," or Chicago "dirty," will have it that Boston is "slow," or at least "quiet." How admirable a condition, were it true; for slowness and quietude are resultants of much previous bustle. A primary school is far noisier than a whole university; and has not Miss Guiney told us that London itself is the quietest city in the world?

In two ways one may study cities: from the standpoint of history or of social life. Boston has invited more freely the pens of those who dare the presumptuous path of historical fiction, than of those who are ready at catching the surface movements of society in all its varying and interchanging grades. If it is true that Boston is somewhat cold and unresponsive at first in its domestic ways, that would account for the fact that so few really good stories centre about the doings of her population.

It seemed necessary in this paper to dwell especially on historical Boston as portrayed in novels, but Mr. Herbert Copeland has anticipated me in a series of five papers contributed last year to the *Literary Review*. I hope that Mr. Copeland will eventually finish his essays and make a book of the completed series.

The first and greatest work of the imagination relating to Boston is "The Scarlet Letter." Surely there is little need to linger over Hawthorne's romance of the pristine days of social austerity and religious fanaticism in the little three-hilled town. The further one grows away from Hawthorne, the stronger grows the feeling that he has invested his story with a

charm, a dismal and forbidding charm to be sure, which does not properly belong to the events or the personages which he describes. Lovers of romance understand perfectly well that they are wilfully deceived by the mysterious effect of distance in deeds long past. A stormy evening, or a supper at a wayside inn, for instance, is vastly more taking if it happened two hundred years ago, instead of last week.

The "Legends of the Province House" cover a later period, when Boston had outgrown its theocratic bib and tucker and was becoming richer; and when social life had passed from primitive simplicity to the condition in which hereditary wealth and domestic stability assumed a colonial stateliness, no finer perhaps than that of the New York patroons or the Pennsylvania proprietaries, but in its peculiar way impressive if not ostentatious. In reading the "Province House" stories, and some of the "Twice-Told Tales," one is almost driven to ask if Boston ever could have been so courtly and so reflective of the eighteenth century rococo and barock.

Among the most curious stories dealing with earliest Boston is the now well-forgotten "White Chief among the Red Men, or Knight of the Golden Melice," written by John Turvill Adams. It is a story of some merit and great length, and is a full and not unpicturesque sketch of the settlement. The contrasting characters of Winthrop, Dudley, and Endicott are skilfully drawn. The knight of the golden melice (or bee-hive) was Sir Christopher Gardiner, a favorite character in romance, best commemorated by Longfellow's poem "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher":

> "The first who furnished this barren land
> With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand."

He stands next to Thomas Morton of Merry Mount as one of the sad dogs of a period devoid of the enlivening qualities of romantic deviltry. The acid and discriminating wit of Mr. Charles Francis Adams has robbed the Knight's character of all false values, and shown him in his true light as a mere adventurer, more than picaresque, less than a gentleman, but he still remains a vivid memory.

The materials for rearing a fictitious structure on our early conditions are frail. Anyone blessed with an imagination and a taste for the bare and often pathetic contemporary narratives may frame for himself the outline of a better historical novel than anyone else can write for his delectation, if he can read sympathetically John Winthrop's and Hubbard's histories, Mather's "Magnalia," Sewall's "Diary," and a few—for there are only a few—of the writings of New England's other worthies. One slight sketch deserves rescue from the midst of deservedly forgotten pictures of early Boston. "Penelope's Suitors," by the late E. L. Bynner, a man of fine insight and a sense of what there was of charm in New England life, is a quietly told tale of the arrival of Penelope Pelham in Boston, a "poor little town," which she found "not at all arcadian," and of her sequestration from the hands of her accepted lover by the masterful Governor Richard Bellingham, who wanted her himself, and accordingly took her in most unwarrantable fashion. Another story, covering the same incident (about 1640), is "A Woman of Shawmut," by E. J. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter dares the archaic form in his conversations, and succeeds fairly well, though there is much repetition of "Sayest thou so," and other time-honored but helpful phrases. Mr. Bynner treats the jilting of the first lover in a light fashion, but Mr. Carpenter introduces a note of tenderness and pathos, even toward the capricious Penelope and the self-seeking Bellingham.

In the middle years of the seventeenth century began the horrible persecutions of the Quakers. It was the time of the Rev.

John Wilson and of the Rev. John Norton, the latter an unrelenting foe to tolerance of every sort, the former a very good man, grievously misguided in some matters. Several novels deal with this painful era, and among them Rebecca G. Beach's "The Puritan and the Quaker" (1879). The hanging of William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, and later of Mary Dyer, are told with gruesome particularity, but with no archaic pretensions of style. In 1883 appeared Olive M. Birrell's "Justice Warren's Daughter," a two-volume work, written from the English point of view, and dwelling at great length on the tragic episode of Mary Dyer. No respect is shown in this tale for the character of Governor Endicott. Eliza Buckminster Lee's "Naomi" (1848), though slow enough in all conscience, is greatly superior to the other works touching the Quakers. The author was a woman of balanced mind and entirely able to understand, from her extensive reading, the motives which drove the Puritans to their brutal methods. Naomi was a Quaker, without the absurd exaggerations of her unruly sect, though she had to pass under the stern rod of ecclesiastical discipline, and suffered banishment in the dead of winter. Mrs. Lee's carefully, even elaborately drawn pictures of early Boston and Massachusetts appear to have a value based on knowledge, and differ greatly from the slight attempts of the ordinary novelists.

Another jump, of nearly forty years, brings us to the fateful Andros period. Prejudice is sometimes more powerful than historical facts, and probably all the documentary evidence in the world will never destroy the conviction that Sir Edmund Andros was a tyrant, and that Edward Randolph was a *mauvais sujet*, if there ever were one. M. A. Denison's "Days and Ways of the Cocked Hats" (1860) treats of these times, but how faithfully or vividly I cannot say, for I have not read it, nor have I read H. W. Herbert's ("Frank Forester") "Ruth Whalley, or the Fair Puritan," which deals also with Andros. The two notable books dwelling on New England's time of stress are Rufus Dawes's "Nix's Mate" and S. A. Drake's "Captain Nelson." "Nix's Mate" is indeed an extraordinary composition. It is, in fact, almost as ridiculous as "John Buncle" itself; and both books are certainly as little known as they are curious. For the most part it is a wild, disordered extravaganza. There is one scene, meant to be lurid, of witches drinking hot human blood in a cavern at Nahant! Nix's Mate was one Edward Fitzvassal, who piratically assumed the place and name of Captain Nix, commander of a treasure-ship sailing in the interest of the Duke of Albemarle.

"Captain Nelson" is literally "another story," and a very good story, too. Mr. Drake thoroughly understood old Boston, and his black sketch of Randolph and of the evil interregnum when the fate of the town hung on the successful coming of William of Orange is skilful work.

The next half century and more in Boston is not a fruitful theme, either for historian or novelist. The town was getting rich, and continued to venerate the names of the Georges as they came and went. It made hats galore, and printed some books and newspapers; exported rum and salt fish; did a little piously adjusted business in the slave-trade, and carried on a more or less profitable and judicious smuggling. All the conditions were favorable for a successful provincial aristocracy, and accordingly one was formed. Democracy was not dead, however, by any means, and when the time came in the sixties and seventies of the eighteenth century, it showed its ungainly but virtuous hand to great purpose. The beautiful estates of the rich and once powerful were deserted, and the loyalists, taking refuge with Howe, sailed away with him on that eventful

March day when Boston harbor was alive with his fleet, and the town closed its personal account with monarchy. One charming story of prerevolutionary Boston is Bynner's "Agnes Surriage." It is already a classic, and it deserves to be dramatized. The picture of mid-century life in Massachusetts is simply entrancing. The late Dr. George E. Ellis, no incautious critic, once said: "We have no equally adequate delineation of life and society of the Boston of that time."

An equally veracious but less brilliant novel of this period, coming a little closer to the Revolution, is "The Rebels," by Lydia Maria Child, who also wrote "Hobomok," an excellent story of the earliest days in Boston, Salem, and Plymouth, wherein figure Endicott and the Lady Arabella Johnson. "The Rebels" will be best remembered for its free use of the character of the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, Boston wit and conservative. His jests have been dear to the town for a century and a half, and most of them have been sedulously garnered by Mrs. Child.

The novels of the American Revolution, when it centred for a time around Boston, are not so numerous as might be supposed, but we must not forget Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln" or Herman Melville's "Israel Potter," in both of which the fight at Bunker Hill is introduced. "A Great Treason," by M. A. Hoppus (1883), begins with the famous Tea Party and goes to the end of the war, with "unusual grace and spirit," according to the "Nation." It is a book of many pages.

After the Revolution, Boston again became relatively uninteresting to novelists, who wisely saw in the opening of the frontier a better field for their adventures. A novel of recent years, "Zachary Phips," by the always admirable Mr. Bynner, starts the young hero in the old North End, just at the opening of the last century. He runs away from the tyranny of Master Tileston, a votary of the birch and other unsentimental pedagogic methods, and follows the course of empire westward. The early pages are fragrant with memories of the last years of Boston as a town.

For the past eighty years, since it became a city, Boston has not had a history which stirs the imagination. There is, however, one period which has always seemed to me full of possibility to the pen able to compass the performance. I mean the twenty years, and especially the last ten, preceding the Civil War, when Boston was not only rent in twain, but into many smaller fractions. The gradual and irresistible movement of the anti-slavery sentiment was fiercest here, because it produced such disturbance in all grades of society. Moral revulsions usually are strongest in the middle class, between the two extremes of society. But in mid-century Boston, the patriciate furnished Sumner, Samuel E. Sewall, Edmund Quincy, T. W. Higginson, and, more than all, that chaste yet dangerous fire-brand Wendell Phillips, while their natural associates clung to ancient prejudices, and to their idol and ark of their salvation, Daniel Webster. The quaint streets and by-ways of Beacon Hill and of the West and North Ends are still full of the vivid memories of those days, and I really marvel that no writer has caught the inspiration which still seems to echo up and down these steep and narrow ways. Right or wrong, they were days in which to have lived, and they deserve to be commemorated in pages which shall outlast the popularity of an hour.

Perhaps the author who has most faithfully understood the burden of what Boston had to say to him, for each will hear differently, is Mr. Howells. Mr. Sylvester Baxter, in the *New England Magazine* for October, 1893, has written a charming, thorough article on "Howells's Boston," which relieves me of the need of specify-

ing the novelist's relations to the town of his earlier reputation. From the point of view of literature, Mr. Howells is entitled to the honor of discovering modern Boston. In a sense he is to Boston what Dickens was to London. Doubtless there are people who come hither each year to identify the home of Silas Lapham, just as there are others to whom London is hardly more than a place where one may perchance find the Old Curiosity Shop, or at least discover where it used to be or ought to have been. This may be silly business, but it is all perfectly natural and not unwholesome; for the danger is of forgetting that historic cities have furnished noble inspiration. Anyone may gaze with interest or awe at the residences of Beacon Hill or the Back Bay, which it is a fashion of the press to call "palatial," but Mr. Howells's shrewd eyes fell affectionately on the South End, unfashionable, neglected, but ah! of how absorbing an interest. Of late Mr. Walter Leon Sawyer has revived an appreciation of this intensely human part of the city in his "Local Habitation," a book of great merit, and a hot revolt against that form of snobbishness which invades human hearts in search for "copy." Mr. Sawyer's book was too able not to excite hostility, and it has even been deemed unsuitable for the shelves of the Public Library of Boston, to the regret of all citizens who place truth higher than prudence.

There were Boston affiliations in the earlier works of Henry James, but nothing so distinctive as to be forcibly recalled. In "The Bostonians," however, he commits himself to an attitude toward the city pronounced enough to let the world at large see that he is no longer, what he once called Hawthorne, "parochial." Dwellers in parishes are apt to be close observers, but Mr. James, when he wrote this novel, had been so long away from Boston, in person and in spirit, that he lost in sense of color and detail what he may have gained in perspective. Not in Miss Birdseye, but in Miss Olive Chancellor do we find Mr. James's opinion of the Boston character so nearly as he could recall it after many years of cosmopolitanism, that dubious substitute for deep-rootedness. Of her he says: "Her only consolation was that she expected to suffer intensely; for the prospect of suffering was always, spiritually speaking, so much cash in her pocket." Her passion was a pervading realization of "the historic unhappiness of women," and she was always "dumbly shaking her conscience, like a watch that wouldn't go." Ransom, the masterful, narrow Southerner, who passes as the hero, admits that "Boston's a great place!"—perhaps that is also the opinion of Mr. Henry James.

To turn back from Mr. James's serious pretensions, to Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis's "The Barclays of Boston" (1854), is not precisely a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but the idea is suggested. As a literary artist Mrs. Otis is out of the question, yet inside of the first year of the publication of her book 5,000 copies had been printed. It would be gratifying to know that so many copies had ever been sold of any work of our perfect master of analysis. It was the difference between *succès d'estime* and *succès de vogue*, for Mrs. Otis was in her day a "leader" in a society even stiffer and colder than it is to-day. A portrait of her by Healy exhibits a sort of dominance not altogether to be ignored, and able to live down even an absurd book. There is a curious resemblance between "The Barclays of Boston" and the late Ward McAllister's "Society as I Have Found It"—both written by persons so wanting in humor as to take "society" with entire seriousness.

I am inclined to put Mr. Arlo Bates next to Mr. Howells and Mr. James among

those who have reconnoitred Boston. His view is more modern and more sympathetic, for he assumes that the city is now too large and too complex to be considered as a social entity. He deals with special conditions, and more particularly with artistic life and Bohemianism. It is a surprise even to a Bostonian to find how much he has been able to extract from his relatively slender material. In his "Wheel of Fire" he has not left the domain of good society, but in "The Pagans" and "The Philistines" he takes us into a fellowship where something more than the usual social passports are necessary. Brains flourish here, if good form is not paramount.

How can we omit from the novels which centre about the gracious old town Dr. Holmes's "Poet" or "Autocrat," both of which are almost stories, and far better than most? He brought Boston home to the whole country, and if he was diligent to see the necessity of being born and bred on the sunny side of Beacon Hill, he has long been loved for the very excess of his zeal. The "long walk" on the Common is not a thoroughfare of Boston Brahmins alone, but belongs to all Americans, whether they have thridded it or not. The Common of course has received its meed of praise even from foreign parts. An English woman of birth in that queer story by Richard Grant White, "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," speaks of it with joy, while Commonwealth Avenue she finds "the most beautiful street she has ever seen, not excepting any part of London. It looks so like a street for gentlemen to live in." The city was only accidental to this story, but it was appreciated, as it also was in Hamilton Aïdé's "A Voyage of Discovery," an English tale of typical dulness.

Lucia True Ames's "Memoirs of a Millionaire" (1889) transfers its setting from Boston to New York and elsewhere, but the earnestness of the heroine, left an heiress to untold millions, which gave her conscience much concern, is wholly of Boston. The local flavor, however, is mild, and, like the widely advertised cigarette, doesn't bite the tongue.

When we speak of the West End we think of those steep and cobble-paved approaches to the State-House, the building with the "brass top," as a travelling Englishman lately called it. Miss Helen Leah Reed, in her slight but well-flavored story, "Miss Theodora," deals with this portion of the town, and if she has not made the most of her material, she at least is at home with it. Thirty years ago Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, of whom one hears little to-day, seemed to have had certain proprietary right in some of the lighter aspects of the city life; but readers would find Leslie Goldthwaite and other of Mrs. Whitney's heroines very unreal and perfervid to-day. They were Bostonese beyond a doubt, but not in the sense usually conveyed by the word.

The last twenty years have been prolific of Boston stories, some of them readable, others most disappointing. "The Wolf at the Door," said by a critical review to be a Boston story "through and through," was one of the "No-Name Series." It is trivial and dull, and its scenes might have been laid in Chelsea, or anywhere else. The late Francis Henry Underwood is said to have been the author of "Man Proposes" (1880). Business life in the metropolis of New England is portrayed, and Boston's pet amusement—copper speculation—receives attention. There are a few quips at the town in Myra D. Hamlin's "Politician's Daughter" (1886), and evidence of a natural yearning for New York. Boston is only an incident in this brief story, the heroine of which, according to her father, "had not the Boston temperament. She has too many parts for Boston. . . . I have had her educated

above the Boston atmosphere." Shortly after uttering this self-complacency he dies of apoplexy, and the daughter marries—such is the humor of the gods—a Boston man of old family. A livelier tale is "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown," by Jane G. Austin (1894). Herein we find some typical people and familiar scenes. Mrs. Brown herself was one of those majestic, duchess-like women whom you will really find in Boston without looking very far. The solemnity and aloofness of a definite type of Bostonian is the stock-in-trade of most civic commentators, but not everyone has noticed that almost entire loss of humor which attends Brahmanistic pre-eminence. Now, Mrs. Beauchamp Brown, who is a representative of a class both male and female in Boston, had not the least idea that she was less magnificent to others than to herself. And so the humor of the book is refreshing, though it might appear to some to be malicious.

The experiences of living in one spot or even one country no doubt repeat themselves, but it seems as if a really clever author like F. Marion Crawford might have given a work of more insight on Boston than his "An American Politician" (1894), especially since he had the advantage of both exoteric and esoteric knowledge. But his people are like those of all the other story-tellers. His observations are clever, though put into the mouth of his characters. For instance, of certain elderly Boston ladies, whom the English heroine calls "frumps," she says: "They sew for the poor; they don't sew so very much, you know, but they have a tremendous lunch afterward." Compared with the obviousness of Mr. Crawford's pleasant but unilluminating story, how grateful we ought to be to Mr. Howells, Mr. James, and Mr. Arlo Bates for taking the Common, Beacon Street, the Athenæum, and other fairly well-known landmarks, a little bit for granted.

Like Mr. Bates, Mr. W. H. Rideing regards Boston normally, and is not too elucidatory in his topography. He dedicates "A Little Upstart" to Edgar Fawcett, whose "A Hopeless Case" is one of the most charming tales of New York society as seen by young and unspoiled eyes. There is a faint resemblance between the two books, but Mr. Rideing's is not as well sustained. The first is much the brighter half. The heroine's gradual acquaintance with larger opportunities is naturally told, but the point of the book is an exposition of the aspirations and pretensions of Mrs. Amelia Bailey Ames. This pervasive lady sought lions, and when lions would not respond to her round-up, she was glad to corral hyenas and jackals. The book is a wholesome though harsh rebuke of that spirit of mutual adulation which flourished in a part of literary Boston about a dozen years ago.

"You are a fool—I mean a Bostonian," shouted an Italian to one of those self-contained embodiments of Puritan birth and breeding in Mr. T. R. Sullivan's "Roses of Shadow"—one of his several studies of Boston life. It is a light narrative, but graceful, with far more feeling and perspicuity than Mr. Crawford has shown. Mr. John T. Wheelwright's "Child of the Century" introduces the familiar Boston man, well-born, prejudiced, and fixed in his ways. The novel appeared during the era of Democratic success in politics in the eighties, and is a concession to wider and national sentiments in social matters. The stolid Bostonian eventually marries a daughter of the successful manager of an "emporium" for men's clothing in Cincinnati. A few more stories like "Roweny in Boston," by Maria L. Pool, Kate Gannett Wells's "Miss Curtis," and Eliza Orne White's "Miss Brooks," with its detestably conventionalized heroine, and our enumeration is over. There have been omissions, some

intentional, some through ignorance. As I have read, with more or less attention, these various tales, I am convinced of the truth of the assertion that Boston is fundamentally English to-day as it always has been. Not that it lacks Americanism when great causes are at hand or problems are to be solved, but that the tenor of its life is even, moderate, sane, and possibly sober, if not subdued. For this reason I am inclined to prefer that form of treatment used in Robert Grant's delightful volumes, or just of late in Anna Farquhar's ("Margaret Allston") "Her Boston Experiences," which are a hybrid between the narrative and the essay. The method followed by them allows for shrewd comment, personalities to a moderate extent, incidental criticism, and enthusiasm tempered with timely wit. Without the exaggerated display of sentiment necessary in a novel, a greater publicity is received than could be had even in so clever a work as that anonymous skit of H. Price Collier's, entitled "America and Americans from a French Point of View," whose pages on Boston are as crisp as a romaine salad, with a suspicion of its invigorating rankness. These semi-novels, as we might call them, provide by their literary form for a neat display of the jocund spirit of scrutiny, in places like Edinburgh or Boston, where things are racy of the soil. Even if you don't happen to like either the raciness or the soil, you have to admit that they hold your mind as you read about them.

Lindsay Swift.

THE DEPARTURE.

I.

I sat beside the glassy evening sea,
One foot upon the thin horn of my lyre,
And all its strings of laughter and desire
Crushed in the rank wet grasses heedlessly;
Nor did my dull eyes care to question how
The boat close by had spread its saffron sails,
Nor what might mean the coffers and the bales,
And streaks of new wine on the gilded prow.
Neither was wonder in me when I saw
Fair women step therein, though they were fair
Even to adoration and to awe,
And in the gracious fillets of their hair
Were blossoms from a garden I had known,
Sweet mornings ere the apple buds were blown.

II.

One gazed steadfast into the dying west
With lips apart to greet the evening star;
And one with eyes that caught the strife and jar
Of the sea's heart, followed the sunward breast
Of a lone gull; from a slow harp one drew
Blind music like a laugh or like a wail;
And in the uncertain shadow of the sail
One wove a crown of berries and of yew.
Yet even as I said with dull desire,
"All these were mine, and one was mine indeed,"
The smoky music burst into a fire,
And I was left alone in my great need,
One foot upon the thin horn of my lyre
And all its strings crushed in the dripping weed.

—From "Poems," by William Vaughn Moody. By permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FOMÁ GORDYÉEFF AND ITS AUTHOR

THE tradition of Russian letters is an incomparably heroic tradition. From the first, Russian writers have been clear-voiced prophets or bleeding, ecstatic martyrs. The road to Calvary has been long, the crosses heavy, but always some cry has pierced the hearts of the people, some shaft of light has suffused the darkness. Though autocracy has striven to stamp into ashes the sparks of self-expression, the struggle has never ceased; there have always been those who have faced with eagerness foul dungeons and Arctic snows. Many have bent and kissed their chains, and have seen the prison shine, beyond, like a Promised Land.

Into this heritage of sacred endeavor colored by the romanticism of Pushkin and the sublime renunciation of Dostoyevsky, by the suavity of Turgeneff and the confused evangelism of Tolstoy, into this legacy so heroic and so fecund, has lately stepped a new figure who gives promise of winning a place beside the greatest of these. He made his entrance brusquely, clad in mud-stained smock and shabby boots. His first utterance was crude and tinged with cheap gypsy drama, but he has since found words touched by beauty and by fire.

In Russia the vogue attained by the writings of Máxim Górky is without precedent. His sketches of tramp life, so stark and so ruthless, so passionate in their protest and so exalted in their lyric fervor, are read from St. Petersburg to Tiflis, from Warsaw to Vladivostok. That they should command the interest of Europe and of America was inevitable. Although he speaks in strong and purely local accents, Górky's appeal is universal. The *bosiak's* anguish for a crust of black bread, a glass of vodka, or the warmth of a young body, has all the acuteness of actuality and all the suggestion of a symbol. His cry is the eternal cry for freedom, his hunger is the eternal hunger after that which one has not, and can never have, or can have but fitfully.

While the virility and power of Górky's stories are unquestioned, his sudden triumph is due quite as much to the circumstances of his life as to the literature of which that life is the reflex. As with Garskin, who lay wounded on the field of battle and penned such agonizing pictures of mortal suffering, and Nadsohn, who bore within his shattered body such a bleeding heart, so Górky's bitter experiences and recent imprisonment have crystallized for him the sympathy and enthusiasm of his countrymen. It is because he has himself been one of those who wander, questing and roofless, from Libau to Samarkand, from Odessa to Archangel, that Górky's sketches of the vagabond have been welcomed with such zest. He came, moreover, just at the hour when the struggle between Nationalists and Marxists was at its height, just when attention was directed toward the proletarian. Each side saw in him a champion, and he was even claimed by a third party represented by such papers as *Grazhdanin* and the *Moskoveskïya Viedomosty*. The impassioned poet of the *meshchanin*, the apostle of the sores and the shames of Russia's outcasts, of their heroism and their magnificent hallucinations, found himself the focus of a great social upheaval. The Marxists finally captured him and attached him to the *Zhizn*, their chief organ, for which he has written many of the stories now coming overseas.

On but three occasions has Górky pub-

FOMÁ GORDYÉEFF. By Máxim Górky. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.00.

lished anything more ambitious in scope than the sketches of tramp life with which his name has mainly been associated. "Fomá Gordyéeff," "Troye," and "Muzhik," are his only novels. The fate of both "Troye" and "Muzhik" has been precarious, the former having hung fire owing to the suppression of *Zhizn* and the latter being still unfinished. "Fomá Gordyéeff," of which the English version by Miss Hapgood has recently appeared in this country, is thus the only work by which Górky's qualities as a novelist may effectually be gauged.

In *Fomá Gordyéeff* Górky changes his usual setting and forsakes his customary scenes. It is here not the *bosiak* of which he treats, but the *kupez*, or wealthy merchant class along the Vólga. The tragedy is not one of empty stomachs and forlorn, illimitable vistas, but is a tragedy of temperament, the tragedy of a young man in contact with circumstances and conditions over which he is powerless to assert a potential mastery. Broad in conception, actualized with grim verity and developed with unflinching logic, *Fomá Gordyéeff* at once proved Górky's title to be ranked not only with such writers as Korolenko and Chekhov, but with those masters of Russian realism who have left behind pictures not only of individuals, but of society, not alone of the play of specific caprice, but of the inexorable trend of great social forces.

It would be naïve to assume that Górky has here stepped full-fledged into a province wholly new. There is much in *Fomá Gordyéeff* which recalls the earlier stories. Superficially the pictures are different, inherently they show many points of resemblance. The *kupez* belongs, like the *bosiak*, to a sharply differentiated class. These Vólga merchants have their own customs, prejudices, and language; they suffer all the violent passions and sudden shifts of fortune which characterize their shabby, homeless brethren. Above all, both share, in full measure, that psychic restlessness, that stormy inquietude of soul which is so essentially slavonic.

Máxim Górky was peculiarly equipped for depicting these Vólga traders who drink and swear and surge in their splendid vigor through the pages of *Fomá Gordyéeff*, these modern brigands and river-pirates who cut each other's throats and scuttle each other's crafts on the Exchange instead of on the gleaming or dark-rushing bosom of "Matushka" Vólga. In Nízhni-Nóvgorod, Górky's native town and the probable scene of the story, is the *kupez* seen in all his sturdy aggression, his incongruous mixture of cupidity and piety.

Each of those great, teeming river towns which dot the hill shore of the Vólga from Tver to Saratof, whose bulbous domes and glittering crosses flash in the sunlight, Górky knew long before he thought of writing *Fomá Gordyéeff*. The cook's boy on board the steamer, who passed his spare hours tucked away in some corner of the deck, reading, or watching—as Fomá did—the endless panorama unveil itself before his eyes, early learned to love the Vólga. Every crisis in Fóma's life is in some way reflected on the surface of this huge, silvery serpent which basks lazily among reaches of meadowland or darts between high banks. The dawning of life's realities as opposed to, and as even more enthralling than, a child's dream fancies, takes place during Fomá's first trip down the river on the "Yermák" with his father Ignát. When the crisis comes with Pélagáya they are on board a Vólga steamer with faint stars glimmering overhead and a drunken peasant's bonfire reddening the river bank and the swift-flowing water. It is on another Vólga steamer that, at the end, Fomá, dazed and broken, flings his epic scorn

into the faces of the bewildered merchants. In a word, "Matushka" Vólga is the mother-spirit of *Fomá Gordyéeff*, and has, moreover, always been to Górky what the Dnieper was to Gogol.

In the opening chapters of "Fomá Gordyéeff" Górky sketches in firm, characterful strokes the portraits of Fomá's parents. His father was a man of tremendous energy and gigantic strength, recalling the heroes of ancient legends—the Ilyas and the Igors of the *byliny* and early ballads. As a lad he was a water-pumper and bargeman on the Vólga, by thirty he had amassed millions and owned a fleet of steamers. Ignát Gordyéeff possessed every quality in excess. His passion for work was indomitable, his debauches were titanic, he raved like a Tamerlane, and his repentances were abject in their simple humility. Through his veins coursed the turbulent blood of the old river-pirates. He forms a link between the buccaneer and the modern merchant-brigand. In contrast to this expansive, carousing man, behind whom lurked centuries of savagery, was Fomá's mother, the daughter of an Urál kazák and member of a religious sect known as the Molokáni, or "Milk Drinkers." Natálya was as narrow in her pietism as Ignát was broad in his materialism, and Fomá inherits both dispositions. From the beginning he evinces an insatiable thirst for action and a tendency toward contemplation and self-torture. The spirit and the flesh are constantly at war within him; both triumph, but always at different moments—never in unison. These two inheritances are never reconciled, and from the outset Fomá takes his place among those ill-starred heroes-destructive, among the Hamlets and Manfreds and Eugene Onyegins who have illumined literature with so much tragic splendor, so many superb yet fateful deeds.

Fomá's childhood at the Mayákins, and at his father's house with Aunt Anfísa, who opened for him the gates of fairyland, his school-days and boyish escapades all show in miniature the sweep of forces and tendencies which later develop into the master-motifs of a troubled career. As a mere boy his questions pierced the heart of things, and disconcerted his father, gentle Anfísa, or crafty Mayákin. Yet beauty and the enchantment of childhood are also reflected in these initial chapters. Nothing could well be more persuasive in its simple, semi-lyrical magic than that first trip down the Vólga, or more delicate in its symbolism than the scene where the boys, with heads thrown back, silently watch a flock of pigeons gleaming silver-bright against the azure of the sky above. Later on, when Fomá is sent down-stream in charge of his own steamer, the contact with reality becomes closer and more vital, though none of the inherent poetry of any mood or any moment is sacrificed. The substitution of Pélagáya with all her sad, scarred warmth for the dream princess of Fomá's heart, is one of Górky's most vivid and human pages.

By no means so absorbing is Fomá's enthusiasm for Mme. Medýnsky. The touch throughout this episode is uncertain, and the tawdry insistence on externals — Japanese umbrellas, red-shaded lamps, mandolins, and bric-à-brac in general—over-emphasizes the desired contrast. Górky hardly succeeds in giving these scenes their true quality, or this complicated little trifler her proper *cachet*. It is, hence, with relish that one finds Fomá leaving Sófya Pávlovna, thrashing blackguards at his club, and, some hours later, down the river on a raft in gay company, with rich-voiced Sásha at his side.

Yet none of these women has any abiding influence on Fomá's nature. The caresses of Pélagáya, the puzzled prattle of Liubóff, the coquetry of Mme. Medýnsky, and the wild, sad songs of Sásha

bring him no peace. He is relentlessly pursued by the demon of unrest, is powerless to forge for himself a place in the fettered routine of business or social life. He is everywhere an outsider; he has the physical strength of his father, and longs to fight robbers or slay giants, but the pallid soul of his mother forces upon him moods of doubt and self-lashing. Little by little Fomá loses his hold upon life and turns upon himself and upon society, questioning here, indicting there. The beauty and heroism within him change to bitterness and to gloomy, sinister fatalism. On every side he seems balked, baffled. The youth who cannot discover his mission in life, and condemns life, is himself condemned by life. The merchants call him a milksop, and close-fisted rascals, such as his god-father Mayákin and old Ananíi, do not conceal their contempt for the man who has inherited a splendid business, and yet who does not know, or care to know, the value of a rouble. In sheer desperation Fomá takes to drink and debauchery of every description. He scatters Ignát's gold right and left. He is known in every town along the river, and is everywhere beset by swindlers and shameless creatures, who fleece him openly. Sometimes he has superb bursts of animal ferocity, as when he cuts the raft's moorings and watches his companions go swirling down-stream, or when, after having smashed into a line of barges, he flings himself against the windlass and helps raise one of the sunken monsters. In these moods he fears no man, and uses his fists with terrible effect; yet woman he always treats with gentleness, feeling himself "incomparably stronger than any woman, and every woman seeming to him immeasurably more unhappy than he was."

Still the wildest carousing cannot dull Fomá's aching heart nor drown those voices which persistently ask the whys and the wherefores of his existence. The fault is not his, but lies far deeper. He is a derelict being, for, as Ezhóff remarks, "the age of the powerful but not clever has gone by." He yearns to follow his instincts, the imperious instincts of the primitive man, but a strange, new companion somewhere within—the soul—is forever whispering puzzling contraries. One night on a homeward-bound steamer he meets a pilgrim, who strives to show him light, who pleads with him to renounce empty unrest and the many torments of a fruitless life and fare forth "upon the free road, upon the fields, upon the steppes, upon the plains, upon the mountains . . . go forth, and gaze upon the world with freedom, from afar . . ."

But Fomá cannot sunder the chains which bind him, nor scatter fast enough the wealth which chokes him and stifles his spirit, and returns home only to be made more miserable by the reproaches of Liubóff and the shrewd self-sufficiency of Tarás Mayákin.

At the blessing—not, in Russia, the christening—of Kónonoff's new steamer Fomá suddenly feels impelled to right the wrongs which have so long beset him, and perhaps even point the way of salvation. Amid the splashing of paddle-wheels and the crashing of the band, amid the odious felicitations which mark each speech, Fomá's bitterness and wrath, his hatred for these merchants, every one of whom he knows is a rascal, or worse, blazes forth in one brutal denunciation. Those who had tricked him and sneered at him were now forced to hear their characters and their careers torn into shreds. Steadying himself against the long table loaded with sturgeon, caviar, Strasburg paté, and innumerable bottles, the blinded and broken boy gives vent to all those thoughts which had so tortured him, to all that scorn for the tyranny of material things which lay so deep in his heart. At length they

spring upon him from behind and bind him. But he is already harmless: "something had burned out within him, and it had grown dark and empty in his soul . . ."

There, before the merchants' cold, jeering eyes, Fomá sits helpless, swaying back and forth in his chair, his lips quivering convulsively and tears coursing down his cheeks: "At times, he slowly opened his heavy, swollen lids, and his eyes, through tears, gazed dully and mournfully at the table where everything was dirty, upset, ruined . . ."

When the steamer puts back, they drive him swiftly to a hospital, but he is discharged after a few months and disappears, Mayákin sending him to his mother's relatives in the Urál. Some three years later he is again seen on the streets of his native town, shattered by incessant intoxication, shabby, dishevelled, and half-witted. As he slinks along, heeding no one, mumbling to himself, the townspeople call after him: "Hey Prophet! come and tell us about doomsday!"

Fomá Gordyéeff maintains, throughout, the accent and the outlines of great fiction. The book has its obscurities, and is sometimes deficient in construction, but it reflects all the vital intensity, all the baffling illogic of life itself. Philosophically it is the embodiment of Nietzschism, æsthetically it recalls, in its free, colorful word-strokes, the art of the Secessionists. From first to last the book is revolutionary, intransigent. It has all the turbulence and intolerance of youth. It teaches with unequivocal force the salutary but perplexing truths that life is richer than any given portion of life, that nature cares little for individual happiness, and exhibits no prejudices in favor of the moral law. Through this independence, this abrupt breaking with established convention, Górky brings us into closer touch with that which is, as opposed to that which is believed. *Fomá Gordyéeff* offers a wide, fearless outlook, it shames man's weakness, and yet shows mankind a victim of nature's vast, obscure complicity.

In its sweeping power and picturesqueness, in its uncompromising arraignment of commercialism, and its confused cry for something beyond, something which gleams brighter than the rouble, *Fomá Gordyéeff* adds another vivid and defiantly earnest page to the history of Russian letters. Although Fomá is merely the plaything of great, dim forces which stay his hand and clog his brain, although he is wrecked blindly, and through the best that is in him, yet the way seems clearer, the individual has been sacrificed, but something permanent has survived. In *Fomá Gordyéeff* Máxim Górky has drawn an unswerving picture of life as he knows it in those teeming river towns, of life as it exists in his own Nízhni-Nóvgorod which overlooks so steadfastly the meeting of the Oka and the Vólga. He has had the courage to paint that life now hideous, now demoniacal, now divine in the alluring beauty of fresh-vestured spring or awakening love.

With Górky, as with Russian writers in general, statement is in itself protest, or of itself contains inspiration. It is the crowning triumph of these sad, troubled prophets that they teach life in terms of life. Through their fidelity to the actual they attain the ideal, through their care for the finite they sometimes touch infinity. That which seemed ashes, shines as the sun.

Christian Brinton.

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"SLABSIDES," MR. BURROUGH'S SUMMER HOME.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AT HOME

GONE are the days when art for art's sake was incompatible with the solid joys of Philistinism. Such in brief was the revelation that came to Mr. Halsey during his editorial work on the series of "interviews" with men of letters printed originally in the *Saturday Review* of the New York *Times*, and which are now bound together under the collective title of *American Authors and Their Homes*.

"The changes which have occurred in economic conditions in this country during the past fifty years," he sententiously remarks, "while producing many gratifying results, have led to none more gratifying than the improvement brought about in the worldly state of the author. Not only does Grub Street belong to a very remote past, but even a hall-bedroom seems now to suggest conditions that have forever ceased to exist."

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR HOMES. Edited, with an Introduction, by Francis W. Halsey, with many Illustrations from Photographs. James Pott & Co., 12mo, $1.25.

While the enormous increase in population and in educational facilities are undoubtedly the chief causes of these improved conditions, Mr. Halsey attaches considerable importance to the influence of international copyright, which has created a larger demand for American writings, to the growth of periodical literature, with its consequent popularizing of books, and to the development of New York as a literary centre.

Such practical encouragement for him who would win through his pen, not merely fame, but a competence, assuredly furnishes a potent reason for the rescue of these papers from the oblivion of a newspaper file. Should another be sought, it is found in the ever-quickening desire of the public for more details concerning those whom it has singled out from the throng of the unknown. The greater the admiration for the effect, the greater the anxiety to behold the machinery. Unaccountably then, perhaps, but indisputably, an absorbing interest will be felt in the

discovery that Burns is Andrew Carnegie's favorite poet; that although Mr. Hopkinson Smith goes every summer to Italy, Turkey, and Holland, no souvenirs of these countries, save his own water-colors, adorn his dwelling; and that Mr. Howells works his own typewriter, while Frank Stockton, who never takes notes, dictates a novel, offhand as it were, to his stenographer.

Lest, however, the setting forth of facts of this nature degenerate into meaningless or impertinent gossip, somewhat of skill is required, and it has not been lacking in the preparation of this little volume, which shows in many instances a depth of insight and a sense of proportion not always found in works of greater pretention.

There is no attempted display of literary acumen, and apparently no effort has been made to obtain new biographical material. Each of the twenty-two sketches gives a brief but characteristic glimpse of its subject in a setting of his own choosing, and in a majority of cases the great men have been found not averse to conversation. Hamilton Mabie discourses optimistically of the progress of culture in the South and Middle West. Mr. Howells is moved to speak of his early passion for Heine, and his artistic indebtedness to the great German lyrist, who, he declares, freed his hand in writing. Mr. Bangs confesses pathetically his inability to find a suitable name for his suburban home —that of "Copymere," suggested by a friend, seeming too technical; and even Ernest Seton-Thompson leaves his drawing-pad, albeit regretfully, and patiently answers questions regarding his "early struggles," while, "from the secrecy of an unsuspected drawer, Mrs. Seton extracts a collection of ancient ivory and wooden carved figures that had originally come from India and China.

"'Just a frill,' says Mrs. Seton, as she fingers them lovingly. 'I keep them tucked away here because it is nice to feel that one has a reserve, whether in work or play.'"

In the matter of estates, that of Frank Stockton calls forth perhaps the liveliest sensations of envy, for the title has been

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MR. STODDARD IN HIS HOME.

From "American Authors and Their Homes." Copyright, 1901, by James Pott & Co.

MR. MITCHELL'S LIBRARY.

traced back to George Washington, and the house itself was planned by our first president. "Claymont," which takes its name from an English estate of the Washington family, is situated about three miles from the West Virginia Charles Town, founded by General Washington's brother. The house, which stands some distance from the road, is reached by a drive through a beautiful wood. "It is built of brick, light yellow in color, and in size is spacious, having a roof pierced by dormer windows, two deep and lofty verandas, an ample portico, and a conservatory. To the east and west stand smaller structures, one occupied by servants, the other utilized by visitors when the main building is fully in requisition, the two being connected with the house by brick-walled court-yards. The view takes in a noble prospect of meadow and mountains, the Blue Ridge stretching away for twenty miles to the south."

Amid these delightful surroundings Mr. Stockton spends about eight months of the year. The study, where the greater part of his work is done, is said in appearance to be more like the delightful morning-room of an English country gentleman than a literary workshop. While the visitor glanced over the writings of his host that filled one of the bookcases in this cosey apartment, the creator of "Pomona" commented in his own inimitable manner upon the somewhat bewildering variation in the number of babies which appear in the several editions of "Rudder Grange." The first has one, the second three, and the third two, "Pomona's" having been ruthlessly murdered in order that its parents might the more conveniently go sight-seeing.

The mooted question of "The Lady or the Tiger?" is still discussed by "literary societies" and high-school essayists, and not long since the book was dramatized by some young ladies up in Maine, who sent to Mr. Stockton costume-photographs and a copy of the play. To its author, however, "the most interesting thing" about this famous classic "is its great popularity among savage races." "It has been told again and again," he says, "by the story-tellers of Burmah. The Burmese say its 'local color' is correct. A missionary once told the story to a tribe of Karms

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A CORNER IN DR. VAN DYKE'S LIBRARY.

up in the north of Burmah. When she came back a year later, the tribe surrounded her and wanted to know if she had found out yet whether—I cannot answer the question, for I have no earthly idea myself."

Tennyson is the presiding genius of "Avalon," the colonial mansion close to the home of Grover Cleveland, where Dr. Henry van Dyke has lived since he became Professor of English Literature in Princeton University. The library is described as "a storehouse of Tennyson treasures." Here are found all the first editions of the poet's works, as well as volumes of criticism and interpretation, among which Dr. van Dyke's own is well worthy of mention. "From a point between the large windows the great crowned singer, carved in white marble, looks kindly down upon you." The room contains many other souvenirs of Tennyson, prominent among them being the portrait that Dr. van Dyke obtained on the occasion of his visit to the laureate's home in 1892, and concerning which he tells a story:

"I wanted the poet to write something of his own under the picture, and asked him to write for me the two famous lines from the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington':

"'Not once nor twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.'

When he handed me the picture I glanced at the bottom to see what he had written, and read there:

"'Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.'

He had chosen as a sentiment the unselfishness of love rather than the reward of fame. This was only six weeks before the poet's death."

Other enthusiasms of this many-sided man are briefly but graphically touched upon during the "interview," notably his university work and his well-known passion for angling.

"Riverby," the home of John Burroughs, on the west bank of the Hudson, opposite Hyde Park, has no Colonial or

Revolutionary associations, but finds its chief claim to attention in the fact that a large part of it is the work of the owner's hands. Especially is this true of "Slabsides," the summer-house shown in the cut. "Into this house Mr. Burroughs put days and weeks of labor, with such help as he could get; but it is the massive chimney—rough stone outside and in—that is his special pride." Here the poet-naturalist retires when, to quote his own words, he feels that he "must go somewhere and get a reviving draught from nature's breast and forget confectionery." Here, too, in summer come his crowd of visitors, all of whom receive a cordial welcome—farm laborers, school-teachers, men whose names are household words throughout the land, and Vassar undergraduates.

"Where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table," is an ancient boast that finds its modern prototype in the fervent belief of his admirers that where Edmund Clarence Stedman chooses to take up his abode, there is the literary centre of New York. He it was in truth who first taught scornful Boston that New York had a literary centre, and New York has not been ungrateful. The beautiful colonial structure in Lawrence Park is, as were his Fifty-fourth Street and Thirtieth Street homes, a gathering-place for "the wise, the witty, and the successful."

The name of Mr. Stedman inevitably suggests that of his friend, Richard Henry Stoddard, whose old-fashioned mansion near Stuyvesant Square forms the theme of the first sketch. The accompanying illustration shows the poet seated in his library.

Other papers treat respectively of John Fiske, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry M. Alden, Brander Matthews, George E. Woodberry, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Donald G. Mitchell, Joaquin Miller, Paul Leicester Ford, and George W. Cable.

Much of the original material has been revised by Mr. Halsey, who has furnished, also, an analytical index and a pertinent introductory chapter devoted largely to reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe.

The book, which is altogether pleasing as to typography and binding, is fittingly illustrated by eighteen illustrations from photographs. An excellent view of the interior of the Authors' Club has been chosen for the frontispiece.

E. J. Hulbert.

From "American Authors and Their Homes." Copyright, 1901, by James Pott & Co.

MR. SMITH'S STUDIO IN HIS HOME.

PRIVATE AND SPECIAL PRESSES

II.—NOTES ON SOME BOOK CLUBS AND ON PRINTING IN AMERICA

(*Concluded*)

EVEN the most cursory survey of printing in America must include, by right and of necessity, some mention of the influence for good exerted by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne and the De Vinne Press. As is the case with so many good things, familiarity has bred — not contempt, that were impossible—but a certain placid acceptation, and it has happened, not once or twice, but with amusing frequency, that books printed at the De Vinne Press have passed almost unnoticed and unheralded which, if issued by a press of lesser fame, would have been hailed, and justly so, as fine examples of American printing. It is unnecessary to single out any special volumes to the exclusion of others, but it is well to remember that although some of the books coming from more recently established presses have the charm of novelty added to that of good and artistic workmanship, their issue would have been unprofitable (and therefore commercially impossible) had it not been for the pioneer work done by the older presses in educating the buying public to a point where they could understand, and would buy, well-printed books. Strangely enough, this demand, created by good work done in New York City, has been most satisfactorily and, in the past seven years, almost entirely supplied by presses originating in Massachusetts and Maine.

We are speaking now of volumes issued for general circulation and sale, which must stand or fall by their own merits, and which cannot rely upon the prestige of a famous name for their success.

To Thomas B. Mosher, Messrs. Copeland & Day, and Messrs. Stone & Kimball, who each, in their own way, did much toward elevating the standard of book-manufacture in America, the public owe a debt of gratitude for having brought about a condition of things which has resulted in quite a renaissance in the making of books. Mr. Mosher's ideals in book-making have not altered, in any appreciable way, since the issue of his first volume. The least satisfactory part, in the majority of cases, has been, and still remains, the title-page. For this a style of lettering resembling a fifteenth-century Roman frequently has been chosen, an unfortunate selection as it is a ragged letter and out of harmony with the type used in the body of the book. The initial letters and head-and-tail pieces, mostly redrawn or adapted from Chiswick Press originals, lack "swing" to the lines and being, as I judge, photo-engraved, do not print clearly or with a clean line. In the earlier issues the press-work left much to be desired, but this has been improved in books more recently printed.

Though Mr. Mosher has seen fit to disregard the ethics which are supposed to govern the reprinting of other men's books, this need not blind us to the fact that at the time of issue his "Old World" and "Bibelot" series contained better literature, better printed upon better paper and in more attractive *format*, than could be had elsewhere in America for the same price, and that to his labors is due, in no small measure, the widespread interest in, and growing demand for better printed books.

Although the influence of Messrs. Copeland & Day upon book-manufacture in America is admitted, upon all hands, to

have been great, lasting, and beneficial, the reward of financial success did not crown their efforts, and after about five years of life the firm was dissolved. Among its issues the best remembered will be "The House of Life" and "Shakespeare's Sonnets," with initials and borders by Grosvenor Goodhue, and "Salome," with Beardsley's pictures, issued in 1894. Had they published nothing else, these books, coming at the time they did, would entitle the publishers to a permanent place in the history of American printing.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball established their firm in 1893–1894, "with the idea that books could be made more attractive by devoting a little more time and thought to their manufacture. The idea was, first of all, that the cover and the story should be treated as a whole, and that the cover should, as nearly as possible, express the particular character of the story," and this "without increasing the expense of manufacture." Along these lines their success was complete. Better paper and presswork, a revival of the older faces of type, such as Caslon, commended their books to the discerning, but, alas, the discerning were in the minority, and the firm was dissolved, the senior partner continuing to publish in Chicago under a new firm title, the junior partner establishing himself in New York, at the Cheltenham Press. Here he has been freer to follow out his ideals in printing; and the originality no less than the excellence of some of his work has attracted and merited attention.

His most ambitious book up to the present time has just come from the press. It is a narrative of the services held in Trinity Church in memory of Queen Victoria, and upon this volume Mr. Kimball has lavished time, care, and the knowledge which comes only by study and experience. It has been set in priory text, and is printed in violet and black. In paper, proportion of margins, and selection of type it leaves little to be desired, and, taken with the "Book of Common Prayer," which is now in press and for which Mr. Kimball has had a new font of type cut (from designs made under his direction and according to his own ideas), and a special paper, beautiful in texture and appearance, manufactured, it bespeaks for its maker a permanent place as one of the best of American printers, and ranks the Cheltenham Press, under his direction, with the Merrymount Press of Mr. D. B. Updike, and the department of the Riverside Press in which Mr. Bruce Rogers rules.

In the best work produced by Mr. Updike there is a balance and a restraint which must commend itself to all who love fine printing for its own sake, and who do not value a book for the amount of decoration or ornament which it contains. Mr. Updike has attained the eminence which he holds to-day because, from the start, he has understood and applied the principles which have governed, and must always govern, the practice of printing considered as a fine art. He has relied mainly upon type beautiful in itself, a well-proportioned type-page, and good presswork, rather than upon decoration, to produce the effect aimed at, and, as a result, the books in which he has been allowed to carry out his own ideals have a style which is all their own. Lack of space precludes any extended analysis of a number of books printed at the Merrymount Press which would well repay study, but "A Memoir of the Life of John Codman Ropes, LL.D.," "The Unfolding Life," and "Harvard College. The Class of 1876"—all privately printed books—are examples of what such books should be in the matter of composition and spacing, proportion of margins, and presswork. Mr. Updike is now working upon an edition of Tacitus, in Latin; the "Agricola,"

the "Dialogue on Oratory," and the "Germania." This book will be printed in the "Merrymount" type, designed by Mr. Goodhue, and bids fair to be the most beautiful, in the best sense, that has come from the Merrymount Press, since in it Mr. Updike has embodied his own ideas as influenced by his knowledge of the finest Italian books of the Renaissance. "The Altar Book" and this edition of Tacitus will stand, therefore, as monuments to mark the large range of Mr. Updike's endeavor, and the success with which he has solved such entirely dissimilar problems in printing as were presented in these two volumes. A new font of type, designed by Herbert P. Horne, is now being cut, and will be used first in "a classical Italian work," Mr. Updike tells me; but even so it would seem difficult to improve on this new Tacitus.

Of books designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers the Riverside Press has produced, so far, four, and two others will make their appearance before the current month be ended. It must be most encouraging to the publishers to have the editions exhausted before publication, but this advance sale prevents Mr. Rogers's work from being as well known, outside a certain select circle, as it deserves. True, you can always leave an order for any of the books which may be issued in the future, but even so it may be some time before you can secure a copy, for the book-collector is a wily creature, and has an immoral habit of subscribing a long way in advance for books which are not even planned out, much less announced; and it sometimes happens (as the lovers of Mr. W. L. Andrews's book will tell you) that to desire and to obtain are not, by any means, interchangeable terms.

The first book, in what promises to be a series of volumes designed by Mr. Rogers, was "The Sonnets and Madrigals of Michelangelo." The type is an italic, closely resembling that used by Aldus Manutius (which was modelled originally on the handwriting of Petrarch), with the capitals in Roman letter upon a graceful background, which it had been Mr. Rogers's intention to illuminate. Unquestionably it is a beautiful book, as is also the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám"—the second volume designed by Mr. Rogers—which is set in an English-faced type of about 1760; but in neither of these volumes has the designer been able to carry out to the fullest extent his own preferences, which, like those of his distinguished contemporary at the Merrymount Press, are for books beautiful in typography and devoid of all decoration. It is for this reason that Etienne Pivert de Senancour's "Obermann: Letters to a Friend," which is to appear on October 19th, will be especially noteworthy. Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., I have been able to examine the sheets of this volume, and am of the opinion that it is the high-water mark of Mr. Rogers's endeavor up to the present time. The book is harmonious throughout. The French style of the period—Senancour was a contemporary of St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, and Madame de Staël—has been followed in printing, paper, and binding. There is but a simple initial at the beginning of each Letter, and the effect of the page is delightfully restful and quiet. In presswork, also, it is the best book of the series, and where decoration is absent, increased beauty of presswork must take its place.

"*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*" presented quite another problem, but one that has been solved with marked success. Charm is the key-note of the book, and from the engraved title-page to the final tail-piece (and it should not be forgotten that the half-title, vignettes, and the tail-pieces are cut on wood from Mr. Rogers's designs) harmony and grace are the rule.

The floral initial letters alone seem open to criticism, but whether the difficulty be in the inking, in the blocks, or in thickness of line when printed on an unbleached hand-made paper, I cannot positively assert.

"Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man About Town" will have appeared by the time these notes are through the press. These "Letters" are Thackeray's—*i.e.*, they are delightful. Originally published in the pages of "Punch" during the year 1849, at last they have been gathered together and issued in a form befitting them. In some ways this little volume seems the cleverest thing that Mr. Rogers has yet done. It would have been so easy to have made the mistake of following the style of 1849—the year of original publication—instead of fitting the dress to the period in which "Mr. Brown" gathered his experience, which I take to be 1811–1825, or thereabouts. Place this just-issued book beside such little volumes as "Emblems, Divine and Moral," by Francis Quarles, printed by the Whittinghams in 1825, or "Habington's Castara," Bristol, 1812, or "The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare," J. Walker, London, 1823, and the similarity of atmosphere, even more than that of paper, types, and general make-up, is remarkably good. The binding, too, is very interesting—a marbled paper having been specially made for the sides, and the cloth back and paper label being in thorough harmony with all the other details of the book.

I had hoped to be able to say something of the Roycroft books, but lack of space prevents my doing so; moreover, I doubt if it would be worth while. To treat the subject worthily would demand a paper all to itself. "If you like that kind of thing, it is just the kind of thing you like," but there is no reason why the efforts of farmers' boys, boarding-house waiters, and mechanics' girls, directed by a man whose genius as a showman has been diverted into the making of spurious *de luxe* volumes, should be held up for admiration. If you *must* buy such things, subscribe for "The Bilioustine," published by William S. Lord, of Evanston, Illinois. The *edition de luxe* is bound in burlap, and the publisher guarantees that every copy is baled and stencilled by hand. His announcement brings these notes to a close. Here it is:

To Lovers and Book Lovers

This edition of THE BILIOUSTINE is the swellest thing that the Boy Grafters have yet done; and that is saying a great deal. It has about it the delicate perfume of the Ideal, the elusive flavor of the Missal. Saints and Saintesses have handled it, page by page and part by part. By saintly hands the press was fed By hand-made rolls the ink was spread. Even the press was trod by hand. And always with the Ideal in sight, or just outside the Philandery door. No one that does not possess a copy can call himself an Elect. This is official.

FRA McGINNIS

FitzRoy Carrington

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ALDRICH BIBLIOGRAPHY

To the Editor of THE BOOK-BUYER.

Dear Sir:—In THE BOOK-BUYER for May, 1901, there is a Bibliography of the works of T. B. Aldrich, in which "La Reina de Saba" is given as the only book that has been translated into Spanish. We have in our Spanish library the "Story of a Bad Boy," in Spanish, under the title of "Las Aventuras de un Niño Calavera." It has been in use for some time and the title-page is missing, so that I cannot tell where it was published.

Very sincerely,

Alice H. Bushee.

INSTITUTO INTERNACIONAL, Biarritz,
France, September 2, 1901.

MR. ANDREWS'S PRINTS

To the Editor of THE BOOK-BUYER.

Dear Sir: Mr. Carrington's reference to my books in the September BOOK-BUYER is so generous and in the main so complimentary that it appears ungracious in me to take exception thereto, and I would certainly refrain from doing so if the matter concerned myself alone.

Mr. Carrington's strictures upon some of the books are—except in two or three important particulars—(as I consider them) entirely justified. The errors in spelling of the names of well-known painters and engravers below the photogravure reproductions in "Trio" certainly betoken that somebody blundered, but the title of the Photo-engraving Company is incised on a few of the plates with deliberate intent, for I believe most emphatically that credit should be given where credit is due, even if its expression does rudely shock a delicate and perhaps super-sensitive æsthetic taste. One of the pleasant things which has lightened the labor of making these little books of mine has been the fact that those who have borne a part in their production have had their pride enlisted in the work and did the best of which they were capable out of pure love for their calling—the money part thereof becoming a secondary consideration, and why should their names be sunken in obscurity?

It is told of one who had donated a considerable sum of money to build an art gallery in a Western town, that when the day arrived for its formal opening he was met at the door by the members of the Building Committee all in full fettle and prepared to escort their benefactor with due ceremony to the platform of the Audience Room, but when he inquired for the architects who had planned, and the builders who had constructed the shapely edifice, a chill came in the atmosphere, and a sudden halt in the proceedings which lasted until these individuals whose presence on the occasion had been considered unnecessary, could be summoned from the privacy of their homes and brought to grace the scene. For this exhibition of right feeling on the part of this philanthropist he was, in my humble judgment, more to be commended than for the generosity he displayed in dispensing with a portion of his abundant wealth.

That European color-reproductions—especially in France—have attained a high degree of mechanical perfection is undeniably true. They are printed as a rule—I understand—by lithography, and in order to produce the appearance of raised or sunken lines the manufacturers are obliged to resort to the stale and objectionable trick of embossing or stamping. Mr. Edward Bierstadt's color-pictures of book-bindings and illuminated manuscript pages—which are the only ones that appear in my books—are printed from gelatine plates which yield a softer impression than any other printing surface, and he obtains the semblance of the crushed grain in Levant morocco, the impress of the binder's tools, and the wash of the painter's brush by means of the lights and shadows in the photographic negative which throws his picture upon the gelatine plate, and he prints it upon a smooth or rough surfaced paper or vellum of any description with equal facility.

Mr. Bierstadt watches jealously every step of his tedious and involved process, and is, in fact, an artist painting with gelatine plates instead of camel's-hair brushes. His finest color-work is produced in limited quantities, and it would appear to go without saying that more art is likely to be found lurking in a print drawn from a plate of which only a small number of impressions are taken on a hand-press under the eye and direction of the master, than in those whirled off from a steam-press "at one-tenth the price, and in large editions."

I am quite content that the *best* of the reproductions of book-bindings in "Sexto-decimos" and *any* of the copies of MS. pages in "Gossip"—a book which I judge Mr. Carrington has not

seen—should be compared (for fidelity to the originals and artistic quality), with the color-prints in the "Portfolio issue of Book-binding in France" or with any of the still more mechanically perfect, brilliantly colored, but hard and formal—as they appear to me—*imitations*—not *fac-similes*—of book-bindings to be found in numerous other works upon the subject issued in Paris and London, such as for example "Henri Beraldi, Estampes et Livres" Conquet, Paris, 1892, and the "Burlington Fine Arts Club's Illustrated Catalogue of Book-bindings." London, 1891. Either of which would furnish a more severe test than the magazine which Mr. Carrington designates as affording positive proof of the inferiority of American color printing.

There is careful drawing and high finish in a Koeck-Koeck, a Meyer von Bremen, or a Verboeckhoven, but nevertheless some of us prefer a painting by Corot, Millet, or Rousseau, in which we think we find drawing quite as masterly and more and nobler art. I make the audacious assertion that a similar disparity exists between the color-prints produced in England or on the Continent of Europe and those which Mr. Bierstadt has spent a long lifetime in patient and skilful endeavor to perfect. *W. L. Andrews.*

THE PEPPERIDGES, WEST ISLIP, L. I.
September 10, 1901.

REMEMBER.

(Après De Musset.)

Remember; when the timid dawn
Unbars her charmed palace to the sun,
Remember, when the plaintiff night forlorn
Dreaming beneath her silver veil steals on,
The thought of pleasure that thy panting breast delights,
The sweet, soft dreams that Evening's shade invites,
While in the woods below
A voice is murmuring low,—
Remember!

Remember; when the hand of Fate
Shall part us and forever separate,
When sorrow, banishment, and length of years,
Shall wilt the heart with desolating tears.
Dream of my passion sweet, dream of my last farewell,
No time shall conquer love, no absence quell;
For each heart-beat shall say
To-morrow, as to-day,
Remember!

Remember; when beneath Earth's cold
My broken body shall forever sleep;
Remember, when the flower over-bold
From out my mouldering grave shall gently creep:
Unknown and undivined my deathless soul shall stray
Beside thee ever in that latter day,
While through the night a groan,
Shall voice the monotone
Remember!

—From "An Iseult Idyl, and Other Poems," by G. Constant Lounsbery. By permission of Mr. John Lane.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

QUITE the most interesting features of the forthcoming season are the contributions in biography headed by the supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography," in three volumes. It was originally intended that the supplement should end with the close of the nineteenth century, but the death of the Queen has altered that arrangement, for the Victorian epoch is more important to English people as a landmark than the period fixed by the calendar. It is very curious to note the people who have been thought worth including in the supplement. Thus, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, who was absolutely unheard of when the first volume of the "Dictionary" appeared, sixteen years ago, has been treated by Sir Walter Armstrong, the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. M. Du Maurier has been consigned to Canon Ainger. The late Duke of Edinburgh of Saxe-Coburg has apparently been treated quite seriously as a figure in naval history by Professor Laughton. Mr. Bradlaugh comes very close to Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army, and not far off is Robert Browning, who has been sketched by Mr. Gosse. One of the most important of the contributions to the supplement will be the life of the Queen by Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the "Dictionary." The supplement will be prefaced by a sketch of the career of Mr. George Smith, its projector.

Both editors of the "Dictionary," Mr. Leslie Stephen and his successor, Mr. Sidney Lee, are to be represented by books on the same subject, George Eliot to wit, the first writing for the "English Men of Letters" series of the Macmillans, and Mr. Lee for the Blackwoods, her publishers. One wonders whether in consequence there will be a revival of interest in George Eliot's fiction. Of course the enigma of her life, which was only rendered more difficult to understand by Mr. Cross's reticence, will always be a fascinating subject; but I question very much whether among literary people her books will ever regain their hold or possess the fascination that Dickens has for the most cultured to-day. The life which each of them pictured—the hard, religious, and provincial types of George Eliot, and the easy-going, good-humored Cockneys of Boz—has either disappeared or has been modified beyond recognition; so much so, indeed, in the case of Dickens, that Mr. Howells apparently believes that Mr. Barry Payn interprets London more accurately; but George Eliot approached her subject so strenuously and from so personal a point of view that the mere art of her effort is insufficient to sustain interest in the life she depicted, even as a historical phase. Mr. Stephen has great qualifications for dealing with the author of "Adam Bede" from the philosophical point of view, but his didactic style is scarcely likely to make George Eliot attractive from the artistic side. It is now thirteen years since he wrote his sketch of her for the "Dictionary of National Biography," of which he was the sole editor; and since that time we have had several books about her, notably Mr. Oscar Browning's sketch in the "Great Writers'" series. For Mr. Sidney Lee she is an interesting continuation of his Warwickshire hero.

The other additional volumes to the "Men of Letters" series, projected by Mr. John Morley at a time when he knew how to make the most of his talent, instead of frittering it away in political life, which requires a much coarser type, increase the interest in that little library

which has never lost its hold on readers. Book after book, how well these studies were done! Since those days, the race of critics has increased in numbers, if not in power, and it can hardly be expected that there will be unanimity as to Mr. Morley's choice. Mr. Herbert Paul, who will deal with Matthew Arnold, is a keen critic who wastes much of his power in writing leaders for the "Daily News" (now conducted by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann on lines not quite friendly to England at this juncture). Canon Ainger will discourse on Crabbe, whom I can never imagine becoming popular again; Mr. Beeching, who has been flourishing in a discussion whether literature can be taught, will do Jane Austen, while Tennyson, who is not yet remote enough for people to have pigeon-holed him finally, has been entrusted to Sir Alfred Lyall. Mr. Lang is writing a sketch of Tennyson for the Blackwoods, who will give us a Ruskin by Mrs. Meynell, a Matthew Arnold by Professor Saintsbury (Arnold will be dealt with by Dr. Yarnett in the "Dictionary of National Biography"), a Dickens by Mr. Henley, and a Thackeray by Mr. Whibley. So that the critics will have a great innings.

That industrious biographer, Thomas Wright, who is usually described, in a somewhat curious way, as "of Olney," is now at work on the life of Edward FitzGerald. Mr. Wright is scarcely a stylist, but he usually manages to bring new matter to light, as his books on De Foe and Cowper have abundantly proved. Mr. Wright is an Olney man. He is a schoolmaster, and doubtless has inspired many generations of Olney boys with his love for letters. His forthcoming edition of the "Letters of Cowper" contains two hundred more items than Southey's. He is also collecting material on Dickens, about whom he knows a great deal that has not yet been stated categorically. By the way, the home of Sairey Gamp in Kingsgate Street has given way before the new avenue from the Strand to Holborn.

Publishers will be specially interested in the life of his grandfather, which Lord Goschen has been engaged upon for seven years, and which Mr. John Murray will publish. The elder Goschen, who was of Jewish origin, was a notable figure in Leipsic, where he died (in 1828) three years before his grandson was born. Lord Goschen, like his father, has been concerned mainly in finance—his "Theory of Foreign Exchanges" has run through nearly twenty editions—and in politics; but since his elevation to the Upper House he has had more time to indulge in those literary tastes which his Rectorial speeches at the Scots Universities have shown that he possesses.

The revival in history will be represented by some notable books. Mr. W. R. Morfill, the Reader in Russian at Oxford, is on familiar ground in dealing with Russia "from Peter the Great to Alexander II." His book on Russia in the "Story of the Nations" series was most ably done. His new work will be published by the Methuens, who will also give us "A History of the British in India," by Mr. A. D. Innes, formerly publisher on his own account, whose father had a most distinguished career as a soldier in India. The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, subdean of the Chapel's Royal, will add to the growing literature on London by a book on the Palace of Whitehall, to be issued by the Longmans, as a companion to his "Memorials of St. James's Palace." I should notice that Dr. Hume Brown, who has written excellent biographies of George Buchanan and John Knox, has been appointed to the new chair of Ancient History and Palæography, founded at Edinburgh University by the late Sir William Fraser. He edits the "Privy Council Register of Scotland," which is issued by the

State, and is finishing his history of Scotland for the Cambridge University Press.

The forthcoming season will produce some volumes of verse by authors who have not been represented for some years. First comes Mrs. Meynell, whose "Preludes" appeared more than a quarter of a century ago; and, although the body of her work has not been very great, its quality has been high and instinct with character. Mrs. Meynell is responsible for the finely written art criticisms in the "Pall Mall Gazette," and her husband, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, is probably the most successful personal paragrapher in London. One will also welcome the new volume by Madame Duclaux, the wife of the Director of the Pasteur Institute, which Mr. Fisher Unwin promises. She is better known, of course, under her maiden name of A. Mary F. Robinson, though she has also been known after the name of her first husband, James Darmesteter, who died in 1894. Her first book, "A Handful of Honeysuckle," appeared three years after Mrs. Meynell's maiden effort. She has practically become a Frenchwoman, and some of her later books have been written in French. Both she and Mrs. Meynell received some of their education in Italy, which has left its mark upon both of them. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt is to be represented by his "Love Sonnets of Proteus" (originally published in 1880) in "The Lovers' Library." Mr. Blunt has been figuring in a dispute which his servants had with some fox-hunting English hussar officers in Egypt, where he has a large estate for breeding the Arab horses in which he believes so firmly. It may be remembered that Mr. Blunt's daughter, who is the great-granddaughter of Byron, married the grandson of Lord Lytton, the novelist. Again, Mr. W. E. Henley will be represented in a volume entitled "Hawthorn and Lavender," described as a "lyric sequence," which Mr. Nutt will issue. Most of it has appeared before, but in a more or less fugitive way. One cannot help noticing here that Mr. Henley has got one or two persistent enemies among the critics. That is scarcely to be wondered at, for he has dealt some hard blows in his time; but it is childish to deny that his influence has been great. It is he whom we have to thank for Kipling, and he did much for G. W. Steevens, Mr. George Street, Mr. Whibley (who is setting Mr. Max Beerbohm's pretty playlet, "The Happy Hypocrite," to music), and Mr. Blackburn, our best music critic.

Two important additions to dramatic literature will shortly appear, in the shape of the Constables' twenty-volume edition of "Shakespeare," with forty illustrations in color, printed on Japanese vellum, and drawn by Mr. Patten Wilson, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Jacomb Hood, and other artists. Mr. Nutt will issue an edition of Sheridan's "Plays," printed from the manuscript and edited by Mr. Fraser Rae, well known as the biographer of Sheridan and a theorist on Junius. An interesting contribution to the edition will be the introduction, by the Marquis of Dufferin, whose mother was the daughter of Sheridan's eldest son. Lord Dufferin inherits the literary instinct of his maternal ancestors in a remarkable degree. It is nearly fifty years since his "Letters from High Latitudes" appeared, and since then his pen has been busy in many directions. Lady Dufferin is also a writer, for a book by her, describing her vice-regal life in India, appeared in 1889, and she also wrote a book on her Canadian experiences. Mr. Fraser Rae's edition will contain the fragment of the comedy called "A Journey to Bath," which was written by Sheridan's mother. She was a Miss Frances Chamberlaine. Thomas Sheridan married her in 1747 on discovering that she was the author of some verses and a pamphlet written in his honor.

Mr. George Lynch, who has written a book on China for the Longmans, is an Irishman who started journalism, somewhat later in life than usual, as a sort of appendage to a career in the city. He went through the Cuban War. He was captured by the Boers near Ladysmith, having gone out one day with the characteristically Irish suggestion that football might be played by the opposing forces in the neutral camp. When the Chinese war broke out, he went East on behalf of the *Sphere*, and lectured in America on his way home. Comparatively few books on the Chinese crisis have appeared, the reason probably being that there is very little interest in England in matters dealing with the Far East.

One of the subjects of the "silly season" in literature has been a discussion upon the decay of the six-shilling novel which replaced the novel at the preposterous price of thirty-one and sixpence. With so many sixpenny editions of famous novels on the market one is not surprised to learn, especially with an income-tax of one shilling in the pound, that people think twice before spending six shillings on an untried book. The sixpenny novel has not only hit the publishers badly, but it has seriously affected the bookbinders. With the cheapening of type-setting, consequent on such machines as the linotype, it has become possible to set up a novel at far less cost than was formerly the case. The sixpenny edition is of course absolutely unsightly, but then nobody ever dreams of keeping the average novel after it has been read. Indeed, one wonders where the battalions of three-volume novels have disappeared, for one finds them far less frequently in the cheap second-hand book shops than one would expect. The great mass of them seem to have found their way to the paper-maker. A most satisfactory symptom in the world of fiction is the growing popularity of Mr. George Meredith. The Constables first rescued him from the hideousness of the early editions in which he appeared. They have now arranged a new pocket-edition at half-a-crown a volume.

A new series of books for children has been prepared by the Methuens, under the editorship of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has made quite a specialty of children's books. There is undoubtedly room for children's books in the prettier forms of the modern book-maker, for most of the religious societies, who have been the great producers of such literature, have lagged behind the times in this respect. Mr. Lucas will publish old, as well as new, material, and if he can avoid going in for the eccentric children's book, which amuses only grown-up people, he should make a success of his series.

Every year sees the Bible more firmly established as a piece of literature, quite apart from its spiritual side, and the Dents, recognizing the fact, are to reprint both Testaments in twenty-four volumes, uniform with their well-known "Temple Shakespeare," which has had such a powerful effect in improving the *format* of books generally. Each volume will be edited by a scholar and will be illustrated by a photogravure frontispiece. The distinguishing quality of the Dent publications is, in the first place, the excellence of their binding (the founder of the firm was originally a book-binder), and in the second, the unobtrusiveness of the editor's name, which is not thrown at the reader in needlessly prominent type on the title-page in the irritating way which disfigures so many reprints.

A new art journal is announced by Sir George Newnes's firm. It is called the "Ideal," and will appear in quarterly parts at ten guineas a part or thirty-eight guineas a year. The size, 20 by 15 inches, is rather large, but the masterpieces reproduced will be done every justice to. Pict-

ures will be reproduced in colors by the Boussod-Valadon and other processes.

The craze for making over novels into plays is more marked than ever, for at the present time three novels are being done in London theatres. "Ben-Hur" at Drury Lane, "Becky Sharp" at the Prince of Wales's, and "Sherlock Holmes" at the Lyceum. During the last few months two other versions of "Becky Sharp" have been produced in the provinces, and it may be remembered that Mr. Barrie once tried his hand at dramatizing an incident in "Vanity Fair." Rumor credits Mrs. Humphry Ward with the intention of dramatizing "Eleanor," although I can think of few writers less suitable for transposition than Mrs. Humphry Ward. During the summer a very interesting old morality play, called "Every Man," was given at the Charterhouse, London, and at Oxford. It is really an allegory on Death. Americans were largely represented at both performances.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

THE echoes of the sale of the library of Mr. William Harris Arnold have not died out yet. Here we have "A Record of First Editions of Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier," collected by him, with "An Essay on Book-Madness by Leon H. Vincent." The idea of issuing this record was an original one, and one reads with amazement that the compiler of this "Record" as well as owner of the library, was only six years in getting together this remarkable collection. Besides the interesting "Essay on Book-Madness" by Mr. Vincent the volume records the cost, selling price, year of purchase of each book, as well as whether bought from a bookseller or at auction.

The fact that Mr. Arnold bought his first book on May 16, 1895 (he hopes never to buy his last), and sold his library on January 30 and 31, 1901, and made so few mistakes seems most unusual. As an investment Mr. Arnold's was a paying one, for he expended in these six years the moderate sum of $3,508.16, and realized at the end of this time $7,363.17. Thus besides more than doubling his investment, he had the pleasure of pursuit, the pleasure of possession, and the pleasure of having his library gain one hundred per cent. in value by the operation. There are numerous items of great interest to the collector to be found in looking over these figures and the results—but perhaps the most important is the fact that where Mr. Arnold bought unique or immaculate copies he more than vindicated his judgment by the advance they showed later. Another fact of equal importance is that the sale showed how vigorous and healthy is the interest in American first editions.

In "Bryant's" the catalogue lacked the "Poems by a Youth of Thirteen," but it did contain "The Embargo," 1809. "The Fountain," 1842, presentation copy showed a large advance on the cost, going from $4.13 to $20, while "Hymns," 1864, rose from $3 to $24.

In the Emerson's, the most remarkable rise was shown in the MS. of "The Threnody," which was bought less than a year before the sale for $26.40 at auction while fetching $300 at the sale.

Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," Boston, 1828, showed a remarkable advance considering the price originally paid for it, rising from $200 to $410; while Peter Parley's "Universal History," 2 volumes, rose from $17.50 to $100. It is only fair to state that there are some notable instances of the prices going the other way as when "Miscellaneous Poems from the United States Literary Gazette" cost $30 and sold for $28. So one might go on—*ad infinitum* and show the vagaries and uncertainties of collecting. The volume is a handsome demy 4to of 102 pages printed on hand-made paper with rough edges, by the Marion Press of Jamaica, Queens Borough, New York. It contains numerous fac-similes of important and scarce books, besides reprinting at the top of each chapter a fac-simile of the author's autograph.

The decay of leather bindings must always be a source of grief and anxiety to the collector.

Three primal causes are generally given, damp, light, and heat.

In this country the two most obvious causes are gas and heat; our furnace-heated houses being especially bad for certain leathers. Every owner of a book bound in either law sheep, calf, or Russia leather has noticed that these have crumbled or rotted to a greater or less degree. Notably so in the case of law sheep and Russia leather.

About two years ago in England, as the result of one of the meetings of the Library Association, a committee was formed with the well-known binder, Mr. T. J. Cobden Sanderson as chairman, and Mr. Douglas Cockerell as secretary, to encourage the production and use of sound leather for book-binding.

Later their work came under the notice of the Society of Arts, and they with some others were appointed to go more fully and carefully into the whole subject. In the Society of Arts "Journal" for July the report is given in full, and as it contains much of vital interest, we give an epitome of its conclusions. In general the decay of bindings began about 1830, with the introduction of gas and furnace heat, white pigskin having been proved the most durable; vellum comes next, but is so inflexible that it is not recommended for modern use. The causes for decay are summed up by the committee into mechanical and chemical. They further state that modern book-binding is less durable than formerly because the leather used is inferior, and the binders pare the leather too thin as it makes the books more easily handled. Gas is the greatest enemy, while the direct rays of the sun ought to be strenuously avoided. Imitation and cheap methods have crept in so the binders can turn their work out more rapidly and in greater quantity. The committee recommend yellow glass for library cases that are in the direct rays of the sun. The committee is continuing its work and it is to be hoped that further reports may come which will add to our knowledge.

The latest issue from the press of the Rev. George Daniel of Oxford is a reprint of "The Muses Gardin for Delights, or the fift Booke of Ayres, onely for the Lute, the Base-vyoll and the Voice," composed by Robert Jones. This is edited with an Introduction by William Barclay Squire. It seems that when Mr. Arthur H. Bullen was making his researches into the Elizabethan heavens—for madrigals and airs—he knew of the existence of this little volume, but was never able to find a copy. A careful search at Stafford House and Trentham resulted in the fact that neither library contained it. A further search, however, was made at Bridgewater House, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, and to the exceeding delight of the searcher the little volume turned up. Besides this, some other treasures in the way of song-books hitherto unknown turned up.

Little is known of Robert Jones, the composer of these songs. He seemed to have combined the dual office of lutist and poet, some of his earlier poems having been quoted in "England's Helicon" and Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody." As a musician his airs seem slight and thin, but he was one of the first to bring English folk-music up to a higher standard, and to raise it above the rubbishy and inartistic form given it by the writers of dance-tunes and ballads.

Ernest Dressel North.

A DEDICATION.

MOTHER, I dedicate this book to thee
And I would wish that all through it may know
How great thy teaching was, how wide the flow,
Of love thou gav'st thy child unceasingly.
Thy strong hands led me to the eternal springs.
And like the grain set on the young child's lip
Thy spirit bids me praise the highest things,
And dwells beside me in close fellowship.
Then like a pilgrim comes my love to thee
With songs immortal held within his scrip.

—*From "The Book of Peace," made by Pamela Tennant. Published by the Chiswick Press.*

NEW FICTION OF IMPORTANCE

FINE PORTRAITS BY MISS JEWETT

ALL Miss Jewett's work is instinct with charm. But her latest novel has power. It deals with a little recognized side of the war of the Revolution and with a new scene. We owe her gratitude, also, in that she has not further muddled our conceptions of Washington by a new portrait. She does bring in Paul Jones; but her picture of him is so vital and convincing that it supersedes any other. One seems to see the real man, the irritable, vain-glorious hero. She has even given us an insight into the broad and daring vision which separated Paul Jones from the score of able men and good seamen who were his American contemporaries.

The most difficult of an artist's problems is to portray a man of genius. Miss Jewett does indicate the touch of genius in Paul Jones. She does it at the very moment which reveals his weaknesses. You are able to comprehend how his subordinates could criticise and his equals dislike him, and how he failed of winning (what many a man of lesser mould has won) the unfaltering devotion of his followers. At the same time you come to recognize the fine and noble strain in the man. You feel toward him the partisanship of an actual acquaintance. You can see how he won love, although he could not always keep what he won. There are few more pathetic pictures than the scene with Mary Hamilton in the cathedral, so delicate and restrained, yet so strong. And, surely, there was never a gentler and more plaintive touch on a chord we all know, than Mary Hamilton's last spoken words in the book: "I am thinking of the captain," she said, after a little silence. "You know how he left us when we were so happy, and slipped away alone into the dark without a word. . . ."

"Oh, look, Madam!" she cried then. "Our friends are all there; they are all waiting for us!" And so with more glad recognition the happy girl to whom Paul Jones has given back her lover, turns again to her happiness and her home-coming, leaving the hero who had loved her, alone in the dark. It is beautifully and most deftly done. A mere suggestion, a touch on the strings of the violin in passing. But in it is the hint of sacrifice and the undemanding pain of a manly heart and a glimpse into a brave and lonely soul.

The real artist's touch is in this subtle final shadow on the portrait. But, after all, it is not Paul Jones whose image will remain longest in the reader's mind; it is Mary Hamilton. A sweeter, braver, more charming creature not even the painter of dainty Betty Leichester has ever drawn. Of all the historical gallery to which our novelist friends have introduced us of late, she is easily the most winsome. She is not startling, or bewildering, or dazzling; one can as soon imagine her playing with her lover as forgetting him; there are no fireworks about Mary Hamilton, and she never poses for the limelight. Even if she do a heroic act (as she does more than once) it is done so unobtrusively and naturally that one is more impressed with its sense than its heroism. She is merely a high-souled and lovable creature, one of the few, notably few heroines of fiction, whom one would like for a next-door neighbor. Did she live to-day, her husband and children would adore her, her mother-in-law would cling to her, men would admire her and

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THE TORY LOVER. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

women love her; and she would have a good name in the intelligence offices—which means more than any of the other praises! To have made her as she is, and not in the least other-worldly or pretentious—just a sweet, sane gentlewoman, who could make mistakes, but never loses either her tact or her good manners—is a triumph.

Another delicious portrait is Madame Wallingford's. "She had never been called beautiful; she had no great learning. . . . She had manner rather than manners; she was plainly enough that unmistakable and easily recognized person, a great lady. They are but few in every generation, but the simplicity and royalty of their lovely succession have never disappeared from an admiring world." "Easily recognized," truly; but not so easily drawn. Both Madame Wallingford and Mary Hamilton are great ladies. How many novelists of this ilk can draw a lady? Miss Jewett can draw a lady without having to think. She never makes a false stroke. It is something to do. Because Miss Jewett does it so easily her achievement is not less. Her gentlefolks are silly, sometimes (brains cannot always be either born or bred!) brutal, even; but they are always gentlefolks.

As Mary is a gentlewoman so is her lover a brave and gallant young gentleman. To have made him keep our respect through his misfortunes and his acting in these misfortunes like a plucky, every-day man, rather than a god-like conqueror of a hero, is another achievement. The lover is a Tory who becomes a very moderate patriot, possibly seeing things more clearly than a more sanguine partisan. The conduct of the so-called patriots to his mother is instructive reading for those of us who are disposed to believe all the virtues can belong to one side. In truth, the patriots treated the royalists with the same ferocious and stupid brutality that the Tories meted out to the "rebels." And among the loyalists were some of the true lovers of their country, men like Thompson and Hutchinson. When the colonies exiled such men, they emulated George III.'s stupidity.

Miss Jewett's story deals with the fortunes of a young man who loved his country with his eyes open. He disapproves of her rebellion; but when the die is cast, throws his lot on her side. There is a likeness to some readers between such a tory and the anti-imperialists who utterly disapproved of the Spanish War, but accepted its results. Indeed, an amusing and ingenious parallel might be drawn; so well has Miss Jewett described a certain temperament, as indigenous to the New England soil, to-day, as yesterday.

I seem to be speaking, always, of portraits; but I feel more the power of the human beings (they are no less) who walk through the story as they do through life, than any rush of incident or any excitement of plot. There are a few places where the rich and leisurely flow of the charming narrative grows rapid. The best of these is the attack on Madame Wallingford's house. Those pages stir the blood; so do some about Paul Jones's hawk-like dives at the English coast; and the whole story of the sickening squabbles and bickerings and squeamish timidities which hindered him in France, is vivid to a degree. And as always with Miss Jewett, the style of these narrations is exquisite, simple as finished, the style of a master. But in general, it is not for the plot or for the style that one must believe that here is a book to endure; it is because before us we have the veritable lives and souls of our ancestors. They are before us in their habit as they lived. We not only see; we know them. And such portrayal is the only real creative, the only real enduring force in literature.

Octave Thanet.

A NEW STUDY OF TEMPERAMENT

"STEPHEN CALINARI" is a careful analysis of a young man who was the son of a Greek mother and a Creole-English father. The father deserted the mother and disappeared from memory but not from life, while she resumed her maiden name and her home with Stephen's grandfather, a rich Greek merchant in London. The scenes are laid in Oxford, where the story opens, in and around London, and in Constantinople during the Russo-Turkish War.

Mr. Sturgis presents several groups of interesting people whose lives are interrelated. The young college athlete, Harold Downton, is the link between the Oxford and the Deanery group which includes the Coop family of simple, natural lives. Lord Ranmore and his twin daughters Lotty and Elfrida, the "Elf" of Stephen's boyhood, and their self-constituted chaperon Lady Susan Morby, named "Sukey" by the irreverent Elf, are part of the London group; Daria Fane, Russo-English, musician, philosopher, and woman of the world (she could see with the sleeves of her jacket) and her two aunts, one of them a wise Russian princess who looked like a seal in corsets, form the Constantinople contingent.

The interest naturally centres around the young hero, an ardent egoist who left Oxford because he was doing no good there. "You will do no good anywhere," said the Head, in a clear, passionless, high tone, as Stephen escaped from the august personage who at first glance resembled a rosy choir-boy. The youth was furious yet he laughed, and as he journeyed up to London, in his return to mother and grandfather, he forgot the sting in the joyous prospect of seeing the world. He was Greek and young and strong, and Life was before him holding out both hands.

Madame Calinari, "Madam Cally," as the social world called her, is one of the two good mothers in the book. She was passive, gentle, kindly, comfortable, and not a little wise. She was tall and shapely, too, moon-faced and fair, always well dressed, but not aggressively; restful, responsive, intelligent, but not too tiresomely clever. When Stephen appeared fresh from Oxford in the midst of a large reception (having made his way to his room stealthily by means of the back stairs), she looked at him with round eyes and said, "Steenie!" very softly.

"Well, Beloved?" was his reply as he kissed her. Then, in her ear, "I've left Oxford."

"Oh," was her comment. Then she scanned him kindly from top to toe, and said, "I don't like your socks."

Wise mother! Not profound possibly, but uncarping and comfortable. A mother to love and be proud of.

Contrasted with Madame Calinari is another mother, Mrs. Coop, who loved talk, chuckled at her five children's jests till the teapot shook, and "mothered" everyone within reach. Chaloner, her eldest, Stephen's reporter friend, was explaining the family to Stephen as they all sat at breakfast in a house full of peace and smelling like a nosegay.

> "Jinny reads to poor old people in the hospital who can't get out," he continued.
>
> "None of our successes are equal to his," said Jinny to Stephen. "He lectured on Kant to the Mechanics' Institute, and when he was half through he found himself alone in the room with the secretary, who is famed for his patience and politeness."
>
> Chaloner laughed heartily. "I was but knocking the bottom out of materialism," he said; "and as each workingman was converted, he got up and went out. It was very gratifying to me that the first half of my lecture was all that was needed."

Like many young men even without Greek forebears, Calinari fancied himself in love with one woman after another; first with the Lady Elfrida who caught the eye and set tongues wagging, then

STEPHEN CALINARI. By Julian Sturgis. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

with brilliant Daria, two-and-twenty years of age, who wanted everything, "a girl with two aunts, a chit, cabined, cribbed, confined." It sometimes happens that the artistic temperament grows to knowledge of what true love is by a process of evolution. Love of love—as necessary as the breath of life itself—evolves into love of the beloved. So it was with Stephen. He found himself in the love that taught him loyalty and reverence for woman. His mother and Lord Ranmore appeared to protest against his choice, but protest died on their lips.

> An unusual modesty had touched both these elderly people. The eyes which they had turned from the garden [lest they should see the meeting of the lovers] met with a new sympathy, and each saw in the other's eyes with wonder a moisture near to tears. A common feeling touched them both, but the man more deeply, stirring old memories of love and loss, of the promise in the spring-tide of youth, and the pathos of the procession of veiled hours. To these pilgrims who had journeyed far along the common road, their own use seemed close, closer than yesterday. Moved by one impulse, they turned again to the window, and saw through the mist of unshed tears where girl and boy stood hand in hand in the garden of enchantment.

This passage comes very near to poetry.

Politics and the Russo-Turkish War are subordinated. The main interest lies in the characters, which are without exception distinctly drawn. The diction is singularly exact, returning in some instances to Elizabethan forms. The easy style shows that the author must have written in the red light of enthusiasm with abandonment to his subject, and revised in the white light of criticism when the creation had lain cold long enough for him to be critic of his own production.

Carolyn Shipman.

THE TWO MASTERS

ACHIEVEMENT, though the ideals of youth are sacrificed, friends forfeited, and even love is lost, is the theme of *The Great God Success*, a study of the rise of an ambitious journalist. The author, "John Graham" (an assumed name), is evidently a newspaper man who has done something more than serve an apprenticeship in the hard school which he describes. It is no small feat to set the scene of a newspaper office so that it looks natural, to make the figures that move and work in it true to life, and, at the same time, to show the lay reader how the news of the world is collected, printed, published, and circulated and give him a just idea of the mission of the press. All this the author does with the insight of a close and thoughtful observer, and there will be many guesses as to his identity. *The Great God Success* has no plot, yet it has a quickening interest for the reader, as a shrewd study of the springs of human action will always have. The style is nervous and animated, and sometimes strikingly epigrammatic.

Howard, fresh from Yale, is engaged on trial by the managing editor of the "News-Record." He is told by a *blasé* young man that journalism is either "a school or a cemetery," and the star reporter's sprightly account of a grewsome tragedy which he has just witnessed repels Howard. But he grits his teeth and pitches in, only to find that he has no news-sense and can't write. He is voted a failure, but saves himself from dismissal by a casually clever story. He has "caught on," and soon becomes "a Park Row celebrity"—that is to say, he has learned to know the value of news, writes in a trenchant and popular style, and is talked about as "a brilliant success." But he does not deceive himself. He is destined for "the cemetery," unless the stimulus to ambition comes. Howard, living on the edge of Bohemia, makes the acquaintance of Alice, who also lives in Mrs. Sands's boarding-house, where nobody has much of a reputation and most of the lodg-

THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS. By John Graham. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 12mo, $1.50.

ers have pasts. Alice, a sentimental girl, with more than her share of good looks, is striving to solve the cruel problem of living on a wage of six dollars a week. She falls in love with Howard, but he is only mildly interested in her, and in pique she "goes up-town." One night she returns a woman, but no longer innocent, and tells him she will not be in his way.

"Why not?" says the selfish Howard, and they take an apartment.

Four years they live together outside the pale—he absorbed in his work, and she loving him and studying his comfort. Like a bolt from the blue comes the doctor's warning to take her South.

"Nothing can save her life," he says, "that may prolong it."

At her bedside in Asheville, Howard cries out in anguish: "The light goes out with you." And the girl answers:

"With this little candle? No, no, dear —*my* dear. You will be a great man. You will not forget; but you will go on and do the things that I'm afraid I didn't help, maybe hindered, you in trying to do."

Alice dead, Howard returns to New York to drown his remorse in work. Ambition urges him on, the memory of Alice grows dim, and he is soon on the high road to success, which will always be greater to him than love. He tries his hand at editorial work and makes a hit with Malcolm, the "chief," a cynic and a polished casuist.

"'You believe in things?' Malcolm said to him after they had become well acquainted. 'Well, it is an admirable quality—but dangerous. You will need careful editing. Your best plan is to give yourself up to your belief while you are writing—then to edit yourself in cold blood.'"

About this time Howard meets Marian Trevor, who belongs to the smart set and is an exclusive young person. She is taken with his heroic point of view, and, although she is engaged to another man, she falls in love with Howard, as he does with her. Marian has a month's grace before going to the other man, whom she has never loved, and Howard, with reckless lack of principle, makes the most of it. He is an intrepid wooer and original in his methods, but when the time for parting comes he misses the opportunity to persuade the girl against a loveless marriage.

"He's a coward, or he wouldn't have given me up," says Marian to herself afterward. The truth is, the great god Success beckons Howard, and a wife might be an incumbrance.

Malcolm gives up the cares of editorship, and Howard succeeds him. Howard has a free hand, and revolutionizes the "News-Record." He makes it "the people's organ," believing that "yellow journalism" will pay. Under his lynx-eyed management it does. The "News-Record" goes in for sensations, big head-lines, and pictures. Its editorials are keen, strenuous, catchy, and familiar. One day it electrifies the town by turning on the reformers and rending them for fanatics, utopian theorists, cranks, and impracticables. Howard's ideals have lost their glow, and the great god Success is spurring him on. The circulation bounds up 30,000 in one day. Stokeley, a part-owner, is delighted.

"I'm getting what I want at Albany this winter much cheaper," he says.

The man of ideals winces, but holds his peace. Marian Trevor comes into his life again. She has broken her engagement, and Howard, now famous, and determined to acquire wealth and power, proposes marriage, and she accepts him. In his eyes matrimony is no longer a risk. The girl loves him for his ideals, not knowing how they have faded; while he divides his affections between Marian and Success, with the odds on Success.

Their home-life is luxurious, and Marian, proud of her husband and his ideals, is happy. She tries to get interested in his work for her own sake, but it wearies her. Moreover, she secretly resents his absorption in it and his growing neglect of her. More and more his ideals slip away, and when he suppresses the injunction papers in a Coal Trust suit (which was to "boom" the people's organ) because he holds a block of stock, King, the managing editor, exclaims in disgust:

"Well, I didn't think he'd last! New York always gets 'em when they're worth while."

Howard at last obtains control of the "News-Record," and is free to exploit his ideals. But one of his first acts is to flop "the people's organ" to the side of "plutocracy" for the bribe of an ambassadorship. Marian beholds him unmasked, and is almost heart-broken.

In the last scene they are in Paris, looking at a portrait of the ambassador by a great painter, and they hear the editor spoken of by a stranger as a man who had sold himself. The stranger points out the weak lines and the sordidness of the face.

"Yes," says the unhappy wife to herself, "the portrait is a portrait of his face; and his face is a portrait of himself."

Here the book ends. There is nothing more to be said. The woman's life is wrecked by the man who had preferred Success to Love, and parted with his soul for it. The study repels, but a strong and a true hand has laid on the colors. *The Great God Success* is a book that will be widely read and much discussed.

H. E. Armstrong.

A PLAIN TALE OF THE ROAD

DISCERNING persons who have read in "The Lesson" and other recent verses a convincing tale of writer's paralysis, will find little to uphold their diagnosis of decay in Mr. Kipling's first long story of life in India, for in *Kim*, the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" is among his own again. Mussalman, Brahmin, Jain, and Buddhist, high caste and low caste, Afghan, European, and Eurasian are marshalled before the reader with the old-time skill and effect. Mr. Kipling's acquaintances will also recognize in *Kim* parts of many tales told inimitably to audiences of one or two, and now happily set forth for the delight of many. It is said that this story is the result of several years of intermittent work, and it contains evidence of such an origin. Certainly it is so crowded with life and incident that the reader will not readily quarrel with the theory that its author has put into it much time and pains.

Kim, first of all, has the vast advantage of following the great precedents from Odysseus to Pan Michael, for it is a tale of the road; and the great road of romance now runs across Northern India "for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as exists nowhere else in the world." The thread of the story is the development of one Kimball O'Hara, "a poor white of the very poorest," stranded in Lahore by the death of his white mother and of the Irish color-sergeant, his father, and led upon the road by a lama from Tibet—a holy man in search of a sacred river. Kim, whose European wits have been preternaturally sharpened by contact with the lewd, lying, thieving, and throat-cutting Oriental, has interests of which the lama does not suspect, and which lead him naturally into the secret service of the British Government—a service needing for its work many tongues and disguises and much knowledge of devious ways and disreputable folk. About Kim and the holy man revolve the other characters of the story: an Afghan horse-dealer, with red-dyed beard and secret understandings with

KIM. By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations from Decorations by John Lockwood Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

Government officials; an English officer of high rank; two army chaplains; a garrulous native widow of wealth and many superstitions, but not too squeamish conversation; a dealer in gems and other hidden things at Simla; a fat Babu spy, with the degree of Master of Arts from Calcutta; the polyandrous woman of a hill village perched upon a spur of the Himalayas, "like a swallow's nest under the eaves of the roof of the world." These and many more lend their hands to fashion Kim's adventures.

If the lama has his quest, Kim has his search, also. His earliest recollection is of the story of a wonder-working red bull on a green field which would some day raise him to honor, and his first political commission from the Afghan horse-dealer is the carrying news of a plot against the Government to an English officer in Umballa. By reason of this plot eight thousand troops are ordered to punish the rebellious natives, and Kim, encountering a detachment of the troop, sees, to his amazement, two men in uniform planting at his very feet a flag "with the regimental device, the Red Bull, which is the crest of the Mavericks—the great Red Bull on a background of Irish green." It is Kim's father's regiment, as proved by parchments in the amulet about the boy's neck, and Kim, who prefers the road, is sentenced by the regimental chaplain to banishment in an orphanage. From this fate he is saved by the lama who, out of his abbot's savings, pays for the boy's education in a Catholic school at Lucknow. There Kim passes three years in pursuit of the white man's learning, growing wise in some of the things that an agent of the British Government in India must know, but becoming doubly proficient in the knowledge not taught in schools during long mid-year vacations spent on the road. At the end of his course he, a well-grown lad of seventeen, is permitted to take the road again with the lama. On this, his first trip into the hills, he is able to capture the incriminating maps and papers of two Russian emissaries engaged in stirring up insurrection among the native rulers.

Thus the story is always of the road. Here it concerns a little community in the plains, "where village touches village for a hundred miles," and the headman is summoned to pass an opinion upon the strangers and offer hospitality under the village tree, which is town-hall and meeting-house and lyceum and club and school for half the population of India. Here the story is of Kim, with begging-bowl, affably permitting superstitious or charitably disposed persons to acquire merit by giving food to himself and the lama. Here it is of the city where, for a matter of thirty dollars, a man may buy the corpse and the witnesses to prove that his enemy has committed a murder. Again it turns aside to stable-boys and thieves and to lawless women who have wonderful dyes to make a white lad look like a brown. Still again the story is of travel on the road with its variegated and polyglot company of Sansi, ex-convict, "wild-eyed and wild-haired Akali," a village on its way to a fair, strolling jugglers and acrobats, sweetmeat-venders and the carts which carry the cotton and wheat of Hindustan. In short, the story of Kim is the story of life in India, with its incomprehensible caste distinctions, which vanish "when no eye is looking"; its superstitions, which count the commonest truth a lie, and the most amazing product of Eastern imagination nothing but simple truth; with its crimes and its endless kindnesses; its camel-trains, its locomotives, its native arts, and its cheap German toys. Whoso would know India, let him read *Kim*, which has no theory of empire to propound and no governmental incapacity to expose, but which is fiction to be thankful for.

John D. Adams.

"THE ETERNAL CITY"

MR. CAINE is an interesting figure in contemporary fiction, because his popularity has grown with the waning of the promise of his early work. There was something large, epic almost, in those earliest books of his, which arrested the attention of those who study contemporary letters, and led them, whose good opinion was so well worth winning, to predict for him a great future, to see in him the budding of an English Victor Hugo in wealth of imagination, and vastness of conception. Mr. Caine began his career as a writer of tragedy in the grand manner; he has lived to produce lurid melodrama, but his vogue has grown rather than diminished. He has carried his public with him across the line that divides good art from bad, and not one of the throng has deserted him without seeing ten new-comers ready to take his place.

Still it is not difficult to understand his victorious career. He has great gifts—all the talents that make popular writers of fiction as distinct from literary artists. His melodrama is the true article, which even the fastidious need not altogether scorn. He belongs to the race of Eugene Sue, he is a kind of Gustave Doré of the pen. The wealth of plot, incident, and climax he lavishes upon this new book of his, the strong emotionalism wherewith he garnishes it, the tragedy of love and betrayal, of suffering and sacrifice, which he has invented—all this is more than enough to secure the attention of that great, dear public which loves to be harrowed, to feel deeply and strongly, which rejoices most when it weeps and thrills with joy in turns. The tricks are very obvious when exhibited, but, like the egg of Columbus, only an occasional writer has them at his command. Mr. Caine is of these fortunate few. He has the instinctive eye for crude, violent effects; he lacks the art to make the most of them. What might be made into legitimate tragedy in abler hands becomes melodrama in his; but for that very reason he finds so large a following.

The art of this book is very bad, worse even than that of "The Christian," but the effect is undeniable. A robustious writer is Mr. Caine, with all his shortcomings, a writer who, preferring popularity to fame, hesitates not to give his public what it wants in strongest form, and to give it in double and triple quantity. There is enough here to fill three books by a painstaking artist; he flings it down in crude form, and lets the reader's feelings co-operate with him.

The hero of *The Eternal City* is a modern Samson, championing the oppressed against the encroachments of the lords of the modern Philistines, royalty, and militarism. For, as is well known, Mr. Caine seeks his plots in the Bible. Delilah is not lacking, but she is modified to meet the requirements of melodrama. An impassive instrument of revenge, a cold-hearted traitress would not have suited the needs of the case, which demand love in strong proportions. Therefore, instead of opposing this temptress with a virtuous heroine, Mr. Caine has rolled the two into one, extracting from this composite personage some remarkably strong situations. Betrayer and lover both, this Delilah sounds the whole gamut of human emotions, triumphing in the hour of death. She is admirably conceived.

Of course, Mr. Caine meddles with the great social problem. His Samson champions the people—he is their leader, the advocate of liberty, and the brotherhood of man. There is a touch of Tolstoi in his teachings, and in the epilogue following the dramatic close we learn that he has not worked in vain: the problem is solved,

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THE ETERNAL CITY. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

man is free; monarchy, Papacy, private ownership of land, militarism and its burdens, have disappeared. A federation of European republics has arisen, based upon the Lord's Prayer. Of course, we cannot take this side of the book seriously, as we do in Zola's "Rome"; but it serves the purposes of its author magnificently. There is the pageantry of the Vatican on its great days, the pomp of military royalty, the excitements of sittings of the Italian chamber, to draw upon for backgrounds, and brilliant moving pictures. And of these, too, there is triple measure.

This book will succeed, there can be no doubt of that, in spite of its crudities, its primitive, defective art, its lack of restraint—probably because of them. There is not an Italian in the book: all these men and women, from the hero to the Pope Pius X., are Anglo-Saxons in thought and speech and action. Samson, indeed, has grown up amid English surroundings, and has lived in these United States, but his followers have not. However, that is an advantage, not a drawback, for the book with its author's admirers here and in England: they will understand the characters all the better for it, and feel nearer to them.

One cannot help regretting, on closing this book, that a man so greatly gifted has lost so utterly the artistic instinct which made his first beginnings so rich in promise. Mr. Caine has a brilliant future behind him; he has a profitable future before him. Nothing can rob him of his popularity, his melodrama suits the masses. His place in contemporary fiction has recently been seriously discussed in England. It is difficult to place him. At present he appears to stand midway between literature and the Rev. Silas Hocking, with a strong list toward his neighbor and rival, Miss Marie Corelli.

A. Schade van Westrum.

"LAZARRE"

A LONG time ago an article in the old "Putnam's Magazine" asked its readers, "Have we a Bourbon among us?"—to which Mrs. Catherwood answers a decided affirmative in her latest book, "Lazarre."

As far as a rather poor memory of the acknowledged facts may be trusted, Mrs. Catherwood's story adheres closely to them, and, where facts are missing, she fills the gap with most ingenious and convincing fiction, thoroughly true to the spirit of the facts, which in this case is also the spirit of romance.

There is a vivid prelude in which a little girl, Eagle de Ferrier, the daughter of a French loyalist, meets a scarred and dazed little boy, whom her father and her cousin recognize to their own satisfaction as the dauphin, Louis XVII., who was supposed to have died in prison. For the boy's safety they decide not to publish their recognition, and they lose track of him, though they know that he is taken to America, whither they, also, are bound. Beyond this prelude, the narrative is, in the words of Lazarre himself, Eleazer Williams, the young man who, at eighteen, comes out of an almost blank mental state which covers his previous life, and finds that instead of being the son of the half-breed Indian, Thomas Williams, he is a mysteriously adopted white boy; his mind once awakened, he is subject to occasional strange seizures of remembrance in which an earlier past than that of his Indian home comes to him, forcibly but incoherently. Eagle de Ferrier, now Madame de Ferrier, the young wife of her old cousin, is not included in these flashes of memory, but she sees and recognizes him as the boy whom her father and cousin recognized long before. Through her insistence

LAZARRE. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

he is taken into a French family and educated, and the story begins to unfold the intricate evidence by which Lazarre is convinced that he is the rightful heir of Louis XVI. of France.

The daring and the distance of this claim, reaching as it does out of the ignorance and helplessness of an Indian camp to a throne then held by Bonaparte, does not appear too great to Lazarre, for "The world is fluid to a boy. He can do and dare anything. But it hardens round a man, and becomes a wall through which he must cut." Lazarre is still a boy, and he makes his way to France, partly in the vague hope of finding some opening to the throne, more definitely because he loves Madame de Ferrier, who, hearing of her husband's death, goes back to petition Napoleon for the restoration of the de Ferrier estates. With Lazarre go his fussy old English tutor and Skenedonk, a devoted Indian; they are as queer helpers to a kingdom or to a woman's love as a young man was ever burdened with, but they insist on going. Of course the expedition is fruitless except in adventure and experience, and he returns from it to take up a previous idea of founding a state for the Indians. In the end, however, acknowledgment of his claim to the throne comes to him from his uncle, Louis XVIII., who had at first denied him; but he refuses the advance, having no more faith in the chance of any Bourbon for regaining the kingdom, and having found that Eagle loves him, though she has constantly urged him to claim the throne and thus put between them the royalty in which she has such belief.

It is impossible to recall another recent story with such wealth of original incident and such fresh characters. Lazarre and Skenedonk are perhaps the closest studies. Skenedonk is absolutely faithful and absolutely disobedient; he hides the case of money and jewels in the travelling carriage instead of putting them in bank as he was told; he steals Madame de Ferrier's diary from Lazarre to save him from "white woman sorcery," and only gives it back in his own good time; and when the tutor takes himself out of the narrative, taking with him most of Lazarre's money, he casually regrets that they had not knocked "the old woman" in the head as a safeguard against such occurrences.

Lazarre, on the other hand, though trained among the Indians, is a very satisfactory deduction of what the son of Louis XVI. would be after breathing in hardihood with the outdoor air. Gentle, obstinate, with a wonderfully soft spot in his heart for his enemies, he measures himself against other men and concludes that he is not the one to seize a kingship. Yet there is a breadth, an essential royalty about him which causes Eagle to write to him in her padlocked book, telling of the hardships of her pioneer life: "Count du Chaumont would be angry if he saw me learning to weave, for instance. You would not be angry. That makes a difference between you as men which I feel but cannot explain."

Eagle's diary is a very wonderful bit of writing. In a few pages, full of brief records, it makes the woman herself, her love for Lazarre, and the facts of her life in a tiny Indiana settlement all so vivid that Lazarre's comment after reading it seems no exaggeration—from his point of view as lover. "When day broke it seemed the morning after my own death, such knowing and experiencing had passed through me." For Eagle is a woman who knows how to cover her heart when she must, how to reveal it when she may, and Mrs. Catherwood has managed to give her "a nameless personal charm which must be the gift of the spirit," so that she seems worth the shadow of a kingdom which Lazarre turns from to make sure of her.

Mary Tracy Earle.

"TRISTRAM OF BLENT"

TRISTRAM OF BLENT is perhaps not the most ambitious of Mr. Hope's novels thus far, but it is unquestionably the maturest work he has yet done, the most representative of his polished, finished art. He has given us kings, real and imaginary, in his books, in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its sequel, and in "The King's Mirror"; a great, ruthless, and unscrupulous empire-builder in "The Man in the Car," a politician who would be a statesman in "Quisanté." He has drawn upon his imagination for the romance of exalted station, and upon a finely trained gift of observation for semi-portraits of prominent contemporaries, somewhat after the manner of Daudet. In his new novel he is content to deal with obscurer lives, and, if his subject be less ambitious, the perfection of his workmanship more than suffices to satisfy our every demand.

His plot is ingenious—worthy of the old-time three-volume English novel of upper-class English life at its best. It reveals anew the inexhaustibility of the peerage, the English laws of succession, and the atmosphere of country life as sources for plots to novelists; and if he seek his complication in Russia, that is so deftly imagined and so neatly done that it gives to the whole an air of refreshing novelty. This is, indeed, one of the two great charms of this story. Coolly analyzed, the plot resolves itself into the fundamental ingredients that have served so long to entertain English novel-readers, according to the gifts of their users; but here it all bears a stamp of novelty—it is modernized, the breeding is of our day, the beautiful English landscape is seen through modern eyes. The old pride of birth and possession, strangely manifested in an uncommon situation, is studied at first hand, not in earlier stories. The plot hinges upon the difference between the Russian and the western calendar—a matter of dates is the clew to it all. It involves the question of the legitimacy of the heir of Blent, a secret well kept by him and his mother, but betrayed in the most up-to-date manner by the manuscript of a volume of memoirs—what can be more timely than this in our age of many biographies and tomes of reminiscences? The editor of this particular work suppresses the indiscreet passage, but is drawn into the drama by a chain of perfectly natural events.

The second charm of the book—it is really the greater one—is Mr. Hope's handling of his characters, which inclines one to the belief, already expressed, that *Tristram of Blent* is his most mature and most artistic work. The care bestowed on each and every one of them, the love of art for its own sake, the genuine pleasure taken in the creation of perfect work is discernible in every page. The minor characters are as closely studied as the leaders: Mr. Jenkinson Neeld, retired from the Bar, the editor of the memoirs in question, is unmistakably the type of the elderly, well-to-do, somewhat fussy bachelor club man; Iver, the parvenu builder, is devoid of even a trace of exaggeration, yet palpably a representative of a class which it is so easy to caricature; and Sloyd, the real estate agent, is no less convincing. Of the principal characters we need hardly speak: they are of the kind which has placed Mr. Hope's name in the front rank of living English novelists.

The story is good reading. It affords, however, a deeper pleasure to those who love good workmanship, fine art, for its own sake. The book is magnificently "finished"; little touches, unobtrusive, but telling, bear evidence to the unceasing

TRISTRAM OF BLENT. By Anthony Hope. McClure, Phillips & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

care of the author. An admirable writer is Mr. Anthony Hope, and he has written an admirable book. *S. A.*

"AGAIN ROMANCE!"

"EBEN HOLDEN" was a character-study, pure and simple, aiming at the representation of a local American type, and a local American life now past; *D'ri and I* is a tale of war—a historical romance first, a study of character afterward. D'ri—or Darius—is a representative of the Yankee of the early part of the last century, quaint of dialect, original in thought, wise in his generation, rugged in character and body, but, while he represents the character-study in this book, he is overshadowed by the feats, adventures, and prowess of the I whose faithful companion he is. Mr. Bacheller remains true to Northern New York in this tale of the War of 1812, but this time he has selected the region south of the St. Lawrence, between lakes Champlain and Ontario, thus making an occasion to deal with an element in the making of our native population which is not widely known or taken into consideration. To this secluded country there came, after the Reign of Terror, a number of Frenchmen of wealth and title, who built themselves stately mansions there, after the manner of their ruined châteaux in France, and gradually added of their blood and characteristics to the formation of the character of the Northern New Yorker. The hero of this book is the son of a Puritan father and a French mother.

This Gallic element strongly tinges the story, which deals with historic episodes of our second war with England and with the pioneer life of the wilderness, yet much of the adventure narrated has an unmistakable French touch, as of the eighteenth-century romance of courtliness and sword-play, a touch quite novel in American historical fiction. The heroines of the tale are two Frenchwomen; the love-story, somewhat complicated by their relation toward each other and the uncertainty of the hero in his feelings for them both, hold the tale together in sufficient measure, but in reality it is a series of episodes in the early pioneer life and the days of warfare and raiding, some of them remarkably well told. We doubt, however, if cigarettes were smoked quite so extensively in that period as Mr. Bacheller would have us believe, and, certainly, Louison's remark that a fat Englishwoman called her "Mumm (as if I were a wine-maker)" is an anachronism. The construction of this story reminds us somewhat of Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady's lighter work. *A. V.*

D'RI AND I. By Irving Bacheller. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. Lothrop Publishing Company, 12mo, $1.50.

CRIME HATH CHARMS

PUT a robber in armor, set him on horseback, teach him to speak a language which, even if it isn't much like the speech of the past, is less like that of today, give him a highly cultivated taste for domestic and neighborly slaughter—do all this, and, if you are an author, nobody will object if you also show an admiring affection for the creature of your fancy, or if you claim from others—your readers, that is—respect for him as an intelligent, courageous, and delicately honorable hero, well worth the cost of the volume in which he lives.

The truth of this somewhat tortuous and breathless statement is demonstrated by the spacious popularity of the novels called, in merry jest, historical. And yet —such is the inconsistency of a critical world!—several long faces have been drawn because Mr. Hornung has ventured upon

RAFFLES. Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman. By E. W. Hornung. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

the projection of a latter-day burglar, and given us a knight whose chief, if not only, difference from the familiar knight, loved and respected by all, is a preference for the skeleton-key over the sword, and a reluctance to shed blood oftener than is really necessary.

Mr. Hornung seems to have been grieved by this injustice, and he permits the amiable, if not estimable, Bunny, nominal biographer of the great A. J. Raffles, to defend the moral lesson taught by the new book bearing that worthy's name as title, as well as that of its predecessor, "The Amateur Cracksman," by calling attention to the fact that both of them prove—or assert—the unprofitability of burglary.

"Raffles," he says, "was a genius, and he could not make it pay. Raffles had invention, resource, incomparable audacity, and a nerve in ten thousand. He was both strategian and tactician, and we all know the difference between the two. Yet for months he had been hiding like a rat in a hole. . . . Then thus far our rewards had oftener than not been no rewards at all."

Waste of space, and Mr. Hornung knows it.

If he really had to answer those dubious ordure as to the "moral lesson" of these adventures, he might gently have admitted that a Raffles never did and never could exist, as gently have hinted that the impossible knows no law, and then modestly have asked: "Aren't these stories original, ingenious, vigorous, artistic, and—interesting?"

None would have said him nay, for the stories are all that, and more. They are not Kipling at his best—or worst, for Mr. Hornung does not imitate. They are little masterpieces, perfect in their genre, and they "teach" nothing more than that Mr. Hornung knows his business as it is known to-day by only a few people out of France, and that for one who began so well he is steadily advancing in his art with a truly marvellous rapidity.

Among these eight tales collected under the title of *Raffles*, perhaps the best is that called "To Catch a Thief," in which "the great A. J." robs a rival of talent only a little inferior to his own. There are others, however—seven others, to be frank—that have merits so little, if any, inferior, that the measurement of the difference would be as difficult as useless. "The Fate of Faustina" throbs with emotions, now tender, now fierce; "An Old Flame" curiously depicts the inevitable and yet—or therefore—surprising weakness of the hero in conflict with a woman of his own reckless audacity, a woman whom a less discriminating romancer than this would have made his natural mate; "The Last Laugh" adroitly combines the chill and the thrill; and "The Knees of the Gods" leaves Raffles on the veldt, definitely and pathetically dead at last.

The stories are all good. They are the very antithesis of realism for the reader unwise enough to make a direct comparison of them with nature as revealed by the police reports; but they persuade and convince for the time of perusal, and the realist who does more than that is only a photographer, and ought to work on a salary for the Smithsonian.

F. C. Mortimer.

"BLENNERHASSETT"

SELDOM does so great a contrast exist between a writer's first and second venture into fiction as that which marks the difference between Mr. Pidgin's "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and his present historical novel, *Blennerhassett*. To begin with, Mr. Pidgin's "Mason's Cor-

BLENNERHASSETT, OR THE DECREES OF FATE. A Romance Founded upon Events in American History. By Charles Felton Pidgin. With Illustrations by Charles H. Stephens. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, 12mo, $1.50.

ner Folks" compel our belief in the reality of their existence, primarily because the author is so delightfully at home among them, while this sense of at-homeness is the first thing one misses in *Blennerhassett.* Making all due allowance for the difficulty always attendant on the effort to rehabilitate and vivify the past, the effort is felt to be more than usual in this story. It is as if the author's long research among the records of the past, the stirring up alike of the events and the hatreds of a hundred years ago, together with his own intense desire to prove Aaron Burr a totally different man from the Burr whom local and partisan tradition has handed down to history, had possessed his mind to the point of robbing his story of spontaneity.

If Mr. Pidgin's story were a poorer one than it is, and its purpose of less import, it would call for less criticism of its social atmosphere—or the want of it. But the book is really an important one and goes far toward achieving its main object. One cannot peruse it without feeling that Aaron Burr was a much-misunderstood man in his day, and that the political faction which condemned him would have been less successful in handing him down to posterity as he is—an enigmatical being, half man, half fiend—were it not for the social power and prestige of the family he most injured. We are made to feel, moreover, that had Burr instead of Hamilton fallen, the whole historic aspect of things would have worn a very different face. The action and words of several men of the time who stood by Burr, together with historic evidence, point to Burr as a man injured in a most galling way by his famous opponent—that is, in every covert way open to the latter—for the space of thirty years. All this Mr. Pidgin presents in an effective and dramatic manner. When Burr could receive neither recantation nor apology, nothing seemed left to him but resort to the code of honor prevailing in his day.

When Mr. Pidgin deals with the Blennerhassetts, husband and wife, one becomes sensible of his falling off in the art of story-telling. He does not make us feel the brilliancy and charm of that remarkable and unfortunate woman; nor the fine scholarship, the simple, dreamy, speculative temperament of Blennerhassett himself. The impartial reader can hardly indorse the author's desire to lighten blame for Burr by making his dupe, Blennerhassett, appear a blackmailer because he subsequently wrote Burr's son-in-law demanding, on pain of exposure, some return for his lost fortune.

Indeed, the whole social atmosphere on Blennerhassett Island is wanting in color, atmosphere, verisimilitude. We hardly see Theodosia Burr Alston herself as the real Theodosia must have been. The episode of handsome, clever Kate Embleton, an ex-servant maid, whose romantic devotion to Burr makes a pretty picture, and redounds to his credit, is hardly convincing. It is odd enough in face of the aristocratic prejudices of the times—to have Theodosia and her father treat this girl as an equal, but it is still more odd to make the Blennerhassetts receive her as such. The latter were then at the height of their opulent existence, and but a short time from their native land. Blennerhassett was proud of being able to prove direct descent from King John, and besides claimed the most ancient blood of Ireland—the most aristocratic of lands after Spain. He was less than a century removed from the period when—if we may believe certain records and story—the wife, even, of a man of kingly line might not eat with her husband at an Irish table if she was of plebeian blood. It is not amiss for the story-teller to remember even such foolish facts as this.

Mary Twombly.

CURRENT LITERATURE

ATHENS AND MACKINAC

MR. HORTON'S attractively printed volume is exactly what the title would imply—an account of the Athens of to-day. It deals with the external aspects of the city, however, its ways of life, its street scenes, its climate, and the charm it has for the stranger. First of all, he impresses upon the reader the fact that the full round of the year produces two cities in Athens rather than one. During the winter, Athens is European in its aspects: one may eat course dinners then; even Greeks will attempt to speak French, and at the opera one may hear a company newly arrived from Paris. The climate, meanwhile, is delightfully cool with frequent rains.

Athens in this condition lasts from October until May, when everything undergoes a change, and tourists who came from northern parts go elsewhere. Greeks now swarm in from Egypt and Turkey, crowding the hotels. Of Athens in summer the tourist knows scarcely anything, and hence knows little of the real modern Athens. Mr. Horton has been there in both seasons, and thus writes with ample knowledge and with unfailing interest. His style is entertaining and effective. One finishes the slight volume with a very distinct wish to follow in the author's footsteps.

Athens in summer becomes what Mr. Horton calls "a city of the sun." It is fairly blinding to eyes which have been schooled in skies more dull. Not only are houses white, but the very sidewalks and pavements are white, while over all blaze the red tiles which form the roofs. Along with this whiteness there is often stillness, notably at mid-day when the curtains fall in the open doorways of shops, rooms elsewhere are darkened and not a sound disturbs the ear. There is no voice in the street, no rattle of wheels, no barking of dogs.

Mr. Horton says one can eat and drink as cheaply in Athens as anywhere in the world. Some of the figures he gives are indeed surprising. Rents are so low that houses can be had for from nine to sixty dollars per month, a passably good house on a good street being obtainable for fifteen dollars. A man with an income of not more than $2,000 a year would be able to maintain quite a respectable establishment. Food may be had in plenty and of the most attractive kinds—a countless variety of fish, while pigeons, woodcock, quail, and partridges are so plentiful that they cease to be luxuries. Dinners may be had as low as twelve cents.

The main drawback to life in Athens is the assiduous flea, but even this, he says, "is purely a matter of acclimatization," so that, after having lived for some time in that country one grows to feel lonely without fleas. Schools are rapidly being founded in Athens. The people give per capita larger sums to public institutions than any other people in the world. Beggars are almost unknown—at least those of the professional class, the Greek being too proud for such employment. Such as do exist are a sort of annex to the church.

The young women of Athens are excessively shy and live in as much seclusion as women of the harem. One may spend a period of weeks in a country village and never see one pretty young girl. It is not that they are indifferent to men, because it is well known that they spend many hours in window-seats behind closed shutters observing passers-by and commenting

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MODERN ATHENS. By George Horton. Illustrated by Corwin Knapp Linson. Charles Scribner's Sons, small 4to, $1.25 *net*.

on men with shrewd wit, and often with ridicule. Nevertheless, modern ideas about women have made some headway in Athens. One woman edits a newspaper which advocates increased education and independence on the part of her sex, while another has become an excellent surgeon and maintains a hospital where she treats the poor free of charge. Mr. Horton finds the street-cries of Athens extremely interesting, so varied are they, so harrowing in tone and vocally so picturesque. He believes some of them have been current in the town since the golden age, and thus have become as deathless as Homer's song.

Of all natural scenes, he dwells with most enthusiasm upon the skies at night. He cannot wonder that the old Greeks worshipped the moon; her splendor in Athens seems no longer borrowed. Seen among the shafts of ancient temples or piercing the darkness between the pillars of the Parthenon, even the driest professional archæologist feels that he walks in the presence of mighty ghosts. Nowhere else has Mr. Horton seen the stars shine as they do in Greece. They seem to come much nearer the earth and have a "passionate splendor in the lilac skies, as fierce and yet as tender-hearted as great drops of dew in the morning sun." He adds that one "can see around behind them."

The author appears to have used his bicycle in those parts, and for one excursion went out to Marathon, which lies twenty-five miles distant, and for another to Corinth, sixty miles away. Dogs were the main impediment to the complete enjoyment of his excursion. Unless one dismounts, a dog is sure to attack him, but a stone hurled at the nuisance causes great fright, for, though Greek dogs are brave enough in other matters, they are desperately afraid of things thrown at them.

These brief comments may serve to show how much of freshness and charm Mr. Horton gives us in this delightful little book.

Mr. Williams's volume has much more than local interest. The tourist by water who stops at Mackinac on his way to Duluth seldom recalls how rich in historic interest that beautiful island is. Nothing remains at present except a delightful summer-resort, but from the earliest times until the close of the War of 1812 it was more than once a vital centre of conflict and interest. Here the first explorers, putting westward from the great St. Lawrence Valley, made landings, and here in the old war between England and France on this continent was a centre from which diverged many important issues.

Readers of Parkman know very well how much bearing the Indian interests of Mackinac had on the stirring incidents which precipitated the final blow dealt by Frontenac against the Iroquois of New York. Indeed, the history of Mackinac runs backward quite two hundred and fifty years—almost as long as that of Manhattan Island. Its interest centres not solely in feats of arms. It was a great centre of fur trading, and because of that, indeed, came its importance in war. John Jacob Astor's name is closely linked with it, and Washington Irving, no less than Parkman, made it the theme of some of his writings. Mr. Williams writes of his subject with as much skill as knowledge and, while perhaps he might have made its relation to the old French war more clear and prominent, his general treatment is commendable. The volume ought to be more generally known even than at present, for the author has written out of abundant knowledge and with the enthusiasm of one to whom Mackinac has been "home" for many summers.

Francis W. Halsey.

EARLY MACKINAC: A Sketch, Historical and Descriptive. By Meade C. Williams. Revised and enlarged. Buschart Bros., St. Louis, 12mo, $1.00.

TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS

"BEING the only Englishman who, in recent years, has had the advantage of intimate personal intercourse, continued over a period of years, with Tolstoy, I hardly need an excuse for trying to share with others some of the results he helped me reach," explains Mr. Maude in a little fore-word to his book of collected essays. The "results," however, seem to us neither startling nor new. The first five essays merely restate certain fundamental principles of Tolstoy's views of life with which the world is already familiar; the remaining four have to do indirectly with the Russian reformer, but in no obvious way elucidate the problems with which he has tried to deal.

From the paper entitled "Talks with Tolstoy," one gets some first-hand and interesting glimpses of the Count's literary predilections. Novel-writing, he thinks, stands on a much lower level to-day, both in France and in England, than it did when he was a young man. Victor Hugo and Dickens were then in their ripeness—who is there to-day to match them? Of Zola he speaks in commendation, on one hand; on the other hand, he objects to the realism of the author of "L'Assommoir," in so far as it consists in mere photography, which is not art. The author of "Quo Vadis" is "always readable," but there is too deep a tincture of Catholicism: "the Christians and Pagans are too white and too black." Of Krapot kin, Tolstoy has a high opinion, regarding him as "an earnest worker in the cause of brotherhood"; but he regrets that the Prince does not explicitly and decidedly express disapproval of violence, whether directed against governments or used by governments; he thinks it must be from a mistaken sense of loyalty to the traditions of his youth that Krapotkin excuses physical force methods. For the social theories of Karl Marx, Tolstoy has as little respect as he has for Malthus's law of the superfecundity of the human race. With Herbert Spencer and his school he has scant sympathy, although he admits that the synthetic philosophy has its strong side. A work of Henry George's that he is fond of recommending is that careful investigation of Spencer's change of front on the land question, "A Perplexed Philosopher." It amazes Tolstoy that a man like J. S. Mill, who had gone so far in his life-experiences, and who had posed the vital question so clearly, should have stopped short without finding an answer. "What is the real purpose of my existence?" was still on his lips when he died.

Has Tolstoy himself found an answer to that question? At any rate, he thinks he has. To understand at all what the present clarified calm of the white-haired reformer means and argues for, one must recall for a second his *roué* youth, his disturbed adolescence. One must remember that once he was a Russian of Russians, with all that strange antithesis which makes Russia, her people, her literature so difficult of just, even-handed criticism. The fires and the snows of Russia! Her blood-red rose of lust! Her languorous, snow-born lilies of stern mysticism!—these belonged by nature to the young nobleman of Moscow; the thorns of the red roses pricked him, and the breath of the snow-flowers chilled and sickened him. You find two startling contrasts in "Boyhood." One day, having come to the conclusion that nothing was worth while save the present, and that that should be crammed with all possible pleasure, you read that the boy lay for three days under the influence of the thought, lounging on his bed, reading novels, and eating gingerbread and Kronovsky honey. But it is in

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TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS: Essays by Aylmer Maude. London: Grant Richards. Edition for America imported by A. Wessels Company. 12mo. $1.50.

"Boyhood," too, that you read how one day he held Tatishchef's lexicon for five minutes in his outstretched hand, until the tears of pain came. Well, neither of these exaggerated attitudes is his now. He is serene and simple. He goes a-ploughing before breakfast, and literally earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. He writes parables and peasant stories for the masses, and devotes his genius, for the most part, to the muzhik. His last photograph (by Scherer & Nabholz, Moscow) shows him to have the look of a man who feels about him vast mental spaces and spiritual depths, and to whom the face of creation is but comparative and symbolic. Somehow, too, one can fancy coming from his lips that challenge of Rabbi Ben Ezra's:

> "Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be——"

Yes, even those, to whose established beliefs and hopes the Count's theories of life run most counter, must see in Leo Tolstoy a man whose sincerity and self-sacrifice make him worthy of profound regard.

Virginia Leila Wentz.

BOLINGBROKE

IT is open to question whether the world of the present or the future will derive any real benefit from attempts to disentangle the network of intrigue which surrounded the last years of the reign of Queen Anne and the opening years of the reign of George I. Mr. Walter Sichel, the author of *Bolingbroke and his Times,* apparently starts out with the axiom that all the historians of this period have been Whigs, and that none of these can be trusted to deal fairly with a Tory of the stamp of Bolingbroke. Hallam, Macaulay, Goldwin Smith, and John Morley are all agreed in considering Bolingbroke a "brilliant knave" — to use Macaulay's phrase. No one can deny Bolingbroke's brilliancy, and few besides Mr. Sichel will hesitate to accept the second epithet as being, on the whole, more nicely descriptive than "scoundrel," "poltroon," or any other word signifying a man without principle who happened also to be a coward. Bolingbroke has been frequently compared with Alcibiades, both being men of good birth, ample estate, and abundant opportunities while still in their early manhood to do the State great services and to make for themselves an honored name. The comparison between Bolingbroke and our own Aaron Burr is even more close, since both had a fine heritage of Puritan ancestry which they disgraced. All three began life brilliantly, rose to high positions in the State, and turned traitors at the first rebuff. The antidote to such lives does not lie in plausible excuses for their rascality, but in contrasting their achievements with those of the second Pitt or the second Adams.

The account of Bolingbroke given in this volume by Mr. Sichel brings his life down to 1716, when he was dismissed from the service of the Pretender, but a subsequent work is promised in which we are to follow his career down to his death in 1751. Most of us who are interested in Bolingbroke at all are curious about him only because of his political writings, such as the "Letter to Sir William Wyndham" and "The Patriot King." And the early life of Bolingbroke is a simple example out of dozens to show that what we know about an author's life is not calculated to throw much light upon how he wrote his books. Marlborough was a greater man, Harley a more successful politician, and Walpole a better statesman

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BOLINGBROKE AND HIS TIMES. By Walter Sichel. Longmans, Green & Co., 8vo, $3.00.

than Bolingbroke was, and yet neither Marlborough, Harley, nor Walpole could have written acute disquisitions on politics. Perhaps Bolingbroke would never have written anything had he been allowed to remain in the active service of the State. But the long years that intervened between his dismissal from office in 1714 and his death in 1751, during which he was the brains of the opposition to Walpole, without being able to move a finger for the gratification of his own ambition, made him fall back on political science as a pastime, even as Jefferson and Benton did in this country under somewhat similar circumstances. We are thus confronted with the dilemma either that Bolingbroke's life has an interest for us solely on account of his political writings or that the study of his writings is rendered valueless to us if we attempt to interpret them from the career of the writer. Of course, this is not the view taken by Mr. Sichel, who tries to prove that his hero is a victim to the malignity of the Whig historians. Yet these same historians have never failed to do justice to the great qualities of the Tory Marlborough or to pass severe strictures on the weaknesses of the Whig Walpole. From a purely literary point of view, too, we think that Mr. Sichel is wanting in lucidity. He has crowded too many figures on his canvas, his style is full of that allusiveness which often leaves one in doubt as to whom or what he alludes, and many of the facts which he has unearthed are either irrelevant or only of vital importance. In a word, the character of Bolingbroke will never be resuscitated until some rational explanation is given of why he surrendered his prime-ministership into the hands of Shrewsbury as Queen Anne lay dying, and why he did not remain in England to face the music, as Oxford did, after the accession of George I.

E. H. Mullin.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES RENEWED

THE thirteen essays in *Men and Letters,* reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century,* are good reading. They treat of Tennyson's classical poems, Matthew Arnold's letters, the decay of classical quotations, Sterne, Gibbon, Lord Halifax, Cicero, Swift, Macaulay, Selden, the Victorian novel, and the art of letter-writing. They are occasionally didactic, the material is not always well ordered, stock phrases and rather inappropriate Biblical allusions tend to mar the style, giving the effect of colloquial rather than of scholarly English, and the sentences are often "choppy"; but the presentation of the material is suggestive and many-sided, provoking thought and discussion. Best of all, the point of view is comprehensive. So much has been well written on all the subjects of which Mr. Paul treats that a point of view worth consideration is the only justification for more essays.

Possibly the best test of the author's catholicity of taste and soundness of literary judgment is to be found in the essay on Sterne. We are concerned with his works rather than with him, says Mr. Paul. Soundness of mind and goodness of heart are enshrined in the central figure of Sterne's masterpiece. At this time of day it is more important that one of the great writers of the world should have employed his genius upon the creation of Uncle Toby than that a clergyman of the Church of England should have written to a countess a letter which she should have destroyed.

Mr. Paul is perhaps at his worst—not a bad worst—in "The Art of Letter-Writing," where the ideas appear to be a series of notes on his subject, loosely strung together, with not very much coherence. "I have sometimes doubted

MEN AND LETTERS. By Herbert Paul John Lane, 12mo, $1.50.

whether anyone knows how to write," is apparently a favorite theme. One of the best essays, on the other hand, is "The Victorian Novel." One may question the statement that until a man has grasped the truth that there are no classes, but only individuals, he will be all his lifetime subject to bondage; but one must agree that truth is no excuse for fiction, and real life in a novel is apt to be out of scale, for the reason that the story is not constructed on that basis, consequently the reader is expecting something else.

Mr. Paul's treatment of Meredith is all that a critical admirer of that master could desire. He takes the strongest argument against him out of the mouth of his opponent by stating at once that nobody believes Mr. Meredith's strong point to be the simple and perspicuous narrative of events. If you want the flavor of a pear, eat a pear, and not a peach. Meredith has the insight of poetical genius; but, says Mr. Paul, he pays the reader the compliment of requiring his assistance. Like Carlyle, who refused to be a Turkish bath-keeper for his readers while they lay at ease and were ministered to. To read Meredith requires more than a languid imagination. But the willingness to use one's brain brings its large reward. There are few more delightful comedies in English literature than "Evan Harrington." And how few would-be readers of Meredith begin with that novel, as they should, rather than with "The Egoist."

C. S.

STEVENSON'S PHILOSOPHY

THE life of Robert Louis Stevenson was seemingly a constant protest against the psychological dictum that mind and body are interdependent, and that therefore what affects one must necessarily affect the other indirectly. In spite of his bodily ills, Stevenson's mind rose buoyant above the physical conditions which should by nature have crushed him, and which in most men would have turned the joy of living into the bitterness of lamentation. In these days of "spiritual fatigue" we cannot too often be reminded that the heroic struggles and self-sacrifices of men like Scott, Lamb, and Stevenson are worth volumes of brilliant but gloomy philosophy whose key-note is the Everlasting No. This is the motive of Professor Genung's lecture on "Stevenson's Attitude to Life." Not to ponder on life, but to live; not to be introspective, nor retrospective, but to be prospective with spontaneity and joy; and to add to the wealth of existence—these are the foundations of his philosophy, a protest against the critical attitude toward life.

If any man ever solved the problem of existence, Stevenson was that man. He knew the secret of adjusting himself to the universe, and in so doing saw the component parts in their true relations to one another. His sense of proportion was peculiarly exact. He learned to estimate events and people at their proper value. "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Professor Genung's exposition necessarily abounds with quotations, and the style is conversational, as befits a lecture before a body of students. The letterpress of the book is pleasing, but it shows occasional evidences of careless proofreading.

STEVENSON'S ATTITUDE TO LIFE: WITH READINGS FROM HIS ESSAYS AND LETTERS. By John Franklin Genung. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 12mo, 60 cents.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

593.—Can you find any old-timer kind enough to send me all the words of the following three old poems, which I fear are in danger of becoming extinct?

(1) "How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him Great?"

(2) And that other piece we used to spout in school:

"Father, I've seen the volunteers
Dressed out in red and blue,
And I should like to hear you tell
What they intend to do."

(3) And who wrote "The Indian's Lament," beginning:

"Oh, why does the white man follow my path
Like the hound on the tiger's track?"

(4) In Byron's "Beppo" I find this line with no quotation marks:

"Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

Did this, then, originate with Byron, or was it as familiar in his day, as in ours, that it needed no quotation marks? F. F.

(4) The expression originated with Cervantes; it occurs in his story of "The Little Gypsy."

594.—Can any reader locate for me the following quotation, which one friend attributes to Charles Kingsley, and another to Gilbert White: "No one is a good naturalist who knows not well his own parish." F. H. V.

595.—In Scott's poem of "Bonnie Dundee" what is the meaning of the expression, "The bells they ring backward?"

596.—I shall be greatly obliged if you will tell me who is the author of the following lines, and where they may be found:

"For in those dark and iron days of old
Arose, amid the pygmies of their age,
Men of a massive and gigantic mold,
Whom we must measure as the Grecian sage
Measured the pyramids of ages past,
By the far-reaching shadows that they cast."

597.—Can any reader give the name and origin of an old song that was popular in the time of our Revolution, one verse of which runs as follows:

"Balls, bombs, and cannon, death-wounds and carnage!
Come, soldiers, from near and from far!
O ye gods! we give you charge to protect our hero George
And return him safe home from the war!"

Who wrote this song? What are the other verses? And was "George" General Washington? D. K. R.

598.—(1) In what town was Samuel Richardson born?

(2) What is the story of the famous Diamond Necklace? A. J. M.

(1) He was born on a farm in Derbyshire, in 1689.

(2) It was made in Paris about 1775, contained 500 diamonds, and was valued at $400,000. It was intended for Madame Dubarry, but she was banished from the court before it was finished. An adventuress told Cardinal de Rohan that the Queen wanted it, and persuaded him to become security for its purchase. The adventuress thus obtained possession of the necklace, broke it up, and was selling the separate stones when the plot was discovered. Imprisonments and public scandals followed. The story has been told by various writers, and Henry Vizetelly made a book of it.

599.—I have been looking in vain for the passage that begins—"The asphodel which grows in the garden of the gods." M. M. S.

600.—(1) Shakespeare, in the "Passionate Pilgrim," VIII., has the lines—

"Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense."

From which it appears that Dowland must have been a famous musician. Is anything known of him?

(2) In Lowell's Ode on Agassiz, in the final edition of his works, the passage which I suppose refers to Arthur Hugh Clough ends with a semicolon. I can make no sense with that punctuation. Should it not be a period? T. R.

(1) John Dowland was two years older than Shakespeare. He was educated at Oxford, visited the continental courts, was famous as a musician, and published four volumes of songs. He was "lutenist to the King of Denmark," and Anthony Wood calls him "the rarest musician that the age did behold." He died in Denmark in 1615. The old biographical dictionaries had sketches of him, but the later ones appear to have dropped him.

(2) It should be a period.

ANSWERS

565.—Here is a literal translation of Platen's "Das Grab im Busento"—

When night falls near old Cosenza, from the banks of the Busento rise dull sounds of solemn chanting.
From the waters comes the answer, which re-echoes in the whirlpools.

Up and down the river's margin wander shadowy Gothic warriors,
Who for Alaric are mourning, greatest dead of all their people.

All too soon and far from Gothland they were forced there to bury him
While youth's locks of golden yellow o'er his shoulders still were flowing

On the banks of the Busento hastily they all assembled,
And to lead the current from it, deep and broad a new bed delved they.

In the waveless empty cavern dug they deep and flung the earth up,
Down into these depths they lowered him, clad in armor, on his charger.

Then with earth his form they covered, covered all the mass of treasure,
That the lush reeds might grow rank'y, and a hero's grave be hidden.

And again they turned the river, back they led the foaming waters
Mightily into their old bed seethed the waves of the Busento.

Then in chorus rose the voices: Sleep in all the honor due thee!
Never shall the greed of Romans desecrate thy place of resting!

Thus they sang, and songs of praising echoed on through all the army,
Carry them, waves of Busento, carry them from sea to ocean!

Jornandes, whom Gibbon quotes, tells of the burial and the turning of the river but, I believe, does not give the reason mentioned in the poem.

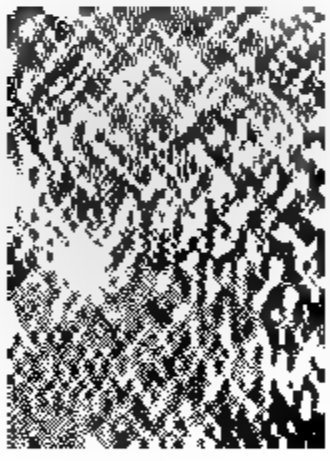
L. H. S.

584.—Permit me to suggest that, while any of Trollope's novels can be read with interest as separate stories, some of them will be found more interesting if read in the following order:

Chronicles of Barsetshire (the Cathedral Group): 1. "The Warden." 2. "Barchester Towers." 3. "Framley Parsonage." 4. "Dr. Thorne." 5. "The Small House at Arlington." 6. "Last Chronicles of Barset."

Parliamentary Novels (the Political Group): 1. "Can You Forgive Her?" 2. "Phineas Finn." 3. "Phineas Redux." 4. "The Prime Minister." 5. "The Duke's Children."

E. G.



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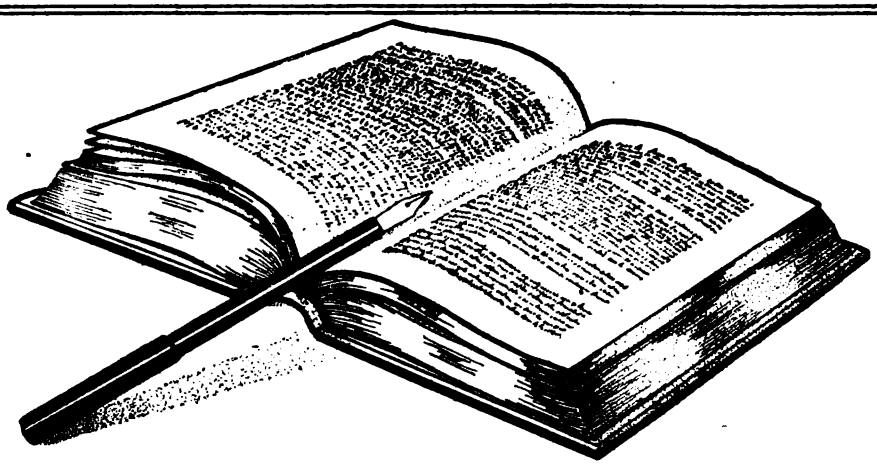

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THE RAMBLER

PRESIDENT HADLEY'S book upon "The Education of the American Citizen," just published, is one of a series of volumes prepared by several members of the faculty for issue in connection with the Yale Bicentennial Anniversary, as a partial indication of the character of the work in which the University teachers are engaged. It is made up of a number of essays and addresses by President Hadley, who calls it an attempt to contribute something to the understanding of American political needs, to the growth of a public sentiment which shall give the people power to meet these needs, and to the development of those educational methods which shall make for an increase of such power in years to come.

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More than sixty honorary degrees were conferred by President Hadley on the occasion of the Bicentennial Celebration last week. Doctors of Law and Doctors of Divinity were most numerous, but eight gentlemen received the degree of Doctor of Literature: Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. G. W. Cable, Mr. T. N. Page, Mr. S. L. Clemens, Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. W. D. Howells, Professor Brander Matthews and Professor Woodrow Wilson. Mr. E. C. Stedman, of the eternal class of '53, read a poem, which we publish in full on another page, together with an autographic fac-simile of the opening stanzas.

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GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's new novel —his most extended piece of fiction—announced for serial publication in *Scribner's Magazine* during the coming year, has for its hero a young West Pointer who left the Academy before graduation, and had adventures in South America and elsewhere throughout the world. "Captain Macklin," the hero, is a young man who may be classified with Denis Duval in the company of gentleman adventurers, and he will be found at home in such society.

Norma Lorrimer is the author of a new volume of travel entitled "By the Waters of Sicily," which takes the form of a series of exceedingly charming letters written from various points of interest in that romantic land. It is illustrated with numerous photographic reproductions from pictures taken by the author during her journey, and has for a frontispiece a picture in colors from an oil painting by Margaret Thomas of the Palermo Monastery, founded by Gregory the Great. The volume, which is an attractive example of book-making, has just been published by Messrs. James Pott & Co.

This new portrait of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, whose new romance "Lazarre" was reviewed last month in THE

BOOK BUYER, is furnished by her publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company, who say that the success of her book throughout the West is as great as in this neighborhood.

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, the young poet and essayist who serves as literary critic on the staff of the London *Daily News,* and, though but thirty, is already the author of three striking volumes, in as many departments of literature, is naturally looked upon as an artist of promise. Messrs. M. F. Mansfield & Co. announce an American edition of his nonsense book, "Greybeards at Play," for immediate publication.

Mr. Kennard, whose autograph copperplate of Burns is reproduced upon another page, and who celebrated his eighty-second birthday last July, has been the friend of many men and women in the high kindred of letters on both sides of the Atlantic.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.
[From a photograph by Harrison.]

He was a life-long friend of James T. Fields. Both were born in Portsmouth, and continued their early friendship during their Boston life. This brought Mr. Kennard into close association with the group that made the glory that was Cambridge and the grandeur that was Boston. He knew well the Saturday Club men, and has many autograph letters of Emerson, Lowell, and the rest. Beecher was also for years his intimate. It is pleasant to hear him tell the story of how, one day in the early fifties, his Brooklyn friend came into his Boston office and told him that his sister was writing a continued story for the *National Era,* and he wanted him to read it. (This was "Uncle Tom's Cabin.") As Mr. Kennard relates the incident: "Beecher said he 'thought Hattie's story was pretty good.' I read the opening chapters, and was enthusiastic

GILBERT CHESTERTON.

GEORGE MOORE.

over 'Hattie's' story. I told him to tell her to go on with it, for it was noble work, and sure to be a great success."

The accompanying portrait of Mr. George Moore is taken from a sketch by Mr. Rothenstein. Mr. Maurice Hewlett is reproduced from a sketch in *Literature*. Mr. Hewlett's new book of "Canterbury Tales" will not dislodge "The Forest Lovers" from its eminence as the most admirable romance he has yet given us. The brilliancy of "Richard Yea-and-Nay" could not outshine the charm of the earlier book, and while the present volume is the work of a man of genius and a literary artist, yet it is hard to see why the stories in it were not allowed to stand on their own feet. To cast the volume in Chaucer's mould was not necessary—and a comparison of the two Canterbury pilgrimages has the same result as a comparison of the two Dantes, which is forced upon the reader—who would like to be generous-minded—in the spectacle of Dante Rossetti rehearsing the sonnets of Dante Alighieri.

The Emperor William's book-plate, herewith reproduced, is taken from "German Book-Plates," a handsome volume, in which the thoroughly German erudition and elaboration of the author has been well rendered in English by the translator, Mr. G. R. Dennis. The development of ex-libris-making in Germany, from Dürer's time to the present, is an interesting and significant study.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's new book of animal stories, "Lives of the Hunted," is a book of the same fibre and excellence as that with which he first caught the attention of the public, which has grown fonder of his tales and pictures every month since they were published. In this new book he preaches again his gospel of mercy to beasts.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S BOOK PLATE.
[From "German Book-Plates," by Count zu Leiningen-Westerburg.]

Mr. I. K. Friedman, whose new story, *By Bread Alone,* has just appeared, is of that group of young Chicago writers whose promise is fast materializing in creditable achievement.

I. K. FRIEDMAN.

He was born in Chicago in 1870, of German-Jewish parents. Educated in the public schools he then went to the University of Michigan, and afterward took up special studies in political economy and philosophy. These he broke off abruptly for a more vital course, a first-hand study of social problems. Wherever men were working with the odds seemingly against them, wherever vice had brought poverty and crime, Mr. Friedman tried to find his way. He associated himself with settlement work at first, but finally made a more direct acquaintance with the under side of the world. *By Bread Alone,* the novel just published by McClure, Phillips & Co., is Mr. Friedman's most ambitious attempt so far. The theme he handles is a grim and powerful one, and, by curious circumstance, one engrossing half America at this hour. The plot centres about a great steel strike, and, while many of the incidents are borrowed from industrial history, much of the experiences in detail is from the author's own observation.

"Colonial Furniture in America" is the title of an elaborate book on this always fascinating subject, by Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood, which the Scribners will publish within a few weeks. Mr. Lockwood has been a collector for a long time, and during the past seven years has devoted special study to the preparation of this book, which is intended to present, within the compass of a single large volume, all that any collector, be he novice or saddened by experience, need know in order to distinguish between really old furniture and reproductions, and also to determine closely the date of any special piece in which he may be interested. It will be illustrated with three hundred photographs, made for the purpose by the au-

MAURICE HEWLETT.
[From a drawing in "Literature."]

thor from specimens of colonial furniture in various private collections, and from historical examples preserved in public collections. To cover so much ground, and present the essential points in such compact form, has been the work of a trained specialist, and Mr. Lockwood's book, about the size of Mr. Mumford's book on "Oriental Rugs," published last year, of which the second edition is now nearly out of print, is likely to be found equally valuable.

An edition of the "Love Songs of Scotland," edited by R. W. Douglas and illustrated with several engravings from photogravure prints, made as a companion volume to their well-known edition of "Love Songs of France," is one of the more important books announced for publication during the fall by the New Amsterdam Book Co. of this city. Perhaps their most noteworthy publication, however, is an edition of the "Odes of Anacreon," translated by Thomas Stanley, and edited with an introduction by A. H. Bullen, who is widely known as an editor of verse. This volume will be illustrated with ten photogravures from drawings by Mr. J. W. Weguelin, and is to be printed from a special font of type, the whole edition consisting of but 210 signed and numbered copies. These two especially attractive volumes are worthy of the attention of lovers of artistic book-making, as well as all those who care for the best poetry, and will doubtless serve well the purpose of appreciative gift-buyers.

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

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[From "The Lore of Cathay." Copyright, 1901, by Fleming H. Revell Co.]

DR. MARTIN AND SOME OF HIS STUDENTS.

Mr. William Eleroy Curtis has written "The True Thomas Jefferson" in the biographical series begun some years ago with Washington, and including Franklin and Penn. Mr. Curtis is widely known as a newspaper correspondent, and as the author of several volumes of travel and upon economic subjects. The book is issued by the Lippincott's.

This portrait of Mr. John Burroughs is taken from his forthcoming book, "A Year in the Fields," by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The portrait of the Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, surrounded by his Chinese students, is reproduced from a plate in his latest volume, "The Lore of Cathay," which is reviewed upon another page.

ELMWOOD,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

21st Nov: 1890.

Dear Sir,

I have read your book with deep & painful interest. I felt as Dante must when he looked over the edge of the abyss at the bottom of which Geryon lay in ambush. I had but a vague idea of these horrors before you brought them so feelingly home to me. I cannot conceive how such a book should fail of doing great good, if it move other people as it has moved me. I found it hard to get asleep the night after I had been reading it.

Faithfully yours

J. R. Lowell

J. A. Riis, Esq.

From "The Making of an American." Copyright, 1901, by The Macmillan Company.

MR. LOWELL TO MR. RIIS.

The letter from Mr. Lowell to Mr. Jacob Riis appears in his Autobiography, which the Rev. Mr. Elsing reviews with enthusiasm elsewhere in this number. The portrait of Mr. Swinburne, from a very recent photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, is reproduced from *Literature*.

An English critic has suggested that the next book to enjoy a "boom" would be a religious novel, and Mr. W. L. Alden makes light of the idea, saying that "the religious novel has never yet made a place for itself in literature, unless we class the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as a novel." Mr. Alden is well beside the mark. The suggestion was that a religious novel might have a "boom," and there was no talk of "literature" in the matter. As a matter of fact, there is always a chance for

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
[From his latest portrait by Messrs. Elliot & Fry, in "Literature."]

very large sale of a religious novel, because its appeal is not on its literary merits alone. "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis" found their success eager to meet them. At the present moment, moreover, there is everywhere a very deep and genuine interest in religion—not more in revealed religion than in the unseen, unknown things—and a novel which should have such a spiritual appeal, say, as "The Gates Ajar" had in its day, joined with a well-wrought story, would have quite as many readers as "Trilby" had, for "Trilby's" appeal was to the spirit of eternal youth, and such a book would appeal to the intimation of immortality.

The Rambler.

Mater Coronata

All things on Earth that are accounted great
Are dedicate to conflict at first breath;
Nature herself knows grandly to await
The masterful estate
Which for her secret germ Time conjureth.

The elements that buffet man decree
His lustihood prevailing to the end;
The free air foreordains him to be free;—
Their stern persistency
The ages to his resolute spirit lend.

MATER CORONATA

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, L.H.D., LL.D.

All things on Earth that are accounted great
Are dedicate to conflict at first breath;
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Which for her secret germ Time conjureth.

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The ages to his resolute spirit lend.

So rose our Academe since that far day
When reverently the grave forefathers came,
In council by the shoal ancestral bay,
To speak the word,—to pray,—
To found the enduring shrine without a name.

[This lofty poem, which is Mr. Stedman's latest contribution to literature, was read by him, as poet of the occasion, at the Bicentennial Celebration at Yale last week. As an example of compression of thought this poem would be found remarkable, even were that its only title to distinction. Taken altogether, it is a great tribute to a great institution, and in it Mr. Stedman has honored both his University and himself.

—Ed. BOOK-BUYER.

Ye, at the witchery of whose golden wand
New cloisters rise to splendor in a night,—
Find here your model! Here the barriers stand
That were not made to hand,
That have the puissance Time confers aright.

Born with the exit of that iron age
When Nova Anglia to New England grew,
Learning's new child put up a hermitage,
Whereof no godly mage
As from a mount the boundaries foreknew;

No oracle betokened the obscure
Grim years encountering which the elders bowed.
Yet knew not faintness nor discomfiture,
But set the buttress sure
That should upstay these tabernacles proud:

These fanes that bred their patriot to vie
In steadfastness, erect of thought to live.
Or, when the country bade, undauntedly
Without lament to die
Save that he had but one young life to give.

Twice, thrice, and yet again, that sovereign call
Rang not in vain; nor from this ancient grove
Hath ceased to broaden, as the days befall,
The famed processional
Of the mind's workmen who to greatness move.

No feebling she that reared them, no forlorn
And wrinkled mother lingering in the gray;
Fadeless she smiles to see her shield upborne:
It is her morn, her morn!
The past, but twilight ushering in her day.

Strong Mother! thou who from the doorways old,
Or housed anew in beauty renovate,
Hast spread thine heritage a hundredfold,—
Hast wrought us to thy mould
Whether the bread of ease or toil we ate;

Thou who hast made thy sons coequal all,
The least one of thy progeny a peer
Wearing for worth not birth his coronal,—
The watchmen on thy wall
Wax proud this sundawn of thy cyclic year!

The lustres of a new-won firmament,
Spanned from the height thine upmost turrets crown,
Relume the course whereon thy thoughts are bent,—
Whereto the words are sent
That bid thy children pass the lineage down.

Ere yet that rainbowed dome thou seest complete,
Mankind, be sure, shall Earth more nobly share;
No churl his measure shall unduly mete;
And where are set thy feet
Life shall be counted lordlier and more fair.

Science shall yield new spells for man to know,
And bid thee consecrate to mortal weal
All that her henchmen in thy gates bestow;
Nor lofty then, nor low,
Save to his race each ministrant is leal.

Thine be it still the undying antique speech,
The grove's high thought, the wing'd Hellenic lyre,
Unvexed of soul thy acolytes to teach,—
So shall they also reach
Their lamps, and light them at a quenchless fire!

And wield the trebly welded English tongue,
Their vantage by inheritance divine,
Invincible the laurelled lists among
Wherein the bards have sung
Or sages deathless made the lettered line;

Till now, for that sure Pentecost to come,
The globe's four winds are winnowing apace
Fresh harvestings of speech, in one to sum
A world's curriculum
When East and West forgather face to face.

Thus first imbued, thy coming host the clues
To broad achievement shall descry the more;
What thou hast taught them shall in statecraft use
Greatly; nor can they choose
But follow where the omens blaze before!

Even as our Platonist's exultant soul
That westward course of empire visioned far,
Now round the sheen, to Asia and the Pole,
Time charts upon our scroll
The empearléd pathways of an orient star.

There the swart Malay's juster league begun
Takes from our hands the tables of the law;
The mild Hawaiian raises to the sun
The folds himself had won
Ere the Antilles their deliverance saw.

Time's drama speeds: albeit, alas! its chief
Protagonist, augmentor of the State,
Fell as the Prompter turned that unread leaf,—
And O, what tragic grief
Just when consummate towered the action great!

To strong brave hands the rule, the large intent,
Have passed. Nor tears alone that some far plan
Required the master's life-blood interblent—
To point his monument
And leave once more the likeness of a man.

But we, Yale's living multitude rebrought
From farthest outposts of the pine and palm,
We know her battlements of iron wrought,
Her captains fearing naught,
Her voice of welcome rising like a psalm.

We know the still indissoluble chain
Wherewith the sons are to the Mother bound;
Nor unto any shall she call in vain
Who in her heart have lain
And trod the memoried precinct of her ground.

God dower her endowering her brood
With knowledge, beauty, valor, from her breast,—
Ingathering from the peopled town, the wood,
The island solitude,
The land's most loyal and its manfullest!

God keep her! Yea, that Soul her soul endue,—
That Spirit of the interstellar void,
That mightier Presence than the fathers knew,—
The source of light wherethrough
Heaven's planets shine in joy and strength deployed.

That Power,—even that which doth impart a share
And semblance of divinity to our kind,—
Hold thee, dear Mother, here and everywhere,—
Thee and thy sons,—in care,
Through centuries yet still loftier use to find!

AN AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT OF BURNS

THIS contemporary autograph print of a little-known portrait of Burns is a copper-plate from the original portrait painted by Peter Taylor in 1786, when Burns was twenty-seven years of age, engraved probably by some minor Scottish engraver whose name is unknown to collectors. Forty-four years later, in 1830, when the Peter Taylor portrait was in the possession of Robert Taylor, Esq., of Leith, it was engraved again by Horsburg, the proof being dedicated to Sir Walter Scott.

The beauty of the likeness, its vraisemblance, which the photograph does not fully convey, is remarkable. It brings Burns the man and Burns the poet nearer to the mind's eye than the more familiar portraits of him. It has less the look of a celebrity posed for the artist.

This rare print hangs on the study wall of Hon. M. P. Kennard, of Brookline, Mass. The copper-plate is badly stained, and so fragile that it was impossible to remove it for the purposes of the photographer. The glass cover is oxidized by contact with the print, so that some imperfections of the glass show in the reproduction. In the handwriting of Burns the print is inscribed:

"I have the honor to be, Sir,
"Your grateful humble serv.
"Robert Burns.

"From Allan Cunningham to Mr. MaCrone, Edin., Jan. 2d, 1787."

This print was found for Mr. Kennard in London more than thirty years ago by Mr. Brown, the elder, of Little, Brown & Co., who knew Mr. Kennard's taste for autographs, which has resulted in one of the richest private collections in this country. The portrait bears, as the reproduction shows, the autographs of Burns and of his biographer, Allan Cunningham, who afterward gave it to Mr. MaCrone, the London bookseller.

Minna C. Smith.

MR. KENNARD'S PORTRAIT OF BURNS.

JACOB A. RIIS.

[From a photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf.]

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "NEW YORK'S MOST USEFUL CITIZEN"

THE Making of an American is the life-story of the author of that epoch-making book, "How the Other Half Lives." In it we see Jacob Riis himself, as one of the "Other Half." The author's adventures, struggles, sufferings, courage, hope, triumph, and love, will stir the hearts and ennoble the lives of all who read his fascinating autobiography. The story begins with the life of young Riis in a quaint Danish town. His father was head-master of a Latin school, and grievously disappointed that Jacob set his heart on being a plain carpenter instead of selecting one of the learned professions. Elizabeth, with her golden curls, the adopted daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer, came near spoiling Jacob's career as a carpenter. When she came to play among the lumber where he was at work, he completely lost his head. While looking at her he dug a hole into his shin-bone with an adze, cut off a forefinger, and fell from the roof while craning his neck to see her go around the corner.

In the hope of rising in the world and becoming in the eyes of her foster-parents worthy of Elizabeth, young Riis took passage on an emigrant ship and came to New York. His career became intensely dramatic and kaleidoscopic. He invested half of his small capital in a navy revolver of the largest size, and with this murderous weapon strapped on the outside of his coat, he cautiously moved up Broadway looking for buffaloes and Indians. A friendly policeman kindly told him to leave his weapon at home, or he might lose it. After four days Riis realized that there was no special clamor for his services in New York, and he decided to go West. Through a missionary at Castle Garden he obtained work as a carpenter at Brady's Bend ironworks in Pennsylvania. He might have become a prosperous builder had not the news reached the quiet community that France had declared war with Prussia, and that Denmark would probably join her forces with France. Riis dropped his tools in a moment, and flew to the company's office to give up his job and get his pay. He sold his tools, shouldered his trunk, and rushed to the station to take the train for Buffalo. As a soldier he hoped to win fame and glory, and possibly Elizabeth also. With a hundred thousand men like Riis in the French army, the history of the war might have been different, but he was not destined to become a soldier, although his efforts to commence a military career furnish some of the most pathetic pages of this remarkable book.

The scenes in his life change with rapid and startling succession. We find him employed on a truck farm, hoeing till his back is ready to break; in a clay bank with a lot of wild, coarse, drunken men; in a brickyard with a company of Germans, who endeavor to dampen his patriotism by nightly rolling the wagon, in which he had made his bed, into the river; in the woods felling trees with the lumbermen. He became hired man to a physician, bedstead-maker in a factory, laborer in a planing-mill, water-carrier for a gang of Irish laborers, carpenter in a shipyard, salesman for a furniture factory, and peddler of flat-irons. Occasionally we see flashes of genius which are prophetic of his future career. At Jamestown he gave a series of geological lectures to a Scandinavian literary society. Figuier's account of the formation and de-

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN. By Jacob A. Riis. With Illustrations. The Macmillan Co., 8vo, $2.00 *net*. Advance sheets.

velopment of the earth was the principal source of his information. Having the earth properly constructed and set up, he undertook to explain latitude and longitude. He was never strong in mathematics, and when he had groped about a long time to make the audience understand what he only half understood himself, an old sea-captain rose in his place and said any man who would make a mess of so simple a thing as longitude and latitude evidently knew nothing at all. The audience that had hitherto applauded the young lecturer now lost confidence in him, and his lecturing came to an end.

Hunger and homelessness were frequently his lot. Of the night when his agony reached the high-water mark, he writes:

"It had rained all day, a cold October storm and night found me with the chill downpour unabated, down by the North River, soaked through and through, with no chance for a supper, forlorn and discouraged I sat on the bulwark listening to the falling rain and the swish of the dark tide and thinking of home. How far it seemed and how impassable the gulf now between the castle with its refined ways, between her in her dainty girlhood and me sitting there, benumbed with the cold that was slowly stealing away my senses with my courage. There was warmth and cheer where she was. Here——An overpowering sense of desolation came upon me. I hitched a little nearer the edge. What if? Would they miss me much or long at home if no word came from me? Perhaps they might never hear. What was the use of keeping it up any longer? God help us! Everything against and nothing to back a lonely lad. And even then help came. A wet and shivering body was pressed against mine and I felt rather th n heard a piteous whine in my ear. It was my companion in misery, a little outcast black-and-tan, afflicted with fits, that had shared the shelter of a friendly doorway with me one cold night and clung to me ever since, with a loyal affection that was the one bright spot in my hard life. As my hand stole mechanically down to caress it, it crept upon my knees and licked my face as if it meant to tell me there was one that understood, that I was not alone, and the love of the faithful little beast thawed the icicles in my heart. I picked it up in my arms and fled from the tempter, fled to where there were lights and men moving. Anywhere so that I saw and heard the river no more."

That night he slept in the Church Street station-house. A little gold locket which he wore under his shirt, and which contained a golden curl, was gone in the morning. With angry tears he complained to the sergeant that he had been robbed. The sergeant scowled at him, called him a thief, and said he had a good mind to lock him up. An officer seized him and threw him on the street. When the dog saw his master roughly handled it fastened its teeth in the officer's leg. The man let Riis go with a yell of pain, and seized the poor little beast by the legs and beat its brains out against the stone steps. Riis says:

"At the sight a blind rage seized me, raving like a madman I stoned the police station with paving stones from the gutter. The fury of my onset frightened even the sergeant, who saw, perhaps, that he had gone too far and he called two policemen to disarm and conduct me out of the precinct. The outrage of that night became in the providence of God the means of putting an end to one of the foulest abuses that ever disgraced a Christian city and a mainspring in the battle with the slum, as far as my share in it is concerned. My dog did not die in vain."

One evening after being two days without food, faint and hungry, he sat on the steps of Cooper Union, with a new dog stretched at his feet; bankrupt in hope and purpose, he felt that his life was wasted, utterly wasted. In that hour of loneliness and sorrow, he heard a friendly voice say: "How would you like to be a reporter? The manager of a news agency down-town has asked me to-day to find him a bright young fellow, whom he can break in. It isn't much, $10 a week to start with." From that time on his hunger, wanderings, and misery came to an end, and his career as a newspaper man and reformer began.

In certain sections of New York the population is more than twice as dense as in the most crowded parts of London.

The dead in our cemeteries have more room than the living on the lower East Side.

Tenement-houses are generally constructed on lots twenty or twenty-five feet wide. These lots were originally laid out for houses intended to contain one or two families, and it is impossible to construct

a sanitary building on them for twenty families. Houses were frequently built also on the rear of the lot, thus still further shutting out light and air.

Mr. Riis had constant opportunities to see the evil effect of this overcrowding. He explored the foul alleys and fouler tenements, and the deeper he sounded the depths of misery and depravity, the more his soul was stirred. He was horrified to learn that in a house on Mott Street, in 1884, one-third of the babies died in a single year, and that in many tenements the death-rate was more than double the general death-rate of the city. With all the energy of his fiery nature he attacked the evil. His pen and voice incessantly called the attention of the public to the deadly work of foul air and disease in these unsanitary abodes of the poor. The revelations made by Mr. Riis enlisted the sympathies of some of the wisest and best men in the city, and it was through their unselfish, united, and devoted work that tenement-house reform became a reality. The work is not by any means completed, and in the future greater improvements will still be made.

While in the life-and-death grapple with the unsanitary tenement, Mr. Riis attacked the evil of the police-station lodging-houses. He remembered that night of deep agony in the station-house when his locket was stolen and his dog killed.

When Mr. Roosevelt became Police Commissioner, Mr. Riis escorted him in the dead of night to the station-houses; the Commissioner was astonished at the desolation, dirt, and misery that everywhere met his gaze. He promised that night to exterminate the evil, and he carried out his resolution the next day.

The children of the poor of New York never had a better friend than Mr. Riis. He won for the child the right to play. Sports that are perfectly legitimate elsewhere for young boys become destructive and dangerous in the crowded streets. When Mr. Riis saw young lads dragged to the police-station for no greater crime than playing ball, he commenced to work for small parks and play-grounds, and a few were opened in our most congested districts. We have just enough of them to feel the most urgent need of more. His indignation burned hot against a system which shut a boy behind prison-bars who was guilty of no greater crime than playing hooky on a sunny Spring day. A truant school has been built as the outcome of his agitation. As police reporter, he frequently visited the old Tombs building. The place was utterly unfit for a prison. The rats ran over the faces of the inmates at night. Mr. Riis turned the light of public opinion on this foul spot, and a decent new prison was erected. When we remember what the young Danish immigrant has done to improve the homes of the poor, to bringing joy to child-life and hope to the prisoner, we believe President Roosevelt formed a correct estimate of Jacob Riis when he called him "New York's most useful citizen."

The literary style of the book might be improved by striking out an occasional sentence and changing certain words and phrases, but no amount of pruning and polishing could add to its rugged simplicity and directness. Some may be inclined to criticise the author for introducing his own love-affair in the book, and writing at length of Elizabeth, but it should be remembered, however, that without Elizabeth we should probably have never heard of Jacob. She was the motive and soul of all his efforts, and to take her out of the book would be like removing the main-spring from a watch. The book has a most stimulating effect. After reading it one has a strong desire to do something for those who are struggling with adversity. The fascinating story will have a special charm for boys and young men.

William T. Elsing.

FIRST LETTER OF COLUMBUS [1493], GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[From the original in the Lenox Library.]

THE USES OF PAMPHLETS

IN former times the pamphlet offered an outlet for the controversial spirit which to-day is expressed in the daily paper and the magazine. Then, as McCarthy says, "the pamphlet had to do all the work of the leading article and most of the work of the platform." In such ephemeral productions, evolved in the heat of the moment and amid the strife of conflicting parties, are mirrored the manifold mental processes, the agglomeration of ideas, theories, and beliefs which in their complex totality produce those results which constitute the great movements of history. It is evident that in the mass of pamphlet literature which was produced by political changes such as the French and American revolutions the historian and student must find material of the greatest value and interest.

Even to-day, in times of special excitement, the pamphlet is apt to second the daily and monthly press in giving the latest information or views, and at the very least it adds to the eccentricities of literature, embodying the curiosities of mental activity, the opinions of those who on account of peculiarity of ideas or insufficiency of literary expression (usually both, the two being generally concomitant) would not get a hearing through the regular channels. Nor must we forget the campaign document, which will some day give aid to a coming historian of our land.

The possibilities dormant in the pamphlet are pretty generally recognized by librarians. Yet they find its treatment a perplexing problem, as discussions at the meetings of the American Library Association and in the columns of the "Library Journal" have shown. Its usually small compass (in size and in information) makes many loath to accord to it the same honor as to a bound book. But the New York Public Library, among others, has cast aside half-way measures and brings out the full usefulness of a pamphlet by cataloguing it as carefully and fully as the most voluminous and weighty book. Proper cataloguing unlocks a storehouse of information in these often-slighted products of the press.

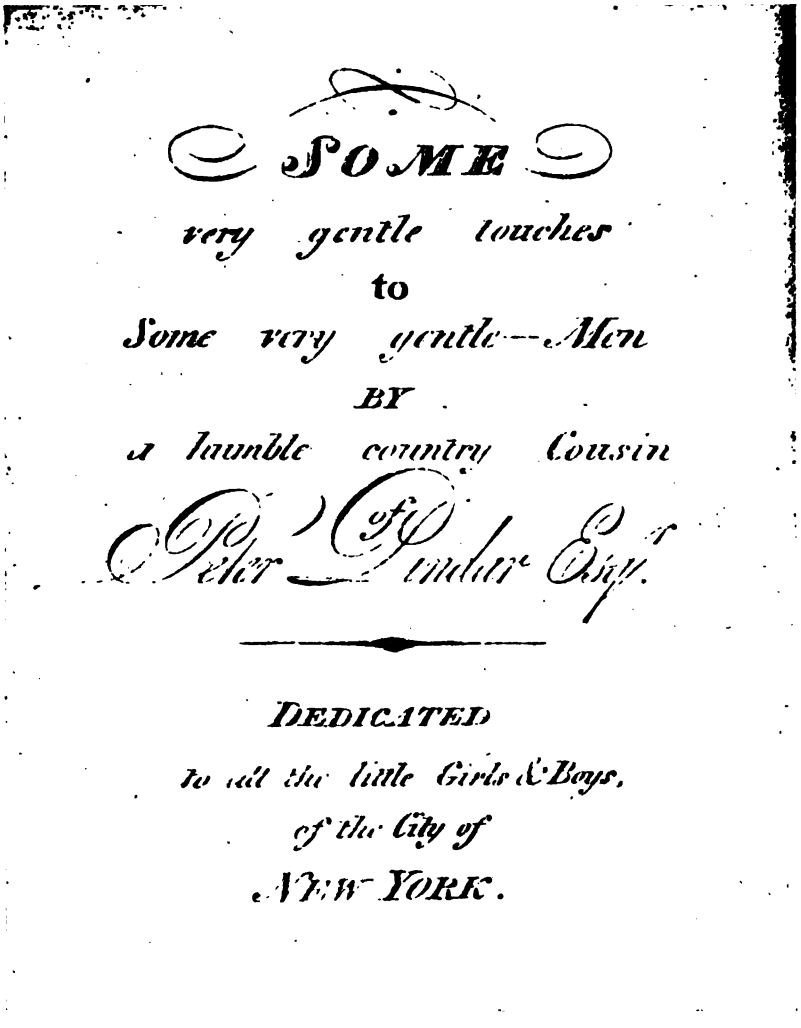
The large European libraries have had years of opportunity to collect these ephemera. Thus, the British Museum has a large and fine collection of tracts on the English Civil War (the Thomason collection of 30,000 pieces) and the French Revolution. It is hardly fair to draw comparisons between the famous English institution and the public library of our metropolis, since the latter has only passed its fifth birthday, but a review of the outlook here reveals achievement full of promise. Apart from the usual accumulation of pamphlets to be found in large libraries, the old Astor had the William Hepworth Dixon collection of pamphlets on the English Civil War and the Lenox an interesting lot of Americana. When these two libraries united with the Tilden Trust to form the New York Public Library, Dr. J. S. Billings was appointed director of the consolidated interests. From that time dates the systematic effort in the accumulation of pamphlet literature which is in accord with the broad and liberal policy on which the affairs of this young giant among libraries are being administered.

Much of the material is bound up into volumes, such volumes containing from ten to twenty pamphlets apiece. The obviously easy way of binding up pamphlets as they come to hand has been followed by many. Of such miscellaneous pamphlet volumes the library has over 1,200. But by far the greater number of the

In a City far from'd
Which must not be nam'd,
A City most wise & most fine:
There is to be seen
A sight the most clean,
The streets all alive with the swine.

A PAMPHLET, PROBABLY PUBLISHED ABOUT 1820, DIRECTED AGAINST THE CUSTOM

pamphlet volumes in the Library fit easily into the various subdivisions of the classification according to which the books are arranged. Most of them, in fact, came from the libraries of collectors who were interested in special topics and had their pamphlets grouped accordingly. Others have been classified and bound by the Library. Special collections, acquired by gift and by purchase, have enriched the Library in special departments. Thus, the donation of the Ford collection by the owners gave the Library a noteworthy addition to its Americana, rich especially in controversial literature relating to the Revolution and to the formation and adoption of the Constitution, and including also such contributions to local history as sermons, addresses, lectures, and other publications of local origin and interest, as well as much biographical material, monographs prompted by personal or family pride, obituary addresses, and the like. Economics—especially money, finance, and taxation—was also well represented in this collection.


SOME
very gentle touches
to
Some very gentle--Men
BY
a humble country Cousin
Peter Pindar Esqr.

DEDICATED
to all the little Girls & Boys,
of the City of
NEW YORK.

OF ALLOWING PIGS TO BE AT LARGE ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Timely material, to be of use, should be acquired in time: the Dreyfus excitement was at its height when the Library was already procuring all available material—books, pamphlets, caricatures—on the affair and having it "rushed" to the shelves in the Astor building. We have now passed on to the next chapter in the history of France, but the future student of the development of French character will find this material ready to hand.

It is one of the functions of a large library to accumulate material for future use. In fact, this is the key-note of the whole business—preservation for future use. And the future is often nearer than one would think. The disregarded leaflet of yesterday might answer a question asked to-day, if it could only be found. The brochure which seems of no earthly value to-day may be a welcome aid to-morrow. There is a possibility of eventual usefulness in almost all printed matter.

One views with satisfaction the growth of special groups of ephemeral literature in the metropolitan institution which has

already become so important a factor in our civic life. There are the large sections of Americana published before 1800, in the Lenox building (placed by a rough estimate at 10,000 pieces, nearly all separately bound), and in the Astor the collections in Economics—as Finance, Protection and Free Trade—British History, especially the period of the Stuarts (1,000) and the Georges (2,000), the French Revolution (1,250), Dutch History and related topics (15,000), and about 10,000 or 15,000 on Education in Great Britain, the Church of Scotland, British Politics between 1800 and 1850, and theological disputes. The figures given are approximations, of course.

To-day the term pamphlet is likely, in the mind of many, to appear synonymous with public document or reports of associations or institutions. As a matter of fact, it usually takes that form now. The utility of this sort of printed matter may not be quite as apparent as that of some of the other material already referred to. Yet here, too, is information, often timely, always possibly of some use at some time. During the Spanish-American War, government documents were among the newest publications speedily placed before the public at the Library. When the Boer War began it was the thin, paper-covered blue books issued by Great Britain and the South African Republics which gave official information to those interested. The Department of Agriculture and the various experiment stations offer good examples of the timely dissemination of special news through pamphlet publications. And in our days of interest in local history and genealogy, who may measure the usefulness latent in annual reports? The report of a municipal fire or police department, the yearly statement of a college or hospital, the annual hand-book of a society or club may at some time offer information in the most unlooked-for ways. The Library authorities, recognizing this fact, have issued this notice:

> The New York Public Library desires to obtain, preserve, and make accessible to the Public, as complete a collection as possible of all government and municipal documents and reports, and of reports and pamphlets relating to associations of men and women for any purpose. Those relating to such associations in the city and State of New York and neighboring States are especially desired. These include plans of organization, charters, constitutions, by-laws, regulations, lists of members, and reports of corporations, institutions, and organizations of all kinds.

The material for which a bid is thus made is seldom preserved by individuals. It is usually slighted by the average person, who hardly conceives of its possible usefulness unless he is brought face to face with the necessity of using it—and perhaps, too, with the impossibility of getting it when and where it is wanted.

The collecting of all such printed matter, which, too familiar, is not often valued at its full worth, has been a noteworthy feature of the policy energetically pursued at the New York Public Library, and is playing its part in the upbuilding of a library worthy of the city. The pamphlet collection which will be housed on the site of the old reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street has, in fact, already assumed such noteworthy proportions that one may entertain the brightest hopes for its future development. The policy thus inaugurated with wise forethought is bound to have good results.

Frank Weitenkampf.

From "Memories of a Musical Life." Copyright, 1901, by the Century Co.

MR. MASON IN HIS STUDIO.

MR. MASON'S REMINISCENCES

MR. WILLIAM MASON has done a rare thing: written a book for publication as if he had intended it for nothing but his own reading. Though not a journal in form, the book is virtually almost a journal; it has a journal's lack of pomp and ceremony, a journal's scope, a journal's frankness and conciseness. *Memories of a Musical Life* is full of personal reminiscences of famous musicians; not only has Mr. Mason had the luck to meet a great many people worth knowing, but he has had the still better luck of being able to meet them on something of a level. Although himself the soul of modesty, although willing and eager to recognize a superior whenever he meets him, he still does not have to tilt his head at so tremendous an angle in looking up to a great man as to get dizzy thereby. This is what gives the book its great value: the amount that the author has seen, and the clear-headed way he has looked at and reported on it.

Literary skill is no very common thing, as writers go; what is known as the art of book-making is perhaps still rarer—outside of France. But, rare and highly to be valued as these two fine qualities are, there are times when they do little good, when a so-called book is even better for their absence. In dealing with matters of fact, artless frankness and strict accuracy outweigh them both. *Memories of a Musical Life* can hardly properly be called a book. Though laid out on a chronological plan, it has little beginning, middle, or end; of specific literary technique the author shows practically none; he writes neither so simply as he would speak nor with the finish and individuality of style of a born writer. But he does write per-

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE. By William Mason. New York. The Century Co., 12mo, $2.00 *net*.

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WILLIAM MASON.

fectly clearly, and without the least affectation—without even the affectation of wishing to seem unaffected. The result is that you believe implicitly every word he writes, that you feel convinced that here is truth ready salted, fit to be taken as it stands. Now and then this artless, straightforward simplicity may make an expression of opinion sound rather preternaturally naïve, even commonplace; but this is the effect of the style rather than of the opinions themselves. It is the pleasing, grateful antithesis of that obscurity which, as Zola says, is so dense that it makes you think it must veil some superior thought.

The most interesting period in the book is the author's studying days under Liszt in Weimar, in the so-called "golden time" of Liszt's residence in that city, the time when the great Liszt pupils were formed. Mr. Mason arrives there just after Bülow's departure, and several years before Taussig. His most noted fellow-pupils are Pruckner and Klindworth; Joachim Raff is living in the house as sort of private secretary and general factotum—much the same position toward Liszt as Hans Rich-

ter afterward held toward Wagner at Triebschen, just before the Bayreuth days. At the time mentioned, Mr. Mason was what would be called a moderate liberal in music, a sworn devotee of Robert Schumann, not in any sense a Wagnerian—which, indeed, he never became. Schumannism does not seem a very "advanced" creed to us nowadays; a hard-and-fast Schumannite would be almost a reactionary to-day. But in the fifties Schumannism stood as very advanced liberalism indeed; for Wagnerianism was then a quite unclassifiable thing, somewhat as anarchism is to-day. So, though never going quite so far as his master or fellow-pupils, Mr. Mason still had enough of the recognized come-outer in him to be a sympathetic element in the society; he never seems to have been looked upon as an outsider by the others, but as a full-fledged "Liszt pupil."

Those were interesting times; and Mr. Mason reports on them, and upon many of the men who were chiefly engaged in making history in them, not garrulously, not at random, but nearly always telling some characteristic anecdote, giving added

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PADEREWSKI'S AUTOGRAPH IN MR. MASON'S ALBUM.

sharpness of contour to already partly known individualities, or else the correct version of some discussed happening. Being essentially of a true, unwarped nature himself, having large and eager sympathies, he sees clearly what he sees; he is not feazed by the embarrassment of hero-worship, but keeps a cool head and discerning eye. The people he meets recognize him as a colleague, and are not unpleasantly on their guard. Even down to very near the present time he preserves a faculty of seeing things more interesting than most of his contemporaries. What he has to relate of Gottschalk or Rubinstein is as interesting as what he tells of Liszt or Schumann. He has the keen professional eye for pertinent facts, and knows where and how to look.

Even the many autographs in the volume have more than usual interest—as if the great men had felt that, in Mr. Mason, they found someone worth putting themselves out for. Few of the autographs are of the commonplace album sort; and, when one occasionally does find one of this kind, it is delicious to remember that that particular great man was really dull and stupid, a clay-footed idol of the multitude. Not of this sort is Wagner's autograph: it gives part of the Fafner-motive (he was writing the "Nibelungen" at the time), with the added sentiment: "If ever you hear this, remember our meeting!"

Upon the whole, this is just the sort of book the intelligent music-lover wants, the sort generally hardest of all to get: the authentic, ungarnished sort. It is a report on real men and circumstances by a real man and craft's-brother.

William F. Apthorp.

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

THE publishers' announcements this season strike one as being on the whole weighty rather than particularly brilliant. There has been a good deal of biography and less notable fiction than usual. The big art monograph, which is usually published in the Winter season, is an enormous improvement on the foolish old scrap-books which had once such a vogue. Mr. Heinemann has added to the series of expensive art books which have been written for him by Sir Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery, a welcome volume upon Sir Henry Raeburn. Sir Walter Armstrong has a keen sympathy with Scots art from the fact that he himself was born in Roxburghshire, though his education was wholly English. He has written two books about Gainsborough, one on Reynolds, one on Velasquez, one on Alfred Stevens and one on Peter de Wint. The Bells, who have long made art books a specialty, are represented by a study on Professor Von Herkomer, written by Mr. A. L. Baldry. Mr. Baldry is an artist, and is married to an actress. He has written a life of Albert Moore, whose pupil he was for four years, one on Mr. Marcus Stone and another on Sir John Millais. He stage-managed various productions and has taken part in all sorts of art movements.

The most recent artistic success in fiction that has been made for some time has been Lucas Malet's striking study of the dwarf "Sir Richard Calmady." Lucas Malet, who is, of course, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, has not quite lived up to the fame of her story "The Wages of Sin," published ten years ago. Though that somewhat melodramatic story made her more popular than anything she has done, to my mind her sketch called "Mrs. Lorrimer," published in 1882, is the most masterly thing she has given us, and ranks as one of the best short stories of the last

twenty years. Since her husband, Mr. Harrison, who was Rector of Clovelly, died, Mrs. Harrison has lived in London. The Kingsleys come of a very old family which produced several notable soldiers. The family came somewhat to financial grief in the person of Lucas Malet's grandfather, whose patrimony was wasted by his guardians during a long minority. Mrs. Harrison took the name of Lucas apparently from her grandmother, who was the daughter of one Nathan Lewis of Barbadoes and Norfolk.

One somehow always thinks of Lucas Malet and Margaret Woods together, although, of course, they have no connection and little in common. Mrs. Woods, represented by "The Sons of the Sword," has never had the popularity of Lucas Malet, although some of her work is extremely able, notably her first book, "A Village Tragedy," which did not appear until five years after Lucas Malet began writing. Mrs. Woods is the daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster, and her sister, the historian of the Abbey, is the wife of Mr. Alexander Murray Smith, the younger son of the late Mr. George Smith, the publisher of the great Dictionary of National Biography. By the way, Mr. Sidney Lee's sketch of Mr. Smith in the first of the three supplementary volumes to the Dictionary reminds us once more how dominant has been the influence of the Scotsman in London publishing. Both the original Smith & Elder were Scots, as also were the founders of the Murrays, the Macmillans and the Spottiswoodes.

Mr. Arthur Symons, whose verses in two volumes have been prepared for Mr. Heinemann, has come to his own slowly, but surely. When one recalls some of the abusive criticisms in years gone by (for which, by the way, Mr. Symons appears to bear no malice), one cannot help admiring his quiet, but persistent, advance in various branches of literary art. Mr. Symons has been very largely influenced by French literature and he made his magazine *The Savoy,* in the editorship of which he was associated with Aubrey Beardsley, quite notable while the paper lasted. Of course no magazine which deals with the *outre* in letters or the eccentric in art, can possibly have a paying basis in this country. That progress has been made, however, is undeniable, for Mr. John Lane republished at a shilling Beardsley's beautiful edition of "The Rape of the Lock." This volume, one of the best things that Beardsley did in his later years, was originally published by Leonard Smithers as a handsome quarto and was afterwards reduced by him to a small octavo. It is probably the most popular thing that Beardsley ever did. There is still a great market for Beardsley's drawings, although one notices rather with regret that they figure in the catalogues of dealers in *facetiæ.*

Mr. E. A. Bennett, who has re-published several of his essays under the title of "Fame and Fiction," unlike literary men who come to London, has gone back to the country. He is a North Staffordshire man, born in 1867, was editor of *Woman* for eight years, and made his first hit as a bookman with a novel called "A Man from the North." Mr. Bennett does a great deal of excellent literary criticism in an unobtrusive way. When he found, however, that editorial work in Fleet Street was much too exigent to allow him to pursue the work on which he had set his heart, he retired to a quiet country life. The effect of London on literary people is very varying. Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Miss Corelli, Mr. Kipling, live out of town. On the other hand, Mr. Barrie, though a frequent visitor to Scotland, has a town house, as also has Mr. Gilbert Parker, while the late Sir Walter Besant was a most inveterate Cockney in his love of London.

The visit of Mrs. Meynell to America

serves to recall the prominence of several writers who are Catholics. The Catholic literary set in London is headed undoubtedly by Mrs. Meynell (who is a 'vert) and its mental activity is shown in many ways.

The Irish contingent in London supply, of course, much strength to literary Catholicism. The indefatigable Miss Katherine Tynan, who is represented by a collection of verse issued by Lawrence & Bullen and dedicated to Mr. George Wyndham, is a good Catholic although her husband, Mr. H. A. Hinkson, who has written several novels, is a Protestant. Mr. W. B. Yeats, although most friendly with the Catholic section, also comes from a Protestant family. Mr. Max Pemberton is also a Catholic and Dr. Conan Doyle was educated at the great Catholic Seminary at Stonyhurst.

During the present season Catholic literature has been well represented. The Longmans have re-issued Mr. Wilfrid Ward's biography of his father, William George Ward, originally issued in 1893. Lady Lovat, who has written a book on "The Catholic Church from Within," is the widow of the Fifteenth Baron and the mother of the present peer, who organized Lovat's scouts for service in South Africa. The Lovats have been strong Catholics for generations, and it was under the fostering care of the late peer that the great Monastery at Fort Augustus raised its head. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, who is also a devoted Catholic, is responsible for the biography of Henry Schomberg-Kerr, a stanch "sailor and Jesuit." She is, of course, a descendant of Sir Walter Scott, and her husband is the brother of Lord Herries, the family name being Maxwell. Her husband's brother, Mr. Bernard Maxwell, is married to Lady Lovat's daughter.

Mr. R. Cunninghame-Graham, the author of "A Vanished Arcadia" (Heinemann), would be a greater success if he were not so clever. Although he is of Scots lineage, there is very little of the traditional Northerner in his point of view. In his time he has played many parts. Starting with an education at Harrow, which is typical of solid English training, he has been a cowboy in Mexico, he has been in Parliament, he has addressed Socialistic meetings under exciting circumstances, and he is married to a Chilian, who collaborated with him in a study of that extraordinary Scots Jesuit, Father Archangel. The Grahams are a very old family and Mr. Cunninghame-Graham has the best blood of Scotland in his veins. He is a vivid writer and his point of view is always fresh and interesting.

The celebration of the Millenary of King Alfred, by the erection of a colossal statue to "England's darling" at Winchester, fell rather flat, despite the heroic efforts of the energetic Mayor, Mr. Bowker, to boom the festival. It is difficult to account for the fact that England, by which I mean the geographical part of Great Britain known by that name, has very little memory for her heroes of any kind. It has been urged, for example, that Alfred is far too remote for anybody to become enthusiastic over; that he is, in short, much too mythical for hero worship or for the remembrance of the people. But, as against this, we must remember that the heroes and the saints of Scotland and of Ireland, so deeply ingrained in the national life of to-day, are just as shadowy as King Alfred. The modern critical historian will tell you that Wallace and Bruce have but little historic validity; Brian Boru is even more shadowy, and yet these three figures appear heroic, and even personal in the eyes of their countrymen to-day. It is the same with the saints. St. Andrew and St. Patrick are as vital in this the first year of a new century as ever they were, and their days are celebrated all

over the world wherever a few Scotsmen or Irishmen are gathered together. On the other hand, St. George, the patron saint of England, has no more place in the Englishman's calendar than Alexander the Great, or Philip of Macedon. To the American, with his intense devotion to his Washingtons and his Lincolns and the pilgrims of the "Mayflower," this lukewarmness of the Englishman must seem very strange, but it is none the less true. The most picturesque features of the Alfred celebrations were the reading of "Becket" by Sir Henry Irving in the Castle Hall and the speech of Lord Rosebery. A great deal of writing has been called out by the whole occasion, but most of it has been peculiarly undistinguished.

Literature and lightheartedness are once more gainers by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann's resignation of the editorship of the *Daily News,* which he took over from Mr. E. T. Cook in the "Pro-Boer" cause. The selection of a man of Mr. Lehmann's attainments for the editorship of a daily newspaper is a typical example of the foolishness of much of our newspaper management. The old-fashioned idea of a newspaper editor, by no means exhausted, was that of a gentleman who had certain political views and went down to an office every night to write a political leader. That is to say, he filled, and almost entirely devoted himself to, one column a day, the other fifty, sixty or one hundred columns being relegated to underlings without really any guiding spirit amongst them. It stands to reason that the conduct of a great daily newspaper needs a long training in the manipulation of news, and the successful editor is the man who knows how the news is got, and how it should be served up. He must, in short, be a dominant leader of exhaustless energy and of wide experience, an expert craftsman in fact and not a political philosopher at all. Mr. Lehmann, of course, knew nothing whatever about the internal economy of a great daily newspaper office and one is not surprised to find that he talks about his occupancy of the editorial chair as a short holiday, and that he has abandoned his position. Notwithstanding many warnings up and down the country, political propagandists cannot be got to understand that the organs in which their doctrines appear must first and foremost be excellent newspapers, as good as, if not better, in this respect, than their political rivals. The adoption of many American methods in our daily newspapers is, however, making itself felt, although our whole outlook on the life and the rights of one another is so very different from that of some of your journals.

The dramatic season has been prolific in the number of plays produced, but their quality has not been very remarkable. By far the most notable work is Mr. Pinero's play "Iris." It is a grim, mordant study of the pursuit of a woman by a passionate man. Mr. Pinero accounts for his primitiveness by making him a millionaire Jew of Anglo-Portuguese origin; and traces its genesis to "Mrs. Tanqueray," which is once more drawing a crowded audience. The play is immensely earnest and sombre and will interest all students of the drama, but I can scarcely conceive that it will become popular with mere hunters for amusement. Mr. R. C. Carton has rather missed fire with his new play "The Undercurrent," for it is diffuse and uncertain in its quality and mood. The dramatization of "Vanity Fair," which has been done by Mr. R. S. Hichens of "Green Carnation" fame and Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, who is the husband of the Becky (Miss Marie Tempest), and stands seventh from the Dukedom of Richmond, is not particularly adroit, but it has drawn the public. It differs greatly from Mr. Langdon Mitchell's transcript, laying most stress on the pursuit of Becky by the

Marquis of Steyne, most brilliantly played by Mr. Gilbert Hare, who was so crisp as the old roué in "The Gay Lord Quex." The operations of the American manager, more especially as represented by Mr. Charles Frohman, are very noticeable. Mr. Frohman at the moment leases the Duke of York's Theatre, where Mr. Waller plays Mr. Gerald du Maurier's play on "Don Cæsar de Bazan"; he is represented at the Lyceum by Mr. William Gillette and "Sherlock Holmes," which though not very enthusiastically received by the critics, is drawing houses. He is also interested with Mr. George Edwardes, of Gaiety fame, in "Kitty Grey," an English musical-comedy version of "Les Fetards," known to New York as "The Rounders"; and also in the farce "Are You a Mason?" The Casino piece, "The Whirl of the Town," which opened the new Century (late the Adelphi) Theatre, which was the home of melodrama, has fallen flat. It is a poor specimen of a class that cannot ultimately compete with the home-made article of the same sort.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

IN THE BOOK BUYER for May, 1899, there appeared a check list of the writings of Edward Fitzgerald. At that time it was the epitome of all we knew—bibliographically—about him. Since then, largely owing to the efforts of the indefatigable book collector, our knowledge has been greatly increased, the most important item being that of the discovery of a privately printed edition of "Salaman and Absal," Parker, London, 1856. This comes between the publication of the "Six Dramas of Calderon" in 1853, and the issuing of the now famous "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" in 1859. Another edition of the same book, a second, belongs in the year 1855, which edition was much altered and enlarged. It is now said that the second edition of "Euphranor" is much scarcer than the first.

Again, in 1871, another edition of "Salaman and Absal" was issued, this time at Ipswich, at Cowell's Steam Printing Works. This appeared in dark green limp cloth binding, with gold line border, and red leather back. It was privately printed and only consisted of 46 pages. The text is quite different from the first and the third, which latter appeared in 1879, attached to the well-known fourth edition of the "Rubaiyat."

It appears that of "The Downfall and Death of King Œdipus" each part was originally issued in blue paper wrappers. It seems that in February, 1880, fifty copies were struck off, while in February, 1881, fifty more of Part II. were issued.

"Euphranor," issued in 1882, was printed in May, 1882, in an edition of only fifty copies. A new item of what might be called Fitzgerald "Flotsam and Jetsam" has come to light in the form of an eight-page *brochure* entitled "The Two Generals. I.—Lucius Æmilius Paulus. II.—Sir Charles Napier." These poems were offered to *Macmillan's Magazine* and refused, and were privately printed subsequently.

In 1891 Mr. Aldis Wright, who was Mr. Fitzgerald's literary executor, issued privately, twenty-five copies of some of his verses, in a two-leaved *brochure* consisting of four pages. Again, in 1900, the same editor brought out in the Golden Treasury Series, Fitgzerald's Miscellanies. This must rank as a first edition, because on page 201 there is published for the first time a trifle entitled "Red Boxes." It had appeared originally written on a fly-leaf of a copy of Sir Arthur Helps's "Essays in the Intervals of Business." Further afield we cannot follow the collector.

THE BOOK BUYER does not try to give as necessary to a collector's happiness a list of contributions to books and periodicals. Those who care to hunt these up in the case of Fitzgerald may do so by referring to a volume by Colonel W. F. Prideaux called "Notes for a Bibliography of Edward Fitzgerald," and published by Frank Hollings of London. We believe that the Caxton Club in Chicago was the first to call attention to the rarity and importance of Fitzgerald's writings, and we may give the club large credit for the Fitzgerald renaissance we are living in.

In 1879 Richard Herne Shepherd, the noted English writer and compiler, issued "The Bibliography of Ruskin," which was a bibliographical list arranged in chronological order of the published writings in prose and verse of that noted author from 1834 to 1879. This was a small six-

teenmo volume of sixty pages, and was the first attempt, we know of, at a bibliography. It recorded one hundred and fifty-eight items of Ruskin's writings, and included pamphlets and magazine articles, as well as books. Besides giving the title in full, it gave the pagination and considerable data concerning each book mentioned. This stood for a number of years as the highest authority on the subject. It was an attempt at a bibliography, but not in any sense definitive. In 1889–1893, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, an ardent collector and enthusiastic bibliographer, issued his two-volume bibliography, which really left nothing to be desired. Its arrangement was simple, its collations accurate, and its notes were all that could be expected. In fact it was a definitive bibliography of Ruskin. Miss M. Ethel Jameson, of Detroit, Mich., has had privately printed at the Riverside Press of Cambridge "A Bibliographical Contribution to the Study of John Ruskin." Such books have their uses, but there is a vast difference between a bibliography, and a helpful list of books—useful to the student and literary worker. In no sense is this book of Miss Jameson's a bibliography. The volume is divided into chapters, which include more or less interesting facts about, and estimates of, Ruskin, etc., etc. The chapter which comes the nearest to being a bibliography is the one entitled "Books by Production Chronologically." Now the first essential of a bibliography is that the title page should be given in full from the book itself—and not from some list or someone else's transcription. Miss Jameson says: "1843 Modern Painters," Volume I. She omits publisher, size, number of pages, whether it has illustrations or not, in fact almost everything that goes to make up a real bibliography, and so on through the list. As a matter of fact Ruskin's first separate contribution to literature was issued in 1839, published at Oxford, and was a prize poem entitled "Salsette and Elephanta." This the compiler does not seem to know, as it is not mentioned. This book may be of service to the literary worker, but not to the collector—and it is a notable illustration of the fact that a list of books made from catalogues is not bibliography, and that no attempt at bibliography as such should be made without having the books before one.

The enthusiasm of some private collectors for their hobbies, has led often to an increase in the world's knowledge. We have many instances of this in the way of privately printed books, and monographs on various topics, that we should ne-er otherwise have had. Two notable instances of this are to be found in Mr. Andrew's "New Amsterdam, New Orange, and New York," and Mr. Woods's "Bibliography of Izaak Walton." From Mr. Daniel B. Fearing, of Freeport, R. I., we have received a "Check List of Books on Angling, Fish, Fisheries, Fish-Culture, etc.," in his own library. This is a handsome octavo volume of one hundred and thirty-eight pages, interleaved, for added notes, and arranged alphabetically under authors' names. A brief epitome of the title is given, with size, place of publication, date, and other matter useful for identification. The catalogue shows Mr. Fearing's library to be particularly strong in the works of Henry William Herbert, better known under his pseudonym, Frank Forrester, twenty-four titles in all being devoted to him. The library is very strong in reports of learned societies, wherein fish are discussed, and contains a large collection of catalogues and other bibliographical data. The earliest Walton's "Complete Angler," is the edition printed in London, 1750, known as the first Moses Browne edition. Many extremely rare books are to be found in this catalogue, which indicate loving care and great industry on the part of the owner. Money alone could never have gotten together such a collection, and once more we reiterate what has often been said in these columns, that enthusiasm, industry, knowledge, and continuity of purpose go a long way toward making a successful collection and an exceptional library. Of this catalogue only twenty-five were printed for private distribution.

Of the varied publications of the Grolier Club, none have exceeded in importance the one about to be issued to its members. It is a reprint of Wynkin de Worde's issue of—"The Story of Helus, Knight of the Swanne." This is one of the oldest as well as one of the most popular romances of the Middle Ages. It was translated from the French version issued in Paris in 1504, by Robert Copland. This is a literal reprint from the unique copy in the possession of Mr. Robert Hoe, which is printed on vellum and is the only copy known. Everything that the printer's care and the binder's art could do has been done to this reprint to make it worthy of the subject, and the club which issues it. Mr. Robert Hoe contributes a valuable historical preface. The size of the book is a small 4to, $6\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$. The illustrations and initial letters are accurate facsimiles of the originals on wood, and the text is printed from type made especially for this purpose by Sir Charles Reed's Sons in London. It is modelled upon the original fonts of Wynkin de Worde. Whatman paper is used, made to order, in the same size, as nearly as can be estimated, of the original. The book is bound in pigskin, a material never before used by the club. The device of the printers is branded on the side, and the book is mounted with brass clasps. Only 311 copies are to be printed, and, as usual with the club publications,

three on vellum. It is safe to predict that this is the most important as well as the most beautiful book issued by the club. It is printed by De Vinne.

It is not often that the critical eye is more fully satisfied than in the case of the new edition of De Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," just issued in a limited edition by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. To one who is at all familiar with the style of book-making and printing that prevailed in France in the eighteenth century this charming volume will appeal at once. For although its model undoubtedly is to be found among the best examples of vignettists, there are differences quite to the credit of the newer book. The title page designed by S. L. Smith, the headbands and initial letters, in fact, the entire *format* is all the collector can desire. The binding of white vellum and board sides are in perfect taste. The book is altogether a delight.

Ernest Dressel North.

CURRENT LITERATURE

MR. BROWNELL'S ESSAYS IN CRITICISM

As we are able at last to take stock of the British branch of English literature in the past hundred years, we are beginning to see that while the Victorian poets have received ample consideration, the Victorian prose-writers have not yet had their full share of respectful criticism —although we may perhaps discover in time that the novel is the field of literary endeavor in which the English genius has best expressed itself in the nineteenth century, just as the drama was the field in which that genius most completely displayed itself in the seventeenth century. The writer of a volume of essays attempting to weigh the final worth of half a dozen of the most conspicuous prose-writers of the Victorian period is assured of a welcome; and that welcome is certain to be hearty when the author is one of the keenest, best-equipped and most disinterested of American critics.

It would be unfair to suggest a comparison between this book of Mr. Brownell's and the "Corrected Impressions" of Professor George Saintsbury, which are somewhat similar in scope, or even between it and the two volumes in which Mr. Frederick Harrison has set forth his opinions of his contemporaries. Neither of these British critics is really in the same class with Mr. Brownell; they are both devoid of the subtlety which is perhaps the most impressive characteristic of the American critic; they do not either of them think as clearly or as deeply; they are neither of them gifted with the same share of insight—which is the primary qualification for criticism; and above all they lack the abundant sense of humor which informs Mr. Brownell's writing and which is almost the most precious of possessions for a critic. Professor Saintsbury's criticism is not without a utility of its own, but often it pretends to be little more than journalism; and if Mr. Harrison's criticism has somewhat more philosophy, still it lacks the individuality, the independence, the originality of Mr. Brownell's.

Perhaps the chief constituents of this originality are subtlety and candor—although the latter at least ought not to be so rare an element in criticism as to call for remark. Mr. Brownell's attitude is both judicious and judicial. He is not satisfied to take his own taste as an eternal standard and he is not content to codify his personal equation as though it was a universal law. "Few people have any real care to analyze closely in their criticism," so Matthew Arnold asserted; "they merely employ criticism as a means for heaping all praise on what they like and all blame on what they dislike." Probably it is as impossible for a critic to be absolutely in-

VICTORIAN PROSE MASTERS. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

dependent of his own taste as it is for a man to jump off his own shadow; it is at once impossible and undesirable. A reader of these essays can guess without difficulty that Mr. Brownell dislikes Ruskin—as indeed any man must who has sought seriously to understand the principles of art, and yet, although Mr. Brownell says frankly that Ruskin's "pre-occupation with art must be admitted to be perversity" and that Ruskin's "exuberance is very often absolutely savage and unmeaning," no one has better seized the essentially poetic quality of Ruskin's mind.

So it is easy to perceive that Mr. Brownell disliking Ruskin, liked Matthew Arnold, as might have been expected, and that he does not greatly care for Carlyle. But his liking, while it may sway the final decision, does not influence the conduct of the case. Whatever the initial predisposition of the judge, he could never be challenged for any unfair ruling; he is never vehement, and the discussion in court is as calm as a search for truth ought always to be. The devil's advocate is allowed to get in his evidence, which is fully considered in the summing up. This candor of Mr. Brownell's is admirably revealed in the analysis of Carlyle. Here we find frankly massed all that must be said against Carlyle, his colossal conceit, his mean and peasant-like envy, his inability to love anyone but himself, his "aridity of soul," his many despicable characteristics as a man; and then there are added to these the obvious deficiencies of Carlyle as a writer, his inability to understand his own time, his vague and empty philosophy, the "defective nature of his spiritual ideal," his vehement inhumanity, his tumultuous turbulence, his total lack of self-restraint, the self-conscious artificiality of his humor, and his wilful perversion of historic truth. Despite all these damning defects Carlyle survives, so Mr. Brownell asserts, because "his genius is incontestable" and because "his work is everywhere penetrated with the power of a prodigious personality of which the literature he produced is the native, adequate, concentrated, and consummate expression."

Mr. Brownell has little sympathy with Ruskin or Carlyle and he has abundant sympathy with Matthew Arnold; and perhaps this is why we suspect a slight unwillingness to consider fully all the facts that tell against Arnold—his failure for example to contribute anything to the theory of criticism, however much he may have done for its practice, his undue preoccupation with certain minor problems of his own country, his obvious delight in juggling with catchwords as though he was merely a clever journalist, and, above all, his insularity. In spite of his culture, his training in the classics, his cosmopolitan experience, Matthew Arnold was always an Englishman, as Mr. Brownell records—and as Novalis has told us, "every Englishman is an island." But whatever deductions must now and again be made—and they are not many—the fact remains that the tone of criticism in the English language has been heightened, its temper sweetened and its outlook broadened, because Arnold practised what he preached. His essays in criticism are so inspiring because they are the result of a disinterested effort to get at the centre of things and to take one's self out of the way—an effort which neither Ruskin nor Carlyle ever had any inclination to make. The unfortunate creatures who have fallen under the sway of Ruskin or who have been led into the wilderness by Carlyle have been encouraged to let loose all the emotions they have artificially stimulated, while the men who have come under the influence of Arnold—as Mr. Brownell himself did—have been helped to self-control, to poise, and to honesty of thought.

Of the half-dozen studies in this book of Mr. Brownell's, three are criticisms of critics, Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold, and

three are appreciations of novelists, Thackeray, "George Eliot" and George Meredith; and as the paper on Arnold is the most sympathetic of the first group, so in the second division the paper on Thackeray is the most cordial. It is the sheer intellectuality of "George Eliot" which attracts most of Mr. Brownell's attention, as it is the intellectual perversity of George Meredith. Thackeray is obviously greater than either; he is obviously the greatest of the Victorian novelists—perhaps even of all the Victorian prose-writers; and the qualities which make him great as well as the charms which endear him to his readers, have never before been so solidly set forth as by Mr. Brownell in this essay. Here again the critic profits decidedly by his candor; he faces what Mr. Howells has urged against Thackeray's abuse of the confidential attitude and he quotes what Taine said about Thackeray's undue obtrusion of the satiric note. Mr. Brownell lets these sceptics have the floor for a while and then he takes it himself to bear witness to the faith that is in him.

Here indeed is the disadvantage of any attempt to review a collection of criticisms—the reviewer is ever tempted to take up one or another of the critic's opinions, to quote it with approval or to join issue on it. But to withstand this temptation is a duty, nevertheless; and therefore the present reviewer—having left unsaid many things he would like to say—reluctantly takes his leave of this most stimulating volume, in which the topics are as familiar as may be and in which the treatment is surprisingly fresh and unfailingly sincere.

Brander Matthews.

CHINA.

WRITING always from the point of view of the Christian teacher, of a man who hopes and believes that the problems of China will be solved eventually by "the open door, both for commerce and intellectual interaction"—an open door through which all the essential principles of Christianity shall reach the Chinese and be accepted by them—Dr. W. A. P. Martin stands as a good example of the breadth of outlook which that point of view now commands. To quote from its own preface, the materials of *The Lore of Cathay* "have been drawn exclusively from native sources, and are the result of original research. The author has treated, with considerable detail, of subjects so diverse as Chinese education and Chinese alchemy; and he ventures to believe that he throws fresh light on some points of Oriental literature, science, and philosophy; and that he may fairly claim, as a field of his own discovery, the international law and diplomacy of the ancient Chinese." It is a book for students rather than for people wishing to be amused through the satisfaction of a superficial curiosity; it gives as full an account of the intellectual life of the "Middle Kingdom" as "A Cycle of Cathay" gave of its active life, and perhaps none of its chapters are more interesting than those on the San Chiao, or Three Religions of China; Chinese Prose Composition, School and Family Training, and Civil Service Examinations.

To gain any idea of the Chinese educational system, one must bear constantly in mind that "in that country letters are everything and science nothing; men occupy themselves with words rather than with things; and the powers of acquisition are more cultivated than those of invention." It is this peculiarity of education, Dr. Martin claims, which has caused the distinctive national character of the Chinese. After a lifetime devoted to study, one of their academicians is absolutely devoid of general information, but his ignorance of the outer world, of exact science, and of practical affairs, is no gauge

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THE LORE OF CATHAY. By W. A. P. Martin. Fleming H. Revell Co., 8vo, $2.50 *net*.

of his mental power or actual culture. "In knowledge, according to our standard, he is a child; in intellectual force, a giant. A veteran athlete, the victor of a hundred conflicts, his memory is prodigious, his apprehensions quick, and his taste in literary matters exquisite."

To reach this result, so one-sided in our eyes, he has begun with an unparalleled drudgery. "His books are in a dead language, for in every part of the Empire the style of literary composition is so far removed from that of the vernacular speech that books, when read aloud, are unintelligible even to the ear of the educated, and the sounds of their characters convey absolutely no meaning to the mind of the beginner." Yet, for the first four or five years of school-life, the pupils are made to commit certain classics to memory—a task which Western minds can only compare to the memorizing of books in a dead or foreign language before learning the meaning of a single word. "To get words at the tongue's end and characters at the fingers' point is the sole object of this initial discipline." After this comes translation, which is the second stage of learning, and finally belles lettres and composition, which are the end and aim of all, and are fostered by a wonderful system of competitive examinations, including the civil service tests, which are as thorough as they are impractical. In a chapter on "Poets and Poetry," Dr. Martin tells us that "in China no youth who aspires to civil office or literary honors is exempted from composing verse in his trial examination. To be a tax-collector, he is tested not in arithmetic but in prosody—a usage that has been in force for nearly a thousand years."

The first thought of a practical Western mind—even the mind of one of our most unworldly and devoted students—may be to smile at such misapplications of mental energy, but Dr. Martin points out that where power exists and is maintained by such strenuous training, its better direction is only a question of time and of contact with other standards of culture. In speaking of the Hanlin, the Imperial Academy, he says: "Far from being decayed or effete, it contains as many and as active minds as at any previous period. At present they spend much of their time in making 'sonnets to the moon'; but if the Emperor were so disposed, he could change all that in a moment. He could employ the Hanlin in translating out of the English as well as into Manchu—in studying science as well as letters. Nor are indications wanting that this change in the direction of their mental activity is likely to take place. When that time arrives, the example of the Academy will have great weight in promoting a radical revolution in the character of the national education."

Quite as interesting as this exposition of the educational system—here too briefly outlined to show how fully he explains it—is the section on the religion and philosophy of the Chinese, who have managed to reconcile and blend the teachings of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. "Not only do they exist without conflict in the Empire, but they exercise a joint sway over almost every mind in its immense population. It is impossible to apportion the people among these several creeds. They are all Confucians, all Buddhists, all Taoists. They all reverence Confucius and worship their ancestors—all participate in the 'feast of the hungry ghosts,' and employ the Buddhist burial-service; and all resort to the magical devices of the Taoists to protect themselves against the assaults of the evil spirits, or secure 'good luck' in business. How such a blending of three very different systems has been possible is explained in full detail, and the whole subject, as indeed all the subjects of the book, are treated in a spirit of sympathetic understanding which is perhaps most notably

shown in the chapter on ancestor worship, in which the author says:

"The idolatrous elements involved in ancestral worship are, as we have seen, excrescences, not of the essence of the system. Why not prune them off and retain all that is good and beautiful in the institution? A tablet inscribed with a name and a date is in itself a simple memorial not more dangerous than the urns of ashes which cremationists are supposed to preserve in their dwellings, and not half so much so as pictures and statues; why should the native convert be required to surrender or destroy it? Even the act of prostration before the tomb or tablet can hardly be regarded as objectionable in a country where children are required to kneel before their living parents. Two things excite my poignant grief when I look back to the mistakes of the past—one, the exclusion of a church member for complying with the ordinary marriage ceremony and kneeling before a strip of paper inscribed with the five objects of veneration; the other insisting on the surrender of ancestral tablets as a proof of sincerity on the part of an applicant for baptism. I had no right to impose such a test in either case."

M. T. E.

A DRAMATIC NOVEL.

AT a time when all novels of any account are dramatized, it is not much of a compliment to call a story dramatic. But there is no other word which quite defines *The Right of Way.* The hero could step right out of the pages upon the stage. Every trick of manner, every peculiarity—his eye-glass, his immaculate clothes, his air of insolence—makes Charles Steele a figure ready-made for the playwright. Then there is the wonderful contrast between the "Beauty Steele" of Montreal—keen lawyer, man of fashion, a cynic who could sap a solemn creed with civil leer—and the same man in his new life in the Chaudière of Quebec Province screwing the same glass into his eye as he bent over the work-table in a tailor's shop and trying to forget that he had a past.

It was an accident that gave him the chance to turn over a new leaf. He had matched his clever tongue against a lot of watermen in a common inn. In the row which followed he was struck on the head and thrown into the river. When he came to, he was in the mountain-hut of the habitant who had fished him out of the water. For months his memory was gone. Then a great surgeon, brother of a local abbé, who happened to be in the village, performed an operation, and the man knew about himself once more. While he was thinking of returning to the place whence he came, a fragment of a newspaper told him that his wife was married again; that his supposed death was regarded as suicide on account of the peculation of trust funds, a crime which he knew his brother-in-law was guilty of; and that he had become merely a memory as a heavy drinker, a scoffer, and a bad example. He had had plenty of admirers, enemies, and acquaintances in his day, but no friends. The community was well rid of him. Why should he go back? Why bring shame on the wife who had never loved him, or send to jail the real culprit. So he let the past go, and began all over again.

The most remarkable case that Charley Steele had in the course of his legal career was that of a man whom he had saved from the gallows as if by a miracle. Until he made his great appeal for the prisoner, full of feeling—the only feeling he was ever known to show—everybody thought that conviction was certain. As the lawyer walked away from the court after the acquittal, again inscrutable and debonair, his client approached him.

THE RIGHT OF WAY. A novel, by Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, 8vo, $1.50.

"'M'sieu', m'sieu', you have saved my life—I thank you, m'sieu'.'

"Charley Steele drew his arm away in disgust.

"'Get out of my sight. You're as guilty as hell,' he said."

But Charley Steele was to meet him again. For, after he had recovered from his injury, the man who had rescued him from death, who had harbored him, and who knew that he had a secret, warned him one day as he was clipping the beard which acted as a disguise.

"'You might be recognized without the beard.'

"'What difference would it make?' . . . . .

"There was silence for a moment, in which Charley's eyes were like wavering sparks of steel. He did not see Joe's face—it was in a mist—he was searching, searching, searching! Suddenly he felt the latch of the hidden door under his fingers; he saw a court-room, a judge and jury, and hundreds of excited faces, himself standing in the midst. He saw twelve men file slowly into the room and take their seats—all save one, who stood still in his place, and said 'Not guilty, your honor!' He saw the prisoner leave the box and step down a free man. He saw himself coming out into the staring summer day. He watched the prisoner come to him and touch his arm and say 'Thank you, m'sieu', you have saved my life.' He saw himself turn to this man——

"He roused from his trance, he staggered to his feet, the shears rattled to the floor. Lurching forward, he caught Jo Portugais by the throat, and said, as he had said outside the court-room years ago:

"'Get out of my sight. You're as guilty as hell.'

"His grip tightened—tightened on Joe's throat. Jo did not move, though his face grew black. Then, suddenly, the hands relaxed, a bluish paleness swept over the face, and Charley fell sidewise to the floor before Jo could catch him.

"All night, alone, the murderer struggled with death over the body of the lawyer who had saved his life."

In the second part of Charley Steele's life occurred his one real love-affair. Rosalie is a beautiful and touching figure. Her influence on the man in his regeneration is described with great skill. At first Steele makes up his mind to marry her and take chances. But it is the thought that it would involve an act of treason to her that keeps him back. He finally dies a death which is the result of his own heroism.

The other characters in the book are clear-cut and vivid. The way that they are grouped around the central figure indicates the manipulation of a skilful hand. Mr. Parker need not have almost apologized for writing another story about French Canada, as he does in his preface.

Frederick James Gregg.

MR. CABLE'S "THE CAVALIER."

TO write successfully of war days that have come down with recollections of personal experience, and to make them the background against which shall be set a stirring and delicious love-story, may be called in anyone's hands an achievement. When one does this, and leaves to the reader's eye no sense of the author having been overweighted with an abundance of material, the achievement becomes a rare one, and this is what Mr. Cable has done.

We have received in recent times what may be called a flood of fiction that deals with wars. In the main it has been fiction that pertained to wars of remote periods, many of them Revolutionary or Colonial, others the wars of Europe, dating even further back than events in American history. It has not always been with success that writers have invaded these fields so remote from their own experience. The misfortune, perhaps, has been that there exist no adequate means by which the essential truth of the pictures they presented could be verified. Old memoirs and historical writings were the best guides we could find. But these often showed us how imperfectly the life and spirit of remote epochs had been reproduced.

It is obvious that difficulties quite as

"THE CAVALIER." By George W. Cable. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, $1.50.

great, though of another sort, beset the man who aims to picture times of which he has formed a part. Here he is encumbered with an excess of riches—his own recollections are so clear, his knowledge of details is so minute, and that part of the theatre to which his own experience was related formed so small a part of the great drama going on about him. Mr. Cable was quite conscious of this danger, and shows how he avoided it when he writes for his hero the words: "How much closer I watched the trend of things that belonged only to this small story than I did that great theatre of a whole world's fortunes whose arches spread and resounded from the city of Washington to the city of Mexico." Again he fears that his history gives more of war than of love.

The author shows in every chapter how with an artist's hand, he has restrained his grasp and confined his record to those small incidents about which his love-story is grouped and to which it bears actual relation. He has made no attempt to picture war as a whole, but war in little—mere incidents of the great conflict, but these in themselves show us, with ever-present force and point, provided we use our imagination, what conditions elsewhere and everywhere existed in that vast theatre of strife south of the Ohio, and beyond the Potomac.

Passages here and there may be quoted in illustration of the effective touches in this kind which the author gives. On his first page he writes how "the air was in anguish with the din of tree-felling and log-chopping, of stamping, neighing, braying, whooping, guffawing, and singing—all the daybreak charivari beloved of a camp of Confederate 'critter companies.'" Or, describing a charge in a lane, he tells how "in an instant the road was so full of fallen horses and dismounted men that the jaded columns faltered in confusion." When a house is under attack, he described how "hoofs rumbled, carbines banged, and the charge struck three sides of the house at once," and again, how "peril and darkness, storm, hard riding, the uproar and rage of man-killing," were at last past and gone. Perhaps the finest passage dealing with actual war occurs in a chapter which he heads "The Bottom of the Whirlwind":

"It was only a call to death: already we were half across the short decline and coming like a tornado; in the white camp the blue coats were running hither and yon, deaf to the brave shouting of their captains; above the swelling thunder of our hoofs rose the mad yell of the onset; and now carbines pealed and pistols cracked and here are the tents so close you may touch them, and yonder is one already in a light blaze and at every hand and under every horse's foot is the crouching, quailing, falling foe; the air is one crash of huzzas and groans, screams, shots and commands; horses with riders and horses without plunge through the flames and smoke of the burning tents, and again and again I see Ned Ferry with the flat of his unstained sword strike pistol or carbine from hands too brave to cast them tamely down and hear him cry 'Throw down your arms! For God's sake throw down your arms and run to the road, run to the public road!'"

Mr. Cable is not less happy in other descriptions. Years after the events recorded, he went back to an old town made familiar in the story, finding it had disappeared, and here is the scene:

"Old Gallatin is no more. I would not mention without reverence the perishing of a town, however small, though no charm of antiquity, of art or of nature were lost in its dissolution. Yet it suits my fancy that old Gallatin had perished. Neither war nor famine, flood nor fever were the death of it; the railroad and Hazlehurst sapped its life. Some years ago, on a business trip, I went several miles out of my way to see the spot. Not a timber, not a brick, of the old county seat remained. Where the court-house had stood on a square, the early summer sun drew tonic odor from a field of corn; in place of the tavern a cotton field was a-blush with blossoms; shops and houses had utterly vanished; a solitary store, as transient as a toadstool, stood at the cross roads peddling calico and molasses, shoes and snuff."

How charmingly Mr. Cable will close some animated conversation or stirring war-scene with a sentence or phrase that

pictures stillness is seen often in his pages. The startling announcement at the close of a conversation that a certain man's wife has been dead for years is followed by the word "hark," and then the explanation, "the sound we had heard was only some stir of nature in her sleep." A chapter describing a rescue and retreat ends with the words: "We descended into a woody hollow; the sounds of human strife died away, and field and forest offered us only beauty, fragrance, peace, and the love-song of birds."

Mr. Cable, as these passages will sufficiently show, maintains his reputation for the extreme of simplicity in the choice of words. No writer of our day clings more tenaciously to Anglo-Saxon terms. One may read a page of this volume and hardly count more than half a score of words that came from foreign sources. Nor does he ever indulge in anything which could be called fine writing, and yet we see so much of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," with all its cursing, the groans of wounded men, the strife, the confusion, the utter chaos to which things seem to have descended, but out of which emerge definite results. Just before the story ends, Gettysburg and Vicksburg have been lost to the South, but the charming final page of narrative leaves the reader scarcely thinking of the momentous events which yet were to crowd those Southern fields, ere the mighty conflict closed forever.

Francis W. Halsey.

"THE QUIBERON TOUCH."

"HAWKE'S pursuit and defeat of Conflans," declares the dogmatic Elkins in his tactical treatise upon the Naval Battles of Great Britain, "appears to me one of the best-managed of our naval exploits." And in a quaint and breezy sea letter to Mr. Cleveland, written "on board the Royal George off Penn's Point," the great Lord Hawke—then Sir Edward—describes this memorable encounter between the rocks and shoals of a coast imperfectly known or charted on a gale-blown November day. The opposing fleets were, as a chronicler succinctly sets them down, British twenty-three sail of the line, French twenty-one—frigates excluded.

"In attacking a flying enemy it was impossible, in the space of a short winter's day," writes the Admiral, "that all our ships should be able to get into action, or all those of the enemy brought to it. The commanders and companies of such as did come up with the rear of the French on the 20th (November, 1759) "behaved with the greatest intrepidity, and gave the strongest proofs of a true British spirit."

What faith these old sailors had in themselves, their ships and their heaven-born qualities—and, indeed, this was the beginning of their victories!

It is with the fortunes of this famous action that Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady's latest and best volume is concerned. He puts down the period as the marvellous culmination in Brittany waters of a bitter, long-fought war between France and England, and declares the battle to be one of two great historic events that were of vital importance to the future of America and the home country. The other controlling event, also set forth in *The Quiberon Touch,* deals with our own land, and is recorded in the blithe yet touching story of Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, and in the surrender of an empire to England at the gates of Quebec's citadel. In what with a regrettable affectation is labelled as an *Afterword* — locution equally offensive with that other villain *Foreword*—Mr. Brady enunciates his philosophy of history in this wise: "Failing the victory of Quebec

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THE QUIBERON TOUCH. A Romance of the Days when "The Great Lord Hawke" was King of the Sea. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, $1.50.

—which virtually terminated the war on the continent—in which the Americans received such valuable lessons, the United States would probably never have won its independence. There would have been another outlet for the growing energies of the colonies in that event—namely, fighting with Canada instead of with England. Without the victory at Quiberon, in which the naval power of France was annihilated, England might not have been able to hold New France, and the British Empire certainly would not at that time have begun to be. The story of Wolfe is a familiar one. The magnificent fighting of Hawke in the storm off Quiberon is practically unknown. . . . His crushing of the French fleet sealed the conquest of Canada. The year 1759, marked by the battles of Quebec and Quiberon, fitly may be called the *annus mirabilis* of William Pitt and of England."

It must not be supposed from this rather loosely written description of his period and his scene that Mr. Brady has inflicted on an over-patient public one of those dreadful books that masquerade as historical novels. *The Quiberon Touch* is from clew to ear-ring, from truck to keelson, superior in every way to most of the pretentious hodge-podges that clutter the groaning presses. There was a probable story to tell, and told it has been.

For one who has written so much in so brief a period, and probably under such high pressure, the book is unusually free from the ear-marks of hurry. At times the style is, perhaps, a little labored, at others diffuse; and here and there a few errors—but only a few—have been made in nautical lore. But on the whole it is a deft and singularly honest work, and deserves a host of readers. Here you may find variety of scene and of character and incident in plenty; here, too, are vivid pictures of shore and sea such as the layman may know, and here, woven in the stout web of fighting, plotting and dying, is a gallant ribbon of love and of love's adventures that should cheer the heart of young and old.

Hawke's career was a romance, and he has a right to be known as Mr. Brady paints him to this generation. From the beginning of his active duty his services were conspicuous when the days of wooden walls and hearts of oak were crowded with brilliant deeds. And yet had not chance and a sturdy friend intervened at a sorry season, he would have been lost to the profession and to the nation he adorned. When he had nearly reached the head of the Captains' list, the expediency of passing him and some others for promotion was freely discussed at the Admiralty. But Admiral Boscawen—of immortal memory—interposed and declared if they "yellowed" Hawke—as the phrase of discredit went in those days—the Navy would "lose one of its bravest men and finest fellows." Such was the impression made at that time on his brother officers by the man who framed the tradition: "Hawke says only two signals are necessary when you sight an enemy—General Chase, Close Action."

They were, indeed, noble worthies of an arduous age, these British Admirals, and won their way by hard knocks and rude buffetings in every sea. They were loved, too, most of them, fore and aft, and often held, for a sailor, a reasonably firm place in the memory of the people they saved and honored. Hawke was an especial favorite. Once when the men of the fleet had suffered particularly from the neglect of the Admiralty, a fo'k's'le ballad-monger spun into a rough-and-ready rhyme this broadside that has come down to our day:

> **"Ere Hawke did bang**
> **Munseer Conflans**
> **You sent us beef and beer;**
> **Now Munseer's beat**
> **We've nought to eat**
> **Since you have nought to fear."**

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

601.—Who first characterized Walt Whitman's poetry as a "barbaric yawp?" Is it his own phrase, and if so, where and on what occasion was it first used? J. T.

We think it was Emerson.

602.—(1) Who wrote "L'Abbé Tigrane," said to be the "best clerical story in the world?"

(2) What are the Magnall's Questions?

(3) From what play of Shakspere is the quotation beginning:

> "Like to the Pontic Sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
> To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

R. U. W.

(1) It was written by Ferdinand Fabre (born in France in 1830, died in 1898), and was published in 1873.

(3) It is from "Othello," Act III., scene 3.

603.—Kindly advise me who wrote: "Speak up, Ike, express yourself! See the Circus passing by!" T. A.

604.—There is a notable poem of but three stanzas, the first of which is:

> "A little joy;
> A little strife;
> Hope, fear, hate, love—
> And this is life."

I have met it recently attributed to Arthur J. Burdick. Can any reader tell me whether I am right in my impression that it has also been attributed to someone else? M. K.

Several poems, some of them quite notable, have been written in that formula. Here is one that appeared anonymously in *Appleton's Journal* for August 15, 1874. It is entitled "The Old Song":

> A little feast, a little fast,
> A little hour of play;
> A little caught, a little cast—
> So runs the world away!
>
> A little maid, a little "yes,"
> A little wish 'twas "nay;"
> A little weeping in the night—
> So runs the world away!
>
> A little wind, a little snow,
> A little time to stay;
> A little thought of former years—
> So runs the world away!

605.—(1) Can any reader tell me who said, "After all, it is the serious emotions of mankind that endure?"

(2) I would like to know the date of the first use of photography for illustrating books. T. E.

(2) It is said to have been first used in a book published by Putnam in 1852.

606.—(1) Is it known who wrote the poem "Wild Darrell?"

(2) Who was "the Savoyard Vicar" mentioned in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary?" S. S.

607.—Can you tell me who translated Henry Altemus's edition of Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon?" V.

608.—I cannot remember who wrote a novel in which all the characters are killed at once by a railway accident. Was it Hood? Perhaps some reader's memory will help me out. J. D. C.

ANSWERS

567.—Sometime ago, when collecting materials for the Brooklyn and Long Island chapters of my "Literary Haunts and Homes," I found a few persons who had been pupils of Walt Whitman in the days when he taught school and "boarded round." Two of these remembered that, while he was teaching at Whitestone, they saw there in his handwriting a poem of several stanzas, beginning with the lines:

> "Oh, he was pure! The fleecy snow
> Sinking through air to earth below
> Was not more undefiled."

They understood that he had written it, though they had not heard him say that he was the author, and the evidence of his authorship seemed rather presumptive than positive. In those days Whitman wrote poetry of the orthodox sentimental style and published it under the name of Walter Whitman. T. S. W.

589.—"States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!"

is from Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV., stanza 3. F. E. B.

592.—(2) I enclose a copy of Whittier's poem, "Given and Taken," which I have had in my scrap-book several years. It contains the lines:

> "Richest gifts are those we make,
> Dearer than the love we take," etc.

I believe it appeared originally in the *Independent* in 1884. H. P. F.

We will save the copy for J. L. P., who can have it by sending his address. But perhaps we ought to remind our readers that, strictly speaking, it is not lawful to copy, even with a pen, any literary production that is under copyright.

593.—(2) C. B. S. sends us the famous old poem, which lingers in the memory of many, but has long since gone out of print:

> "Father, I've seen the volunteers
> Dressed out in red and blue,
> And I should like to hear you tell
> What they intend to do."

> "These are our country's soldiers child,
> And they intend to go
> To fight the country's battles,
> Way down in Mexico."

> "The country's battles—what are they,
> And what is fighting for?
> I thought that folks were shot and killed
> Whene'er they went to war."

> "Just so, my boys, these volunteers,
> For glory and renown,
> Will shoot and kill the Mexicans
> And knock their cities down."

> "What have they done,—those Mexicans,
> I should be glad to know.
> I think I never heard before
> Of serving people so."

> "Done?—they're a weak and paltry race,
> And all the papers say
> They owe our Nation certain sums,
> Which they refuse to pay."

> "Well,—Thomas Jones is owing me
> A sixpence for a knife,
> I'll go some night and burn him out
> And take the fellow's life."

> "What!—take his life? What do you mean?
> Hold in your wicked tongue,
> You would be tried for murder, boy,
> And on the gallows hung."

> "Then why not hang the volunteers?
> Is it more wicked, then,
> To shoot and kill a single boy,
> Than kill a thousand men?"

593.—(3) The lines given are the first of Eliza Cook's poem, entitled "Song of the Red Indian," and may be found in her collected poems. M. R. A.

Answered also by O. J. D. and J. B. G.

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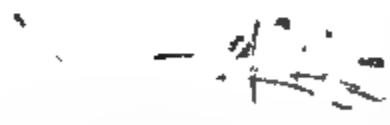

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THE MADONNA AND CHILD, WITH THE MAGDALEN AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

[National Gallery, London.]

[*From the photogravure print. See "The Season's Art Books," page 393.*]

THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XXIII NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1901 No. 5

THE BOOK BUYER is published on the first of every month. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.
Subscriptions are received by all booksellers.
Subscribers in ordering change of address must give the old as well as the new address.
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

ITALIAN JOURNEYS

BY T. R. SULLIVAN

THE *Italian Journeys* of Mr. Howells, now reprinted with many illustrations by Joseph Pennell in attractive holiday form, date from the year 1864, when the author was still our Consul at Venice, and had just taken the first step in his long, honorable career as a man of letters by the publication of *Venetian Life*. The charm of the earlier book survives in these excursions, which led him not only

from Venice
As far as Belmont,

but also through many highways and byways of the Italian peninsula, one foot in sea and one on shore, by Parma and Mantua, Bologna and Genoa, Padua, Ferrara and Arquà, to the more familiar environment of Rome and Naples. Since all travelling, as the sage observes, gives a return in proportion to the knowledge that a man brings to it, the value of a book of travel must depend upon the traveller; and no one needs to be reminded that this adventurer, in setting forth, was especially well equipped for the enterprise by his years in Venice, which gave him exceptional opportunity for study of the Italian language and literature. Day by day, he recorded the haps and hazards of his wandering, with the keenness of observation and delicacy of expression which already had gained for him the regard of thoughtful readers. His individuality is never lost; it is always his point of view that we acquire—not the pale reflex of another mind which has glanced that way be-

ITALIAN JOURNEYS. By William Dean Howells. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, $3.00.

From "Italian Journeys." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FOUNTAIN OF FERDINAND, NAPLES.

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fore him. He keeps throughout, unblinded by prejudice and unobscured by affectation, that clear, receptive vision which makes the intelligent American traveller one of the best in the world. But over and above this he brings to bear upon all he sees a peculiar sympathy, which is the result of long association with things Italian. He is always an American, but an acclimated American. The prospect at Arquà reminds him of the Ohio hills; that at Mantua of the Middle Mississippi; yet at the Stella d'Oro, in Ferrara, he can join a group of Italian soldiers, and, winning their confidence, become one with them, for the time being, in their pleasant scheme for unifying Italy by persistent elimination of local dialects from their after-dinner talk, in favor of the common language.

To these qualities, supplementing a rare descriptive faculty that seems spontaneously to hit upon the right word, are due the remarkable freshness and vitality with which the journeys, *consule Planco*, defy all intervening years. Rome and Naples, to be sure, have changed much in the last generation. The "rascal streets" of the Eternal City no longer seem "unimaginably vile," but are swept and garnished by an urban bureau of neatness, that keeps them as clean as the newly excavated pavement of the Forum. There is a tramway in the Corso. An unsightly iron bridge deforms the regulated Tiber, hard by Bernini's fluttering statues of the Ponte Sant' Angelo—the "breezy maniacs," as Dickens called them. The Villa Reale of Naples, enlarged and glorified, has become the Villa Nazionale; and the famous Strada di Toledo is now the Via di Roma. These and other alterations, for better or for worse, the traveller of to-day, choosing Mr. Howells for his companion, may note with interest to rejoice at or deplore, according to his mood of the moment. But in essential characteristics the two capitals remain much as Mr. Howells left them. And should the same traveller follow his leader into the smaller cities, the provincial towns and country villages, posting along the Ferrara road or toiling on foot into the recesses of the Euganean Hills, no such minor discrepancies would be perceptible. The Mantua, Modena, Parma, and Ferrara of 1864 are, practically, those of to-day, as could be demonstrated by the turning of a leaf. There was really no need to lock them up quietly within their walls, as Mr. Howells longed to do at parting. They are still unspoiled. So, too, are Arquà and Verona; and even porticoed Padua itself—where one latter-day lounger at the Caffè

m "Italian Journeys." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NAPLES: STREET WITH STEPS.

Pedrocchi admits a fondness even for those dim arcades of which his predecessor so strongly disapproves; but is willing to swear with him that the germ of Doctor Rappacini's mortal plant was found in its lovely old Botanic Garden.

In some matters of more importance than those here indicated, it is possible that the author's view, were he to go over the ground again, would be found to have widened with the years; on the artistic side, in particular, one may reasonably imagine that it might undergo considerable modification, if not absolute reversal of judgment. Most of us admit such phenomena in our own experience. The perceptions of youth, seldom inflexible, are apt to grow stronger, if not always finer and clearer, when maturity sets in. At Parma, for instance, Mr. Howells, to-day, would surely have some mention to make of the beautiful early frescoes on the dome of the Baptistery, and would not be all for the later splendors of Correggio; while, at Rome, he might even find beauty in St. Peter's, or give the Pantheon, now happily shorn of its ass's ears, something more than a meagre paragraph. Yet, on the other hand, he could hardly add a single word to his brief description of the desolate Campagna without spoiling the finished picture; and though he devotes entire chapters to his pilgrimage to Petrarch's house at Arquà and his day in Pompeii, those subdivisions of his work, far from being too long, gain in value by their completeness of detail. The blazing sun of his Neapolitan November falls into the narrow, curving streets of the ancient city, "clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black shadows of the many-tinted walls." He recalls

From "Italian Journeys." SORRENTO, THE HARBOR. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"the houses, and the gay columns of white, yellow and red; the delicate pavements of mosaic;

the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains; inanimate garden spaces with pigmy statues suited to their littleness; suites of fairy bedchambers, painted with exquisite frescoes, dining-halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls; the ruinous sites of temples; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking-houses; the lonesome tragic theatre, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bas-reliefs all but unharmed; around the whole, the city wall crowned with slender poplars; outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiæ; and, in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven;——"

until his day, revivifying our own blurred retrospect, becomes the memory of a lifetime. Either for one who has seen it or one who has not seen it, the impression given of Pompeii is distinct, complete, and ineffaceable.

Toward the close of the book Mr. Howells, apparently chiding himself for lack of earnestness in his travel, indulges in historical digression to an extent which overshadows the personal narrative. He rehabilitates ducal Mantua from first to last, incidentally throwing light upon the obscure story of the poet, Sordello. The material is skilfully compiled from original sources, though it may seem to some readers too long for the context. Superficial minds, doubtless, will prefer to such weighty matter the chapter entitled Forza Maggiore, which deals only with the "moving accidents by flood and field" of a diligence-journey from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn. Here the personal note is very strong, and the writer's sense of humor rises superior to all his reverses, in the course of which many amusing side-lights are turned upon Italian character. However the reader's predisposition may incline him, this, certainly, is one of the most delightful passages in a work of infinite variety, which it is a pleasure to review, which no late pilgrim to the venerable and venerated land of sun and song should leave behind him.

Mr. Pennell's drawings vary from slight, suggestive chapter-headings to larger and more carefully detailed glimpses of winding streets and city squares. Some of these latter have almost the fidelity of photographs, with a distinction, however, which is the artist's own. They are admirably reproduced by the publishers, who, moreover, announce a limited edition of three hundred copies, upon which they have bestowed special care.

From "Italian Journeys." CAPRI. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

From "The Ruling Passion." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"PERFECTLY CONTENT IF SHE LOOKED UP NOW AND THEN."

"THE RULING PASSION"

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

THE secret of Dr. van Dyke's success lies in the fact that he is able to touch "the very pulse of the machine;" he does not loiter over things which are incidental or fumble with minor affairs; he goes straight to the heart of the matter. The title of this collection of short stories is significant of their essential quality; they present a group of character studies sketched with a vigorous hand, but the character, in each case, is dominated by a master passion; an interest which has penetrated to the heart, inspired or inflamed the imagination, and kindled a flame in the emotions. This dominating interest, deepened into passion, is seized, disentangled from subordinate interests, and struck into clear light with a touch which is at once full of virility and charm.

Dr. van Dyke has added some chapters to the literature of refreshment, of liberation, of the free life of the soul which have the breath of the woods in them, the pungent odor of camp-fires, and the glow and masculine sweetness of wholesome, out-of-doors fellowship. He is a born lover of the free ways of the world; and he has

THE RULING PASSION. Tales of Nature and Human Nature. By Henry van Dyke. With Illustrations in color by Walter Appleton Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, $1.50.

made himself a close observer, a sympathetic and keen-eyed student of nature, happily combining trained observation with a poet's freshness of feeling and joy in the stir and variety and splendor of things. He has been also a life-long lover and student of books, with an instinct for fine workmanship and an insight into the spiritual aspects of literature which have borne fruit in clean-cut and broad-minded criticism.

But Dr. van Dyke is, above all, a lover of men, deeply moved by their various fates, deeply sympathetic with their manifold struggles, and gifted with that faculty of divining what is in their hearts which has its roots in a very human feeling for them. He is an observer who stands inside the world which he studies; this is, perhaps, the secret of his skill in putting his finger on the major interest, the master passion, and investing his delineation with an air of reality and with depth of sentiment. He can deal with the destructive passions without a touch of cynicism; he can be genuinely dramatic without being impersonal; he can paint the most striking portrait without hardness.

The prime quality of this group of stories is their vitality; they are alive in every page and paragraph; penetrated not only with the stir, but with the warmth of life. They are curiously free from that touch of conscious literary purpose which often gives an air of unreality to the fiction of cultivated writers. Their art aside, these stories might have been written by a man who had never read a book and cared nothing for literary conventions. Their freshness and power reside in this elemental human quality, which is so much deeper and richer than the secondary motives and impulses which have their rise in training, taste, or the literary aptitude.

Dr. van Dyke has the resources of craftsmanship well in hand; he is a deft and expert workman, with the instinct and conscience of the artist; but his deepest interests are not in books, but in the stuff of which books are made—the raw material of life. He loves real men, real situations, and real dramas of experience. In this passion for reality there is, however, no hard literalism, no undiscriminating interest in things without regard to their significance. On the contrary, there is the very genius of selection, the faculty, brought to a very high degree of perfection, of seizing the few striking facts and qualities which are penetrated with character and pushing all subordinate things into the background. As a result the reader of these stories finds himself arrested in every instance by a major motive, while minor motives are only incidentally touched upon.

A man who loves men is not likely to succumb to that fear of emotion, that distrust of feeling, which have given a good deal of American writing a timid air or a pallid hue. An artist must have the courage of his emotions if he is to touch the heart of his theme or his readers; and Dr. van Dyke is not afraid to give free and frank expression to sentiment, that effluence of all experience and feeling which are deep enough to touch the imagination; a something so elusive as to escape definition, but so real as to bring into literature a breath of perennial freshness. It is easy to divine the interest of the Canadian *habitant*, for his picturesque quality is genuine and captivating in the portraiture; but it may be suspected that the compelling interest of this primitive man for the writer of these stories lies in the frankness of his feelings, the clear play of his emotions, the undisguised power and direction of his passions. He dares to be himself and, being unsophisticated, he gives full range to his impulses; his heart is not worn on his sleeve, but its pulses beat audibly and the emotion leaps on to the deed without pause for calculation.

From "The Ruling Passion." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I AM THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT."

In dealing with the stuff of emotion and feeling Dr. van Dyke is kept in admirable poise by his abundant humor; one of the formative qualities in literature; one of the primal and inexhaustible elements of vital significance and artistic possibility with which the race started the business of living. An air of health pervades this volume; an absence of strain, of over-intensity, of the one-sidedness which is the vice of many reformers and the bane of many serious minds. Dr. van Dyke has as true a moral instinct as any writer of the time, but he is not afraid of the free play of a man's nature, of the overflow of vitality in gayety of mood, love of natural pleasures, and keen enjoyment of the foibles, the follies, the extravagances of men and women in things good no less than in things evil. Responsibility for intelligent use of one's faculties does not end when one sets out in pursuit of virtue, and a man cannot play the fool in the interests of wisdom with impunity. Common-sense is quite as essential as goodness. Dr. van Dyke loves the breadth of life as well as its height; he knows that humor is as much a part of the nature of man as conscience, and what has gone into human nature as a divine endowment he does not hesitate to find and use with contagious enjoyment.

He is artist enough to let his stories convey their own morals, and not to "improve" the opportunity of a tragic fate for the good of his readers. The writer who touches life with such a hand as his will not blunder into doing, obviously and awkwardly, what life always does with appalling directness and skill.

It is easy to read these stories, so natural is their manner, so unaffected their style. In this delightful ease, this out-of-door air of carelessness, the reader of insight will discern the artistic quality of the work; the quality which invests it with the atmosphere of literature.

Dr. van Dyke takes down the scaffolding as he builds and gives us only the finished structure; effacing all trace of toil and removing every suggestion of tools and waste materials. Alive in imagination and in human interest, dealing frankly with realities, richly endowed with feeling and with humor, an artist who has learned the secret of concealing his methods—Dr. van Dyke has put himself definitely into the front rank of contemporary American men of letters.

THE WOOD THRUSH

In the twilight of the trees
Hear the wood thrush singing
Low, sweet summer harmonies,
In the twilight.

Warbles he with wondrous ease
On a lithe branch swinging
In the twilight of the trees.

Bell-like tones the laden breeze
From his throat is bringing—
Lo, sweet summer harmonies
In the twilight!

—From "At the Sign of the Ginger Jar," by Ray Clark Rose. By permission of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

From "Old Time Gardens." The Macmillan Co.

GARDEN AT VAN CORTLANDT MANOR.

THE ART OF THE GARDENER

BY GEORGE H. ELLWANGER

"Gardens were before Gardiners, and but some hours after the Earth."
—SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682).

THE word garden has ever an engaging sound—fraught as it invariably is with fragrant memories, and redolent of sweets to come. A love for gardening in some phase of its widest significance, horticulture, or the cultivation of plants, shrubs, trees and flowers, and the adornment of grounds, is innate with nearly all peoples. It has engaged the serious attention of many of the most distinguished minds, and is shared by rich and poor. And whether it find expression in the modest cottage plot, or the grand demesne with its wealth of floral and arboreal treasures, it would seem that the divine call to tend a garden becomes, in truth, the happiest as well as the most time-honored lot that is vouchsafed mankind.

With the name garden are associated the south wind of Solomon's Song, the "pleasant herbers well ywrought" of Chaucer, the "walkes and alleyes dight" of the "Faerie Queen," the "trim gardens" of the "Penseroso," the "green shade" of Marvell, the perfumed flowers of the "Winter's Tale." Parkinson and Gerarde, Walpole and Evelyn, laugh through vine-wreathed pergolas and sunny parterres; and from Herrick to Tennyson, from

OLD TIME GARDENS. By Alice Morse Earle. Illustrated from photographs by the author. The Macmillan Co., crown 8vo, $2.50 *net*.

Bacon and Temple to Hawthorne and Jefferies, poetry and prose are rendered doubly sweet by the odorous incense of bud and bloom.

In some form the pursuit of horticulture has always existed among civilized nations, though the garden craft of ancient Rome, the peculiar shaping of shrubs and trees and quaint devices of China and Japan, differ materially from the old-style formal gardening of Italy, Flanders, France, or England, and yet more distinctly from the natural and less ornate style of the present day. By Wordsworth the laying out of grounds is described as a liberal art, in some sort like poetry or painting. Indeed, the outward embellishment and adornment of one's home, the fashioning and planting of the surroundings of house or mansion, may prove in the highest sense an æsthetic expression of individuality—a reflection of taste and refinement, or the direct opposite, in no less degree than the architecture and interior appointments of the house itself. The well-appointed garden becomes the natural complement of the artistic home. Yet harmony between house and grounds is, alas, too often lacking. How many an urban and rural spot do not mutely invoke the benignant hand of the accomplished gardener who may shape and formulate

"Those short but admirable lines
By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
Things greater are in less contain'd."

Books relating to the subject are manifold; and of such not a few have been written by women. One remembers with pleasure Mrs. Boyle's "Days and Hours in a Garden," Mrs. Robbins's "The Rescue of an Old Place," Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "Art Out-of-Doors," Miss Jekyll's recent "Wall and Water Gardens," and many other contributions of merit. To

From "Old Time Gardens." The Macmillan Co.

GARDEN OF THE MANSE, DEERFIELD, MASS.

these has just been added a most comprehensive illustrated volume by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, whose "China-Collecting in America" and "Stage-Coach and Tavern Days" have found so many appreciative readers. It is needless to say that, whatever her theme, Mrs. Earle is never dull, and, combining technical knowledge with rare artistic and literary ability, few are able to instruct more pleasingly. It has been remarked by Addison that there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry. Of most of these the volume has something to tell. But it is far more than the mere laying out of grounds with which it is concerned. Many topics relating to garden craft are touched upon, with a loving, sympathetic appreciation for plant, flower, and tree. It should not be inferred, however, by those who are concerned with the strictly practical part of gardening and the laying out of grounds, that the volume may take the place of numerous treatises by professional garden-architects and master garden-designers. *Old Time Gardens* is rather a gardening essay written by one possessed of a keen love for nature and her works, who has studied well the folklore, tradition, and romance connected with the subject, together with many of its practical details as exemplified in various styles and examples of the art. The garden-lore, the references to the old herbalists, poets, and authors of husbandry, is a most attractive feature of the work, which in this respect forms an admirable companion to Canon Ellacombe's "Plant-Lore of Shakespeare."

In twenty-five chapters with such titles as "Front Dooryards," "Box Edgings," "In Lilac Tide," "The Charm of Color," "The Blue Flower-Border," "Sun-Dials," "Garden Boundaries," "Gardens of the Poets," "Dancing Flowers and Flower Dances," "Old Flower Favorites," and the like, it follows the floral pageant through the centuries and the blossoming

From "Old Time Gardens." The Macmillan Co.

MONEY-IN-BOTH-POCKETS.

year. The opening chapter deals with colonial garden-making and the New England pioneers who brought their seeds and roots with them from the mother country. From this we learn that the first botanic garden in America was established in Philadelphia by John Bartram in 1728, and that the first commercial nursery in America was founded about 1730 by Robert Prince at Flushing, L. I. Of ancient gardens in Virginia, that of Mount Vernon is probably the oldest in original shape. One of the few gardens in this country that date to colonial days is the beautiful example of the old Dutch manor garden at Croton-on-Hudson, still in possession of the Van Cortlandt family. The finest example of the Italian garden, or what Sir William Temple would term "the perfectest Figure of a Garden" of the kind, is that of Mr. Hunnewell at Wellesley, Mass.

It may be added that probably the best example of the natural style in this country is that of Dr. Sargent at Brookline,

Mass., and in England the beautiful estate, Gravetye Manor, the property of William Robinson, Esq., author of "The English Flower-Garden," and former editor of "The Garden." The front door-

"Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
An herber[1] green, with wandis long and small
Railèd about, and so with treès set,
Was all the place, and Hawthorne hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,[2]
That might within scarce any wight espy.

From "Old Time Gardens." The Macmillan Co.

OLD BOX AT PRINCE HOMESTEAD.

yard of colonial times with its arrangement of flowers and shrubs, carefully fenced in with a gate that was kept rigidly closed and latched, was an English fashion derived from the forecourt advised by Gervaise Markham, the old English writer on husbandry, gardening, cookery, and angling.

In the chapter, "Varied Gardens Fair," the old-fashioned English garden is described, wherein figured knots or squares and ornamental beds, each of which had a design set in some close-growing trim plant, and with the design filled in with colored earth or sand. The poetical description by King James I. of Scotland, of which Mrs. Earle quotes the opening lines, presents an excellent idea of an English garden during the first half of the fifteenth century, the garden being that adjoining Windsor Castle, where the King was imprisoned for upward of eighteen years:

So thick the boughes and the leaves green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every herber might be seen
The sharpë greenë sweetë Juniper,
Growing so faire with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughès spread the herber all about.

And on the smallë greenë twistis[3] sat
The little sweetë nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song."

The parterre, of different combinations, succeeded the knot—"parterres of cut-work," "parterres à l'Anglaise," and "parterres de broderie." Covert-walks or shade-alleys had trees meeting in an arch overhead. A "goose-foot" consisted of three flower-beds, or three avenues, radiating rather closely together from a small semicircle. Box was the favorite edging to these flower-beds. The arbor or

[1] Arbour.
[2] None of the passers-by could look within.
[3] Twigs.

"herber," or several arbors, often figured in these old gardens, as likewise the maze "cunningly handled for the beautifying of gardens," as expressed by Thomas Hill in his Gardener's Labyrinth. Of mazes, probably the finest example in the United States is that at Monterey, Cal.

The hornbeam, and especially the yew, were the favorite materials for the exercise of the *ars topiaria,* or verdant sculpture, which came into practice in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Dutch and Flemish modes of decoration became known during the latter part of the sixteenth century. Near the close of the reign of the eighth Henry, Italian and French styles were introduced. From this combination and the old English mode in vogue sprang the so-termed Elizabethan style—a style that even to-day possesses a distinct beauty and unquestionable charm where it corresponds with the mansion, as was originally intended; or where it is modified to meet the demands of certain other architectural forms. Therein lies the true secret of the ideal garden: its adaptation and conformation to environment, with continuous succession of bloom, from the first daffodil's golden chalice until the last purple monkshood's spire. The stately, precise formal garden may admirably respond to certain surroundings, as, on the other hand, the natural style may be preferable where the garden proper, instead of being enclosed by hedge and wall, should rather embrace and melt into the smiling landscape beyond, and become one, as it were, with "the pomp of groves and garniture of fields," or emphasize

> "the distant view
> That gradual fades, 'til sunk in misty blue."

It may be said that the formal style requires far greater outlay both in design and maintenance than the natural, and

From "Old Time Gardens." The Macmillan Co.

GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

should not be attempted unless by those who may bestow upon it the additional care it calls for. Sunken gardens and water-gardens are also discussed. Nor is the savory herb-garden, or "olitory," forgotten. On these and similar niceties the chapters on "Garden Furnishings," "Garden Boundaries," and "The Herb-Garden," are excellent mentors.

Many examples are cited and many illustrations are presented of different styles of gardens, as well as of flowers, flower-beds, arbors, walks, boundaries, shrubs, and trees. Mrs. Earle's taste in nearly all matters is eminently catholic. She justly believes in the privacy of the homestead—in enclosed places and gardens, and unhesitatingly condemns the modern brazen fashion of living on the street in full view of every passer-by, in a public grassy park; arguing that until our dwelling-houses are made with uncurtained glass walls, that all the world may see everything, those that have ample grounds should enclose at least a portion for the sight of friends only.

A fine and delicate fancy plays through "A Moonlight Garden" and "Roses of Yesterday," and equally pervades the essays dealing with scents and colors. Like Richard Jefferies, Mrs. Earle's color-sense is extremely keen, and like Thoreau, she is very positive in her appreciations and dislikes for certain fragrances and odors. Strangely, she finds the scent of tea-roses displeasing, as likewise the perfume of lilies and the breath of the common yellow daffodil. It is pleasing, however, to note her appreciation for the spicy fragrance of the yellow Missouri currant and the Calycanthus, as well as for the haunting aroma of autumnal fern-fronds and the odorous ashen clusters of the life-everlasting. Equally pleasing it is to note her pronounced antipathy, nay, positive hatred, for that crying evil in any form of so many gardens—magenta. Among old-fashioned flowers, the red "Piny" and the aromatic yellow day-lily are among her favorites. White she rightly deems as important a factor in some cases as green: "The presence of ample variety of white flowers in the garden to me is the greatest factor in producing harmony and beauty both by night and day."

It were difficult in so limited a review to do more than hint at a few salient features of a treatise which will be welcomed by all lovers of gardens and of literature. Yet the author has not said all—no one may be omniscient. A chapter might have been devoted to a feature which is invariably passed by in gardening works—the autumnal adornment of grounds and gardens, both through late-flowering plants and especially through the use of the many shrubs and trees, inclusive of those with highly colored fruits and berries, that take on such glorious hues in our North American fall. Mrs. Earle, moreover, with all her knowledge and research, has failed to tell us how to grow Lilium giganteum fourteen feet high, or a Maréchal Niel rose, with its thousand blooms, out of doors. Nor has she discovered a remedy for mildew, an antidote for thrip, or, in her chapter on the fruit that tempted her original foremother, called attention to that most beautiful of all apples, or of all hardy fruits—the glorious Red Bietigheimer. She has likewise failed to trace the origin of the old-time "maze" or labyrinth, and has remained silent as to a means of banishing the birch-tree borer, or of causing the stock and sweet-william to come invariably double from seed. But one is fain to overlook such lapses and proof of absolute mastery of the *furor hortensis,* in view of the amount of practical and historical information she has presented; and, above all, for the scholarly fragrance distilled by every chapter of a book that may be enshrined among the classics of gardening literature.

COLLECTED ESSAYS

BY ROLLO OGDEN

THE collector, whether of essays or echinoderms, has his embarrassments—particularly when collecting implies exhibiting. Literary dicta have a way of overlapping each other, like species. Your recorded judgment of Homer, of Dante, of Shakespeare, was each very well by itself, but crinoid could not look holothurian out of countenance more awkwardly than glares your estimate of "Doric genius" at your profound reading of the "Italian race-instinct," when confronting each other on opposite pages. Imperfect specimens, too, trouble the exhibitor in either kind. An article, or a star-fish, may be valuable to its owner for association of time or place, yet may not be exactly the thing to be shown in case or volume where he would wish to put only true types. Not to press the analogy tediously, the net result is the same for sea-urchins as for essays; collected they regularly have been, and will be world without end. Authors will go on bringing together fugitive pieces. They may do it solemnly and under illusions; or they may do it with gay challenge of neglect, as does Mr. Birrell when he satirizes himself under the guise of the "miscellaneous writer," including his magazine trifles in "a neat little volume destined to flutter its hour."

Fluttering is not the word to use of the strong beat of wing which Mr. Brownell displays in the garnered literary criticism of *Victorian Prose-Masters*. For penetration and vigor it would be hard to name a volume of pure criticism equal to it in recent years. Here are no hasty guesses, no opinions formed while you wait, but attent and steady thinking, saturation with the material, and a capacity far above the ordinary for detecting and stating nice distinctions of thought. The papers inevitably suffer something from being brought together. You see the allusion in one worked out into the main doctrine of another; verbal experiments which strike the reader as pleasantly novel in one essay come near giving the impression of affectation, or exhaustion, when repeated. But with every abatement made, Mr. Brownell must be said to have produced critical writing which leaves the "Happy-Thought" utterances that pass for criticism among too many of his contemporaries looking thin and bloodless enough.

His acute essay on Meredith perhaps reveals him at his best—not necessarily in doctrine, since there will be differing minds as to that, but in method. It is an astonishingly thorough and brilliant analysis of character revealed in work, the

VICTORIAN PROSE MASTERS. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo, $1.50.

separate fibres being dissected out unsparingly to their ultimate point of attachment. As if subdued, or keyed up, to the material in which he works, Mr. Brownell seems to hit upon more verbal felicities in this paper than elsewhere, as when he calls Meredith "awkwardly airy." Beside this one may put his shrewd observation about George Eliot, that "it is perhaps when she is playful that she comes nearer pedantry than at any other time." He has a warmer personal tone in writing of Thackeray, though he allows himself no undiscriminating eulogy even there; and his retort upon those who charge Thackeray with lack of "art" is as delightful as it is masterly. Only define your art properly, and you will get your inimitable artist. One hesitates to differ with Mr. Brownell in what he says about Carlyle; but in his judgment of the personal side, has he not failed sufficiently to take into the account the immense exaggerations of Carlyle in the confessional? Mr. Frederic Harrison has given a needed warning here. The man who thought a crowing cock next door was of the proportions of a pterodactyl, must not be believed to be the chief of sinners, in his treatment of his wife, even when he himself asseverates that he is. We know that Professor Masson, who was acquainted with the household in Chelsea, protested against the notion that the rhetorical over-emphasis of either husband or wife was to be taken literally. Of Matthew Arnold's significance in English criticism Mr. Brownell writes with sober and just appreciation, though he attributes too much importance, it might be argued, to his religious, or rather theological, escapades. Such they must be considered in the light of the really scientific study of the Bible, with which Arnold had little sympathy and small acquaintance.

Mr. Brownell does not "write with ease to show his breeding," and his style is not for the breathless pursuer of culture ere the night cometh. Some might feel it occasionally obscure, but, as he himself explains in the case of Meredith, the charge of verbal obscurity is the easy excuse of those who do not like to bend their minds to the thought. Yet his warmest admirers could wish that his manner were less austere, less that of a passionless demonstrator in anatomy. If to his clear inspection of the fact he would add more vivacity, more playfulness like that which, in Bagehot, relieves the tension, he might swell the numbers of his audience, and so, one would devoutly hope, of his converts. His infrequent and curt citation of illustrative matter, and his resolute following of the argument, impart a severe cast to his work. For such a sound and needed gospel as he has to preach, one covets every grace of presentation. As the case stands, it is only a style somewhat open to the epithet of Tacitus, *durus et siccus*, which gives any ground for hesitation in according Mr. Brownell's volume the highest praise.

If his substance is finer than his style, Mr. Augustine Birrell suffers, in his latest collection of miscellanies, from the opposite fault. He has the light and glancing manner of the lover of *obiter*, but nowhere does he go far or strike deep. Let exception be made, if it is demanded, of his theological papers on the "Reformation and Christian Evidences"; they seem, however, to go strangely in his galley. His essay on John Wesley is touched with an interest more human than ecclesiastical; but, after all, it amounts to little but agreeable readings from the "Journal," with side-lights from other sources. Was it not Edward Fitz Gerald who once gave away a splendid subject for essay or book, in the eighteenth century as visible

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By Augustine Birrell. Charles Scribner's Sons, 16mo, $1.25.

through Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole, and John Wesley, respectively? A diverse *Weltanschauung* would certainly result from the collation! But there is nothing of that in Mr. Birrell. He is most at ease in his commemorative papers on Browning, Froude, and Bagehot, and discourses with great amiability and sound sense on the art of knowing a good book when you see it.

John Fiske's posthumous volume, *Life Everlasting,* should have been a great success as a lecture, by Fox's test of not reading well in print. For a book surely does not "read well," on the subject of man's immortality, when it fails to "reason well"; and it will now be necessary to extend Macaulay's list and say that all the philosophers from Plato to Fiske, who have attempted to prove immortality without calling in divine revelation, have "deplorably failed." Yet one must not overlook the lecturer's main intent. This was to show that science has no fatal prepossession against life beyond the grave. Science, he said, will not refuse to listen to arguments in favor of immortality; only, he himself did not at the time happen to have any that he wished to advance. Elsewhere, as everyone knows, Mr. Fiske did set forth the reason for his faith in the persistence of the conscious life of man after death. The present lecture, therefore, is only a kind of by-path, or, rather, a preliminary cutting away of the underbrush of objections so as to reveal the path. In meeting the contention that molecular changes in the brain are the necessary concomitant, if not the cause, of thought, Mr. Fiske is less happy than a predecessor in the same lectureship, Professor William James; and it is somewhat curious to find the Society of Psychical Research sending out at this moment a *questionnaire* for the purpose of ascertaining whether one of Fiske's postulates—the universal longing for immortality—has, in fact, a real foundation in human experience.

LIFE EVERLASTING. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, $1.00 *net.*

AN ECHO OF THE ORCHESTRA.

THE footfall of the 'cellos 'cross my heart,
The wood-wind as it listeth wandering—
The zenith flight of vibrant violins
That raise the eyes to Summers of delight;
The losing self on streams of harmony,
Whose curving currents lap the senses round
Till surging maelstroms seize them—hold them strong
Against a swift chromatic undertow;
While from the massing cloud of tone sustained
Elusive lightnings shimmer from the harp—
The horns deplore—the viols importune—
O'er whose ascendant cadences prevails
The chaos of the cymbals and the drum!
Not Love itself is so possessed of Spring,
To overflow the sunken shore of life
And lift a gleaming flood to nameless stars,
As this Slavonic wooing of the brass,
Or this enamoured mating of the strings!

—*From "The Cathedral, and Other Poems," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

From "The Portion of Labor."

Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers.

THE VALEDICTORY.

THE PORTION OF LABOR

BY OCTAVE THANET

IT cannot be said that Miss Wilkins approaches her tremendous problem lightly. Indeed—if one may risk a criticism which is more qualified than it seems—she is so reverend she becomes timid; at times she gives the impression of being afraid of her subject. However, timidity is so much preferable to the all-knowing poses of some great artists that it seems almost unfair to prefer it as a charge instead of a plea for merit. And in parts that direct, full, clear gaze which has always been Mary Wilkins's most marvellous gift is turned on the people and the life of her book; and they are described with illuminating power.

The tragic figure of Norman Loyd's wife is in Miss Wilkins's best manner. It wrings the heart, and it is as true as death and heroism. The hero himself is a fine, strong, natural, good fellow. Ellen is charming; a flowering arbutus lifting its exquisite beauty (which seems so fragile and is of so hardy a fibre) out of such meagre and chilly soil. And yet with all her charm, with all the delicacy and the detail of her drawing, Ellen is not quite convincing. She *may* have been, we think, not she *must* have been, like poor, limp, officious Fanny and the violent Eva Loud. And powerful as are the pictures of the shoe workers' life and the factory, grimly true and indescribably pathetic for that truth, drawn with masterful strokes, *they* show only one side of the problem—the workers'. We are taken inside their souls, but we have only an outside (and not even a near outside) view of Norman Loyd. It may also be conceded that it is a bit begging the question to extricate the fortunes of the Brewsters by so time-worn a device as a beautiful girl's marriage; but *is* it? Has it not another aspect as showing the vital quality of a democracy where such a marriage can occur and not bring the social heavens down on the audacious lovers? Is it not the most natural fate for a girl whose attraction is spiritual and mental even more than physical; who seems, indeed, to have a genius for attracting, to win love in her real, not her apparent, rank? She is a lofty and delicate soul, so lofty and delicate and beautiful that she honors the man of her choice beyond his deserts, be his pomp of living what it may.

And after we have emptied the quiver of our doubts and misgivings—after we admit this is only a corner of a vast and dismal question, which is shown; after we agree that she gives us only the workers' statement of the question, not any answer even of hope—what then? Does it not remain, like every work of true and reverend art, a light in the darkness! The soul of the New England "shoe hand" is laid bare. That in itself is enough. It is great. It is terrible. It has a quality of reasonable and sober hope in its melancholy. The New England shoemaker in the factories, for all his discontent, is a right man. He lives in comfort. He has meat three times a day, and spends a great deal of money making his little parlor a shocking offence to taste; he can put money into a gold mine, and give his daughter a graduating present of a watch and chain. He is, to the bargain, generous, unselfish, fiercely independent, and cruelly honest. Conditions which allow such a man may be faulty, but they are

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THE PORTION OF LABOR. By May E. Wilkins. Illustrated by Jay Hambidge and A. I. Keller. Harper & Brothers, 8vo, $1.75.

From "The Portion of Labor." Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Bros.
ELLEN SET THE DOLL FACE TO THE WALL.

neither degrading nor hopeless. They are infinitely better than the conditions, for instance, of Kingsley's mill operatives in "Alton Locke." The American-born workman's discontent comes out of the envy of a wider vision, not out of failing fortunes and oppression. Because he gets better wages and is better educated and has better ways of living than before, he is able to realize more keenly how much (which he sees others have) *he* lacks. He is more helpless, and needs more. Scan the talk of the "hands" when Loyd shuts down. They do not know how to retrench to the Continental standard. Of course the improvidence of their class appears; and the rank ignorance of the facts of industrial life, and the crazy visionary has his full share of the stage with his real New England logical elaboration of details to an impossible scheme; but what is most impressive? Is it not the chance brains have in the fight, coupled with the inadequacy of mere manual dexterity?

The Irish foreman "gets on," Brewster falls in the march. The Irish foreman, by the way, is deliciously done. So is the grandmother with her queer pride of station and her management of her pittance, and her conviction of the importance of the Brewsters. Of course there is a pair of ineffectual lovers—that goes without saying. A futile and self-destroying love affair seems as common as the east wind in New England villages. Risley, the lover, however, is a more amiable and engaging person than most of Miss Wilkins's patient but self-willed wooers who will not marry their sweethearts, neither will they leave them.

One observes in the novel the steady enriching and refining of Miss Wilkins's style. It has become statuesque as well as simple. She was always wise; now she is often witty. One could quote a score of epigrams. This one is of a poignant shrewdness: "Barriers of tragedy are nothing to those of comedy."

Some of the workers' barriers are of comedy, but there are plenty of tragedy, and the elderly workers' life grows more steadily tragic. Miss Wilkins has done nothing in this, her finest and strongest work, finer and stronger than her self-restrained and delicate but most pathetic portrayal of this part of the workingman's life, the time when his employers eye him askance for his gray hairs, the day when brains are at their best but the hand begins to falter.

From "Little Men." Little, Brown & Co.

A NEW EDITION OF "LITTLE MEN"

BY MARY TRACY EARLE

JUST thirty years ago *Little Men* was published, and, from then until now, probably no other book excepting *Little Women* has been so much read by children. Other writers for young people have come and gone, or have come and stayed, but their popularity has never been so great in any direction as Miss Alcott's. She is less exquisitely charming than Mrs. Ewing and no more delightful than Susan Coolidge, but her appeal to the heart of most children is unfailing. She preaches them innumerable little sermons in the most barefaced way; her grown-up characters remind her little folks of their faults with a faithfulness which one sometimes feels would defeat its own end, but there is frankness about it all, and confidence that every nature has plenty of good in it to be appealed to; frankness and confidence are always winning cards, and year after year the old stories are read again. Year after year, too, the worn old copies give way after long and faithful service, and, if their original owners do not replace them, new copies must be obtained for younger children. They are read and re-read and lent and carried on journeys. They are just as popular now as they used to be, and there seems no reason why their vogue should not continue indefinitely, for the stories all turn on such simple human motives that they cannot soon be out of date.

It is to meet this unquestionable future demand that the publishers are bringing out *Little Men* in a new and more attractive edition than the one which has been familiar for a good many years now, though it is not the old one in the plain green binding which people who have lived long enough remember as the original dress of the book. Why popular books should almost invariably have covers as homely as they are serviceable is one of the puzzles of the publishing business—as seen from the outside—and of homely covers none could be more graceless than that of the uniform edition of Miss Alcott's works; it is as unprepossessing as the uniform of a charity school, and a real need will be met by bringing out *Little Men* with new cover, new type, new pictures,

LITTLE MEN. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations by R. B. Birch. Little, Brown & Co., crown 8vo, $2.00.

From "Little Men." Little, Brown & Co.

"KIT APPEARED WITH A COVERED BASKET IN HIS MOUTH."

and gratifying margins instead of pages clipped as close as the head of a convict, or of a small boy in summer.

In honor of Plumfield, evidently, the new cover is brightened by slender, impossible plum-trees with white blossoms which make its aspect youthful instead of grim. The new illustrations are by Birch, and grown people with a vivid memory of reading the story when Dan and Nat, Demi and Tommy, not to speak of Franz and Emil, seemed huge and dignified figures, will find difficulty in judging them. Aside from the fact that Mr. Birch is more charming in his line drawing than in wash, more at home in fairyland than in pictur-

From "Little Men." Little, Brown & Co.

"DOWN WENT ROSIE, MATADOR AND ALL."

ing real boys and girls, we who formed our ideas of them long ago confess our doubts as to his rendering of Jo's boys. Is it possible that these curly-haired, round-eyed infants are our one-time heroes? Tommy Bangs was a roistering, swaggering sort of blade when we first made his acquaintance, and Demi was a much respected philosopher. In those days nobody dreamed that they still kept their "baby looks." Perhaps Mr. Birch is right. A comparison of his pictures with the ages stated in the book bears him out, but there is no question but the boys must have spent the last twenty or thirty years in growing young. Take Dan, for instance. He used to be a

hardened dare-devil. Hypersensitive little girls crept away from the family circle and hid in remote corners out of hearing when that chapter called "A Fire Brand" was read aloud, because it was so terrible to know how Dan corrupted Nat and Tommy with a beer bottle and a cigar, and how swiftly they were punished by fire afterward. Boys may have gloried in that chapter—except its end—but only a strong-minded girl was equal to it. And here we see Dan wearing a flat round cap with ribbons flying out behind! It would have seemed more appropriate once to have him pictured with the black mustaches of a pirate. Yet we liked him.

Do the children of to-day see him as big and black as we did, and Nat as fascinatingly romantic with his thin pale face and his fiddle? Is Demi as inspiring, as he sits in the willow and tells Dan how to take care of the little round room where his soul lives? Is Mrs. Giddy-gaddy as invigorating company as she used to be, and Daisy as soothing? They must be, or we should have no new edition.

IN GRANTCHESTER MEADOWS

ON FIRST HEARING A SKYLARK SING

Too late, thou tender songster of the sky
Trilling unseen, by things unseen inspired,
I list thy far-heard cry
That poets oft to kindred song hath fired,
As floating through the purple veils of air
Thy soul is poured on high,
A little joy in an immense despair.

Too late thou biddest me escape the earth,
In ignorance of wrong
To spin a little slender thread of song;
On yet unwearied wing
To rise and soar and sing,
Not knowing death or birth
Or any true unhappy human thing.

To dwell 'twixt field and cloud,
By river willow and the murmurous sedge,
Be thy sweet privilege,
To thee and to thy happy lords allowed.
My native valley higher mountains hedge
'Neath starlit skies and proud,
And sadder music in my soul is loud.

Yet have I loved thy voice,
Frail echo of some ancient sacred joy.
Ah, who might not rejoice
Here to have wandered, a fair English boy,
And breathed with life thy rapture and thy rest
Where woven meadow-grasses fold thy nest?
But whose life is his choice?
And he who chooseth not hath chosen best.

—*From "The Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems," by George Santayana. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

From "The Imp and the Angel." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE AUDIENCE WAITED WITH DOGGED PATIENCE FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

CHILD-CRAFT AS A FINE ART

BY CAROLYN WELLS

AFTER reading the stories in *The Imp and the Angel,* by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, such adjectives as "charming" and "delightful" flow instinctively from the point of the reviewer's pen.

But though these terms are entirely applicable, they are insufficient; for Miss Daskam's work is of a fineness and skill that produce something more than merely a pleasant story. It is not child-lore, which is only a verbatim report of children's sayings and doings; it is not child-study, which is a boresome expounding of didactic theories; it is what, for want of a better term, we may call child-craft, and it implies an unerring, intuitive perception of child-thought with ability to translate it into grown-up language. And this capability is by no means common among story-tellers. One of its best exemplifications is in "The Golden Age," though Kipling showed it before that in his three Indian child-stories. And high up on the list stand "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The Gate of a Hundred Years."

To analyze the matter of Miss Daskam's stories is easy. Given for a hero an attractive boy, good at heart, but with enough apparent badness to win him the

THE IMP AND THE ANGEL. Short Stories by Josephine Dodge Daskam. With Illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1 10 *net.*

From "The Imp and the Angel." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SO HE LURKED ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING THAT ALWAYS SURROUNDED HER.

sobriquet of the Imp; pleasant and agreeable local color; an atmosphere of luxury and well-bred people; harmonious and effective still-life; and crisp and unexpected incident—the result is, naturally, a charming and delightful story.

But in the manner lies the greater merit. It is a fine art to express the thoughts of a child in the language of maturity. And it is possible only because the philosophy of life is the same at all ages. The elemental passions are as evident at seven as at thirty-seven, if one but takes the trouble to look for them. And this is why the Imp is a truer picture than the Little Lord Fauntleroy. The Imp is the personification of egoism, which is natural for a child, untaught as yet by observation and experience. Lord Fauntleroy showed a perfection of altruism, which is not in-

nate, unless in very rare instances, but is acquired only with the wisdom of years. Aside from this, the two children are much the same. Both are frank, honest, democratic boys; both show a large taking-for-granted, induced by their interest in life, and willingness to learn; both have an adorable lack of self-consciousness, which is the birth-right of all children, but of which many are early deprived by a circle of ignorant, if well-meaning relatives. For their differences of demeanor, the Imp and Lord Fauntleroy are responsible to the exigencies of their environment, but more to the influence of their respective mothers, whose ideas as to the upbringing of children are dissimilar.

Perhaps the first story of the collection, "The Imp and the Angel," is the most enjoyable of all, for its theme is the lately discovered one of fearless common-sense triumphing over timid conservatism. Had this story been written fifty years ago, the sympathies of the reading public would have been with the Angel, whereas they are now entirely with the Imp. And what a jolly, wholesome boy he is. Small wonder the beautiful Miss Eleanor enjoyed his company, the summer men chummed with him, and the servants adored him. Although a type, he is decidedly an individual, and such a live, animated one that it is a wonder he ever stayed still long enough to have his story taken.

The stories of "The Imp and the Drum," "The Prodigal Imp," and "The Imp's Christmas Tree" are less distinctive in plot, and perhaps for that reason appeal more strongly to childish readers, but those who have put away childish things will prefer "The Imp and the Author" and "The Imp's Matinée."

The latter has a most original and novel plot, besides being full of humor. The Imp's mental attitude at not being allowed to go to a much-desired circus is summed up thus:

> "The Imp frowned. 'I said that I would just as soon *not* go to that circus, Jim,' said he. 'I *could* have went if I had liked,—that is, I very nearly could. And I said that if they would *very* much rather I went to the theatre instead, and if —if they'd stop making such a time over me because I'm only seven and a quarter, and Milltown is four miles off, and Uncle Stanley isn't here, and Mr. Jarvis says the elephant hates polo-caps, and I had a little tiny headache last week and I'm all right now——'"

—but Miss Daskam's stories are too coherent and integral to be represented by quotations. They are good stories, well told, and the author's intelligent comprehension of the working of the child-brain gives her an assured touch which carries conviction of her truthfulness and accuracy.

As a rule, Miss Daskam preserves a very nice adjustment of the relative proportions of childishness and maturity. The childish viewpoint of mature matters, and the mature viewpoint of childish matters are equally her forte, and it is when these are exactly balanced that her work is at its best.

"The Imp Disposes" has a shade too much of grown-up romance about it, not sufficiently relieved by the Imp's individuality, but this is true of none of the others, and, on the whole, we gladly welcome the Imp as a permanent addition to the rapidly growing circle of Children in Fiction.

To R. L. S.

Buried on the crest of Vaea Mountain, Samoa, December 4, 1894.

Where the mist-spirits float their pennons gray
On Vaea's gusty mountain crest, is he
Keeping the bivouac of eternity
Pavilioned like a god. Day after day
He listens to the epic winds that stray
Vagrant around the world; and birds that flee
Across the vasty reaches of the sea
Sing him the saga of their weary way.

Teller of tales, dear, venturous, yearning heart,
Magician, rest upon your peak, apart
From beaten paths and smoke and cities' towers,
And dream new dreams, unbroken save only when
The child-like, reverent, dark-skinned island men
Pant up the steep cliff, laden with tropic flowers.

Charles W. Collins.

SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHIES

BY W. P. TRENT.

THE commonplace of criticism that our age is conspicuous for its interest in biography and history is well borne out by the group of books here to be passed in brief review. The lives of two literary men of high distinction and of a great popular historian are presented for the first time, at least adequately; and the life of a famous statesman is retold from a somewhat novel point of view. As Dryden said of Chaucer's masterpiece, "Here is God's plenty"—even for an age that carries its inquisitiveness to the point of morbidity. It is true that a cynic, thinking of the time when Johnson could compress his life of his friend Savage, whom he knew and loved so well, into such moderate compass, might declare, in view of the bulk of some of these and of most other modern biographies, that this "plenty" is neither more nor less than a synonym of "padding"; but, fortunately, few of us are cynics, and each and all of these biographies will probably find many delighted readers.

It is hard to say which is the most important of the group. The literary eminence of its subject perhaps gives the life of Lowell the first place, especially as Mr. Scudder's treatment of his theme is dignified and thorough. But Stevenson is so fascinating, so much still in the minds of many of us, even if weighty critics tell us that the vogue of his romances at least is steadily declining, that the long-expected "official biography" which Mr. Balfour has prepared with loving zeal may well prove to be the first read and the last forgotten. On the other hand, the life and letters of John Richard Green, that true successor of Macaulay, who has had to wait so long for an adequate memorial, have been so deftly and succinctly put together by Mr. Leslie Stephen, while the great historian reveals himself as so charming and noble a man, that it is not unlikely that the thick volume devoted to him may seem to some readers the most valuable biography of recent years. The appeal made by Mr. Curtis's book is naturally different and probably not so wide, but it will have its admirers, and thus the application of Dryden's saying will be justified, while it is surely too early to attempt to rank books which, after all, may not be susceptible of accurate appraisement.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Graham Balfour undertook to prepare the life of Stevenson only after Mr. Sidney Colvin was compelled to give it up, and that one of his main qualifications for the task was his residence with his cousin in the South Seas. It would seem that the prior publication of the "Letters," with Mr. Colvin's admirable editorial apparatus, has somewhat stood in the way of the biographer's making an ideal book, for the reader of the "Letters" scarcely feels that he has himself got much nearer to the man Stevenson, although he is, of course, glad to get so near him again. It is, perhaps, ungracious to wish that either Mr. Colvin or Mr. Balfour, who is by no means unfitted for the rôle of biographer, could have compressed their four volumes into two, and given us a "Life and Letters of Stevenson" to set beside Macaulay's. A masterpiece would thus have been added to the world's scanty stock, whereas in their expanded shape it is rash to say that these memorials of a

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THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Graham Balfour. With portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, 2 volumes, 8vo, $4.00.

noble spirit do constitute a masterpiece. Excessive bulk, if it does nothing else, prevents one from getting that view of the whole that one must get of a masterpiece —a remark which is probably applicable to Mr. Scudder's very elaborate study of Lowell and to most modern biographies—notably to that of Lord Tennyson by his son, which, the critics told us, was to occupy a post of honor near Boswell's "Johnson," but is not to be found to-day in that particular neighborhood.

Yet Mr. Balfour's book ought to be judged in the form imposed upon it by circumstances, and so judged, it is a very good piece of work. Whatever the biographer says on his own account is sensible and well put—barring an unfortunate comparison with Bunyan at the close of the first volume—and his criticisms of Stevenson's books show that he has not been blinded by any sort of glamour. Perhaps he quotes too much from the cousin he so thoroughly admires, but the temptation was strong, and a considerable quantity of new material is thus given to the reader. The treatment of Stevenson's childhood is minute enough to satisfy the most inquisitive analyzer of the sources of genius, and distinct importance and interest attach to the account of the Edinburgh life of the youth who was "finding himself" on as pitiful an allowance as often falls to the son of well-to-do parents. The latter half of the first volume, although covering a delightful period of Stevenson's life, can scarcely be said to add much of moment to our knowledge, although this is probably not due to any fault of the biographer, who might, however, have avoided the tactics of the Shelleyans, and treated in the blunt fashion it deserved, Stevenson's leaving his parents in ignorance of his movements on the occasion of his first visit to America.

The second volume deals in the main with Stevenson's romantic wanderings in the Pacific, and with his sojourn at Vailima. Here Mr. Balfour, as one would expect from his personal knowledge of the scenes and events he describes, appears to be at his best, and the volume is an excellent—nay, an indispensable—complement to the letters and the books Stevenson sent to Europe from his far island home. It closes with an attempt to sum up the character of the best-loved author of recent years and with appendices that the Stevensonian will value. The characterization of "R. L. S." is as satisfactory as such things can well be made when time has not given the needed perspective, and the whole book bears out the claims put forward. One rises from its perusal with gratitude both to author and to publishers, who have made it so satisfactory a memorial to a life on the whole so nobly inspiring.

Very similar gratitude is due Mr. Scudder and the publishers of the long-deferred memoir of Lowell. Perhaps the treatment is over-elaborate—at least, for the early years and poetry—since there will always be those who will doubt the genuine inspiration of much of Lowell's serious poetry, and to whom such comparisons as those Mr. Scudder institutes with Keats will seem distinctly unfortunate. Still, from a biographical, as well as from a historical and sociological point of view, it is open to doubt whether much could have been omitted from the careful account given of the quaintly enthusiastic young men and women of whom Lowell and his first wife were the preordained leaders. Be this as it may, there is little but praise to be given to Mr. Scudder's thorough and interesting treatment of Lowell's career after the latter arrived at something like maturity—even if a few of us cannot quite sympathize with the biographer's com-

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—A BIOGRAPHY. By Horace Elisha Scudder. With portraits. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 volumes 12mo, $3.50 *net*.

parative lack of enthusiasm for "A Fable for Critics," which, with the possible exception of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," seems entitled to rank as the best satire on literary topics written since "The Dunciad." It is impossible here to give an adequate account of the good and important things contained in volumes which will soon be in the hands of most lovers of American literature, and must be constantly in the hands of students, but the chapter entitled, "The Atlantic Monthly," which closes the first volumes, may be recommended to those who desire to test the qualities of the work before venturing to begin its careful perusal. It is written with full knowledge, is thoroughly enjoyable, and covers the topic treated in a way not likely soon to be improved upon.

Reference has already been made to the success with which Mr. Leslie Stephen has kept everything irrelevant out of his share in the volume that, after eighteen years, presents to the world an account of the career of John Richard Green. Probably his connection with the great "Dictionary of National Biography" has made it impossible for Mr. Stephen to be diffuse, but whatever the reason, his self-control deserves the highest praise, and his example should be followed. He has told everything that needed telling, by means of a few chapters and introductory notes, and has allowed Green to reveal his own character through his letters. Yet, with all his conciseness, his description of the brave invalid's death at Mentone (March 7, 1883) is almost as pathetic as Mr. Balfour's more elaborate account of Stevenson's death. As for the selection that has been made of the letters, tastes will probably differ. Some readers will doubtless feel that too many of those addressed to Freeman and Professor Boyd Dawkins, which make up the bulk of the collection, are filled with matters of historical and antiquarian lore, uninteresting to the lay mind. To admirers and students of Green, on the other hand, the light that these letters throw on the range of his studies, the catholicity of his tastes, and the thoroughness of his preparation for his great task, will make the volume invaluable. Nor will its value be much less to students of Freeman and Stubbs—or, in short, of the great modern school of English historians. Yet the general reader, who must ever owe Green great thanks for the "Short History," will be standing in his own light if he allows the more or less technical letters to deter him from carefully reading those that give a lively representation of Green, the man. For the frail, but ever eagerly restless little parson, whose views finally became too liberal to permit him to give even his tiny store of strength to the Establishment, was one of the most heroic workers and noblest souls that modern times have known. Probably he was not so great or versatile as Lowell, or perhaps as Stevenson; doubtless his brilliance was less fascinating than theirs; but in some ways he seems nearer than either of them to an ideal, large-souled, thoroughly wholesome man. But comparisons of this sort are needless and disagreeable, and the main point is to assert Green's catholicity of charm and power.

For it must be asserted here; it cannot be proved. Still, it is possible to refer to his description of the famous encounter between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce; to his work among the cholera patients of 1866; to his love for Italy and sympathy with the best in France; to his splendid patriotism and freedom from jingoism, as evinced in numerous letters; to his wholehearted friendships; to his thorough-going democracy; and, finally, to his noble ideals of labor for the sake of the race. Here

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THE LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Edited by Leslie Stephen. The Macmillan Co. 8vo, $4.00 *net*.

we have the true Green, the man who was so much more than the historian. Listen to him: "To work well we must look to the end; not death, but the good of mankind; not self-improvement in itself, but simply as a means to the improvement of the race. Don't think this too big an end to look to—one must look greatly forward to the great." In another mood we find him chaffing Freeman, who, one feels, richly deserved it, but who was dear to Green and thoroughly loyal to him: "You seemed to me," he wrote in reference to a tour they had taken together, "to turn Italy into an Architectural Institute." Still more severe and aptly put was his remonstrance against Freeman's inveterate nagging of Kingsley: "I do wish, my dear Freeman, you would leave off poking at Kingsley and his Dietrich. Have you ever counted up the number of your references to that said blunder? And ought there not to be some proportion between sin and punishment? 'Blunders' was very good; but there are blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact, you know!"

Mr. Curtis's *True Thomas Jefferson* may very justly be called interesting, and in not a few respects valuable. For the rather offensive assumption of its title, the author is not responsible, for his book belongs to a series of "True Biographies"—as if even Parson Weems did not believe his effusions to be true according to his peculiar sense of the term! There is no attempt at a formal biography, but important and entertaining facts are brought together under such headings as "Jefferson as a Lawyer," "Jefferson as a Farmer," and "Jeffersonian Simplicity." Such an arrangement leads naturally to repetitions, which Mr. Curtis has not been careful to remove, as well as to a failure to insert things in their proper places—as, for example, the biographical details about Jefferson's overseer, Edward Bacon, which are not given until after that worthy has been quoted from more than once. There are also some hasty statements which it is not worth while to specify, and there are omissions; as, for example, of any adequate account of Jefferson's foreign hangers-on, such as the queer Abbé Correa, of his interesting methods of securing English and Scotch professors for the University of Virginia, and the like. The chapter, too, entitled, "Jefferson in Office," will scarcely seem to admirers of the statesman adequate or entirely just.

But this sort of criticism is not just to Mr. Curtis. If he had put in one tithe of the facts he knows, or could easily have learned about Jefferson, he would have made his book both unreadable and unsalable. There was already a "Jeffersonian Cyclopædia"; Mr. Curtis has now given us what is just as valuable—a series of pictures, as it were, taken in various poses. We have Jefferson the scientist, the writer, the inventor, the meticulous keeper of accounts; and, best of all, the model husband and the really beautiful father, to set beside the brilliant, inconsistent statesman and political theorist about whom most of us, generally erroneously, think we know a good deal. A picturesque, entertaining, and distinctly valuable book it is, then, that Mr. Curtis has written, and on the whole a very fair one, by no means unjust to Jefferson, although sometimes too hard upon him, perhaps—a book which makes one think better of its subject and feel grateful to its author.

THE TRUE THOMAS JEFFERSON. By William Elsroy Curtis. J. B. Lippincott Co., 8vo, $2.00.

From "Andrea Mantegna." Longmans, Green & Co.

PARNASSUS.

[Louvre.]

THE SEASON'S ART BOOKS.

BY W. C. BROWNELL

The sumptuous volume on Charles II., of which Mr. Osmund Airy has furnished the text and which has been adorned with a wealth of admirable illustration, is not only the most imposing of the holiday publications of the year, but the best of the several books on this attractive subject. It is not a history of England under Charles II., but it is nevertheless a serious and comprehensive presentation of the extremely picturesque life of the Merry Monarch and a thoroughly entertaining account of the varied and brilliant life and manners of the Restoration, during which England passed through a phase of social and political extravagance unique in its history. No epoch lends itself more aptly to illustration, and of none is the illustrative material richer. The Court of Charles was antagonistically different from any that preceded or followed it—so much so, indeed, that Mr. Airy's contrast of it with that of Victoria seems somewhat inept—but for this reason it furnishes as no other has done a spectacle eminently adapted for exactly the histori-

CHARLES II. By Osmund Airy, M.A., LL.D. On vellum paper, with 40 Illustrations. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, folio, $25 *net*. 300 copies on Japan paper, with colored frontispiece and duplicate set of Illustrations. $50 *net*.

cal and pictorial treatment it has here received. The many illustrations of the volume are reproduced from not only the better-known portraits of the public galleries, but from private collections that have never before lent their treasures to such laudable popularization. The frontispiece is reproduced in color from a miniature of Charles by Cooper, the most celebrated of the English miniaturists, owned by the Duke of Richmond, and reproduced now for the first time. Among the more notable of the other plates—which are all in photogravure and made and printed in France with all the French skill and taste in photogravure reproduction—are a remarkably fine Van Dyck of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, belonging to the Duke of Grafton; three admirable Coopers, of Monmouth as a boy, Catherine of Braganza, and James II. as Duke of York; a noble and impressive portrait of Hobbes by John Michael Wright; a hitherto unpublished and charming Nell Gwynne from Lord Rosebery's collection; the Duke of Portland's portrait at Welbeck Abbey of Charles II. as a boy in armor, very like the one at Windsor; a charming portrait of Anne Hyde by Lely from Buckingham Palace; two curious and uncommon heads of Catherine of Braganza and Henriette of Orleans from the unrivalled collection of the Duke of Buccleuch at Montagu House; Mignard's Hortense de Mancini from the Earl of Sandwich's collection; and an interesting portrait of Jane Lane, who helped Charles escape after the battle of Worcester, owned by Lord Aylesford. In short, for the first time the wealth of English private galleries, well known to be the richest in the world, has been laid under contribution to decorate worthily a work of serious historical interest and importance.

Mr. Noel Williams's book, "Madame Récamier and Her Friends," is a beautiful quarto illustrated with twenty-four portraits, mostly in photogravure, which decorate handsomely the wide-margined text. These are Gérard's and David's famous portraits of Madame Récamier at the age of twenty-three, and Bartolozzi's engraving of her at twenty-five; Guérin's Bonaparte as First Consul; and from paintings, drawings, lithographs, and prints, Madame de Staël; Lucien, Louis, Elisa, and Caroline Bonaparte; Mathieu de Montmorency, Bernadotte, Moreau, Fouché, Prince Augustus of Prussia, George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Canova, Murat, Benjamin Constant, Madame de Krüdener, Chateaubriand, Hortense, Rachel, Elizabeth Cavendish, Duchess of Devonshire, and Ballanche—altogether an extremely interesting gallery both artistically and historically. The illustrations, it will be seen, have been confined to portraits, one or two of which might have been spared to make room for such interesting pictorial illustrations as would have been furnished by a reproduction of Krafft's celebrated drawing of Madame Récamier's bed-room and an easily procurable print of her famous salon. The text is largely based on Madame Lenormand's "Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des papiers de Madame Récamier," but it is more valuable in including Benjamin Constant's Letters, which, though they appeared some time ago in French, are here Englished for the first time. These letters remained long unpublished owing to the opposition to their publication of the two families concerned. It is easy to see why the descendants of the lover whose ardors they attest should have wished to preserve them from the kind of interest the public takes in extravagances of the sort. Benjamin Constant was far from being a heroic or otherwise admirable character, and he no more shines in intimacy than in his public career. It must be confessed

MADAME RÉCAMIER AND HER FRIENDS. By H. Noel Williams. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, royal 8vo, $20.

From "Charles II." Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHARLES II. AS A BOY, IN ARMOUR.

[From the painting by Van Dyck, in the collection of the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey.]

that he decidedly made a fool of himself in this correspondence, beyond even the extended limit permissible in such cases. Doubtless the lady was exasperating. Her specialty was a generality of lovers, so to say. She tranquillized them into friends, and kept them as such with extraordinary success, but the process must have had its hardships for them, although it is not particularly edifying to follow their squirmings under the régime prescribed. She must nevertheless have had a remarkable charm. The chorus to that effect, though large, is unanimous. She is almost a unique example of the ability to convert what was probably a singular in-

capacity for loving into what has been universally recognized as a genius for friendship. She was not clever, but she was so winning as to reconcile the love she inspired to the metamorphosis into a more *raisonnable* feeling that her lack of reciprocity imposed on it. She remains psychologically something of a mystery, and readers who are greatly attracted by it will probably wish to consult Mr. Noel Williams's sources in the original French. But her story is of wide-enough interest to be related in English, and Mr. Williams has performed a gracious task, and produced a by no means superfluous work.

Does the general reader know that His Majesty James I. of England left unpublished manuscripts behind him? Such, it appears, is the case, and perhaps the reason for it appears also, now that Mr. Rait of Oxford has given them to the world. The loyalty of posterity, as represented by Mr. Rait, exceeds the egotism of the royal author. Moreover, we learn that "Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, graciously accepted the Dedication of the Volume scarcely a month before Her lamented death"—I conserve the capitals in transcribing. It is an elaborate and typographically ornate volume, whose literary quality does not qualify the propriety of classifying it as a work whose interest is chiefly artistic. The fac-similes of His Majesty's script are not particularly pictorial, but are in the direction of decoration. The frontispiece is an unpublished portrait of James, and there is an exact collotype reproduction, *mutatis mutandis*, of the quaint title-page of the folio edition of the King's works published under his supervision in 1616. The writings are both prose and, formally speaking, poetry, and are annotated by the Editor with a scrupulousness not always received by literature itself.

Mr. Herkomer has been celebrated in at least adequate fashion in the elegant and elaborate quarto which Mr. Baldry consecrates to him. Born in Bavaria he early became practically an English artist, and it is the English public particularly that will appreciate the quasi-canonization he here receives. His very varied work is pictorially exhibited in rather striking multifariousness—an effect not impaired by any special indications that his personal force is of a kind to be weakened by distribution. It is of very equable quality, plainly and as nearly artistic in one of its many manifestations as in another. It is perhaps more uneven in portraiture than elsewhere, and some of the portraits here reproduced are, at least in those characteristics that are either external or largely dependent on the sitter, apparently considerably more impressive than others. There are sixteen plates in photogravure, twenty-four portraits, and nearly a hundred other illustrations. The text "must be taken," says the Preface, "not merely as the record of an artist's work, but also as a summary of the ideas which have led him to strive for, and take, a place among the most active leaders in art politics."

Over five hundred fair quarto pages, adorned with twenty-six plates and one hundred and sixty-two text illustrations, make Paul Kristeller's work a noble monument to the genius of Andrea Mantegna,

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LUSUS REGIUS. Being Poems and Other Pieces by King James Ye First. Now first set forth and edited by Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 4to, $20.

HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A. A Study and a Biography. By A. L. Baldry. With many Illustrations. London: George Bell & Sons. New York: The Macmillan Co., 4to. $15.

[Among the autumn's publications in the field considered in this article, a new edition of Mr. Brownell's standard work on "French Art" will be of interest to students and readers. The new volume is a large, handsomely printed octavo, containing nearly fifty illustrations from photographs of great paintings and other works of art, most of them reproduced in prints satisfactory to the exacting eye. The author has added, in this edition, a new chapter on the work of the French sculptor Rodin, much of which has been produced since the first issue of the volume. Mr. Brownell's book needs no praise here, of course, but the announcement of the new edition will give pleasure to many persons.—Ed. BOOK BUYER.]

From "French Art."

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

APOLLO, BY RODIN.

and a volume worthy to rank with the most important of the modern art books that have been consecrated of recent years to several of the greatest names in the history of art. Save the "Life and Works of Turner," which the Scribners announce but which at this writing is not yet published, it is altogether the leading book on art of the year. It is by no means a picture-book merely, though it is a book full of pictures. So full, indeed, that it leaves the rare impression of containing all the pictures the most avid and exacting could desire, of lacking none that could be wished for either because the originals were inaccessible or because the expense of reproducing so many was too great. Mantegna, in a word, is pictorially presented, adequately, abundantly, satisfactorily, without stint. What a pictorial treasury a book of which this can be said must be, no one at all familiar with either the works or the fame of the master needs to be assured. And a word should be said for the handsome way in which the text illustrations have been made to serve a decorative as well as an illustrative purpose. There is every evidence, too, of the care that secures completeness in all details of book-making—an orderly plan, copious but not obtrusive notes, a full catalogue of the artist's pictures, drawings, and engravings; of lost or missing works; of works attributed to him more or less speculatively; an appendix of documents relating to him, and, finally, a full index.

The merits of the text, it is thus no slight praise to affirm, are in the main of correspondent value. They are certainly, however, solid rather than brilliant. Mr. Kristeller has conceived and carried out his task on truly monumental lines. An immense amount of research and study is a necessary preliminary to a book of this kind, and perhaps this explains the literary quality that almost invariably characterizes such a *magnum opus* in the æsthetic field, devoted to the work of a single artist. It is too detailed and elaborate, and too special, to attract the writer of the first-class with a native talent for fusing generalization, speculation, comparison, and philosophy in significant and captivating form. The author's style is apt to lack point; his entire way of taking his subject partakes of the ponderousness of his task. Excellent and thorough and thoroughly laudable as is Mr. Kristeller's text considered as a whole, its quality is often as cyclopean as its structure. He is generally wordy, however wise, and frequently his theorizing fringes the kind of platitude apparently inseparable from the didactic treatment into which mere scholars are apt to be betrayed in writing on art, and which is so exasperating to artists themselves. If we trusted to the latter, to be sure, the whole subject would be withdrawn from the place it occupies as a subject of general interest. And on the other hand writers of eminence as writers, such as Taine and Ruskin for example, who devote themselves to it are extremely rare. Consequently it is philosophic to forego expectation almost never realized, and to accept gratefully the incontestably large amount of gold in a work like this, without regretting too much the accompanying dross. After all, it is in a literary sense that Mr. Kristeller's book is inadequate. There are points on which another critic might readily take issue with the author; for instance, his insistence on Mantegna's realism, which, however just in the main, seems to minimize the virtuosity that infallibly accompanies any such zest as Mantegna exhibited both in embodying his antique inspiration and in disporting himself with perspective. But Mantegna can here be studied to the very

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ANDREA MANTEGNA. By Paul Kristeller. With 26 Plates and 162 text illustrations. English edition by S. Arthur Strong, M.A. Librarian to the House of Lords and at Chatsworth. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co., 4to, $24 *net*.

From "Charles II." Charles Scribner's Sons.

LOUISE DE KÉROUAL, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

[From the painting by Pierre Mignard, in the National Portrait Gallery.]

best advantage, and the author, if not always the traditional "safe guide," at least furnishes the reader with abundant data to determine his own conclusions.

"When, a century hence," says Mr. Percy Bate, the author of "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters," "some great and discriminating critic shall arise to write the record of art in England in the latter half of the nineteenth century"—the sentence continues but less interestingly. Meantime there has been a call for a second edition of Mr. Bate's small volume, which he probably sat down rather than "arose" to write, and which is a compact and handy little book deferentially presented and carefully prepared. It is full of facts which will interest the reader interested in the famous Brotherhood, and, if the key in which some of the appreciation is pitched seems high and the writing of both narrative and characterization a shade unpractised, this is both comparatively unimportant and wholly to be expected, one would say, of a writer who, while waiting for the uprising of a great and discriminating critic, deals with the subject simply and as best he modestly may. "Anyone who would do anything well," says Emerson, "must come to it from a higher ground"; but those who write sympathetically of the Brotherhood seem to find this difficult to do. The book is in this edition brought up to, or even beyond, date, and is illustrated with a profusion of half-tones from the works of painters known and unknown—the latter by no means the least amusing in some senses, and very eloquent of the kind of influence exerted by the original Brothers on less robust followers.

Professor Hoppin designs his book specifically for "students of the history and criticism of art," but it is also intended, he says, for "all kindly readers who have been led to take a thoughtful interest in the subject." It contains a dozen illustrations in half-tone, some of them inadequately entitled. The students it will instruct will not need to be advanced students, nor the general reader to whom it appeals require more than the general interest of cultivation. It is divided into four sections: "Italian Religious Painting," "A Post-Pheidian Greek Sculptor" (meaning "Skopas"), "French Gothic Architecture," and "English Pre-Raphaelites." The field covered is thus a varied one, and the unity of the book resides rather in the personal point of view of the author than in any systematic consideration of great art epochs as a whole. It contains much information upon its different subjects, and a good deal of discussion of the general æsthetic topics these naturally suggest. Such sub-titles as "Influence of Ruskin," "Classicism of Christian Art," "Allegoric Siennese Painting," show the range of the writer's interests, and the philosophy of art expounded is definitely conservative, so to say, rather than in any degree revolutionary. The treatment of Skopas, under the division, "Skopas Brought Feeling into Art," is perhaps the most original feature of the volume. "I imagine Skopas," he says, "to have startled his own age," and to have been "the first, or among the first, in expressing the form of the soul beyond the physical form," which certainly would have been likely to have a startling effect.

Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova,* adorned with reproductions in photogravure of his various pictures in illustration of it, might advantageously have been

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THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS. Their Associates and Successors. By Percy Bate. London: George Bell & Sons. New York: The Macmillan Co., 12mo, $1.00.

GREAT EPOCHS OF ART HISTORY. By James M. Hoppin. Late Professor of Yale University. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo, $1.75 *net.*

THE NEW LIFE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translation and Pictures by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. R. H. Russell, 4to, $3.75.

published with a little more care than it has been here. It is a handsome book somewhat neglected in the make-up. There is no table of contents nor list of illustrations, nor have the illustrations either the tissues they deserve or the "captions" they need. Perhaps the book will chiefly interest admirers of Rossetti, and for them perhaps it will contain no puzzles. Other readers will especially regret the absence of any titles to the illustrations, the charm of which, in some cases at least, has time to evaporate while one is engaged in their identification. Most of the pictures are well known, however, and the subjects of the others can be discovered by a careful study of the text. There is an "Introduction" by Mr. FitzRoy Carrington and a "Prefatory Note" by W. M. Rossetti. Then follow Dante Rossetti's "Introduction" to his translation and the translation itself. The illustrations, which as reproductions are probably as satisfactory as the circumstances permitted, include, besides the *Vita Nuova* pictures, Kirkup's color-drawing of the Bargello fresco portrait of Dante, the familiar bronze head at Naples, and two portraits of Miss Siddall, who subsequently became Mrs. Rossetti. Mr. Carrington's notes, considered as an "Introduction" to the volume, are so unpretentious as to be a trifle obscure, and the volume as a whole has a somewhat artificial effect. The cover bears the title: "The New Life of Dante Alighieri: Translated and Pictured by Dante Gabriel Rossetti"—"the other Dante" is almost the implication; and the book rather bears out the implication. The *Vita Nuova* is there, of course, but a little as a background. Neither the translation nor the pictures call for special remark at the present day, though it is pertinent to observe that the lover of Dante Alighieri may be also an admirer of Dante Rossetti as a poet and indeed as a painter, and still regret on the whole the modern poet's special interest in the mediæval one. Some of the sonnets are beautifully rendered, but surely Pope is as like Homer as Rossetti is like Dante. Imagine the friend of Giotto confronted with "Beata Beatrix" and her sun-dial, or the cool and artistic, however sensitive, psychologist of even the *Vita Nuova* with the æsthetic "intensity" of modern English poetry.

Decidedly of the better class of art text-books is the "Brunelleschi" of the writer who has already won distinction for herself under the name "Leader Scott." It is painstaking and complete in all the machinery of chronology, bibliography, catalogue of works, etc., which such a manual should have. There are forty-one illustrations, and the text is full, illuminating, and discriminatingly eulogistic. Such a phrase as "to purge architecture of mediævalism" sounds oddly, but the context is sufficiently corrective, perhaps, and anyhow it is difficult to set forth Brunelleschi's merits and keep an eye on Gothic excellence at the same time.

GREAT MASTERS IN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE. Filippo di Ser Brunelleschi. By Leader Scott. London: George Bell & Sons.

THE POET

At dead of night he melts old joy, old truth, old pain,
Through his new soul, and runs new forms of light;
Till battered jewels, dull and marred, reset again,
Receive new lustre to enchant our sight.

—*From "The Cathedral, and Other Poems," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

NOTABLE FICTION

BY E. H. CORTISSOZ

THE novel of the year, of which we have heard so much in the recent past, has become the novel of the moment. Contemporary literature means for perhaps more than half of the reading world contemporary fiction—we may not like to acknowledge this, but so it is; and in the great army of writers who are at once the makers and the servants of the public taste there are so many clever men and women that we must perforce crowd far more books into the season than sufficed us only a few years ago. The novels dealt with below vary greatly in merit, yet each is certain, for one reason or another, to command a generous measure of popularity. One at least in the list enforces its claim through its author's possession of that rare and precious quality which we call genius.

Mr. Hewlett's *New Canterbury Tales* shows this quality on nearly every page. If it does not have the absolute perfection characteristic of the creative artist at his best, it is because the author has succumbed to a doubtful temptation; in the machinery which he has devised to give his stories a relation to one another, in his diction and in the title of the book he has put us in mind of Chaucer, and this is a mistake in art and a wrong to his own gift. He has something in common with the poet, to be sure—Dan Chaucer's love for a good old tale in which the raciest elements of human nature have free play. But he is without the poet's sweetness, that sunshiny strain "as fressh as is the moneth of May." For all the primitive simplicities of emotion we find in his tales, this novelist of to-day has beside Chaucer an immeasurable sophistication. The result is that it is hard not to wish, in reading this book, that the Canterbury side of it might have been omitted and the stories allowed to march on their own feet, even as the Palmer's "to seeken straunge strondes." They are abundantly qualified to do this, for, as has been said, Mr. Hewlett has genius; he makes his characters live, and he makes them and the things they say and do so interesting and sometimes so thrilling that if this cannot be called the book of the year, it may decidedly be called one of the best books of the moment.

Mr. Kipling has genius too; but so far it has not enabled him to answer in the affirmative the question which nine out of ten of his multitudinous admirers have long been asking, "Can he write a novel?" "The Light that Failed" was itself a failure; "The Naulahka" was another, and *Kim,* alack, is a third. This, it may be argued, need not prevent *Kim* from being an excellent book. Only, if its author meant to make it a simple medley of impressions of India with a few delightful full-length portraits of striking types thrown in, he ought not to have made in the earlier pages promises of dramatic developments which failed to arrive. The mere fact that *Kim* is announced as a "novel" could be overlooked. What can't be overlooked is that *Kim* deliberately pretends to a form which it is quite plain from these pages that the author cannot compass.

Lucas Malet's new novel, *The History of Sir Richard Calmady,* like Mr. Hewlett's book and Mr. Kipling's, leaves us disappointed. Here is, if not genius, a genuine talent. Here to a penetrating perception of human nature is joined a remarkable capacity for interpreting to us

NEW CANTERBURY TALES. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Company, 12mo, $1.50.

KIM. By Kudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page, & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY. By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

its most subtle movements; and here to our continued satisfaction and pleasure is a nervous and vigorous style. These, surely, are qualities calculated to carry a literary performance far along to greatness. But great this book is not. In trying for dramatic impressiveness and the exploitation of emotional intricacies, the author has allowed herself to become histrionic. There is a fatal air of artificiality about every climax, whereas in the quieter reaches of the story we are continually moved to admiration by its striking insight and reasoned truth. The hero, it must be said, rouses interest, but does not enforce conviction. Heir to high place and happiest fortune, his splendid manly beauty terminates in piteous deformity, for through sorrowful chance he is mulcted, before birth, of a fourth of his height. The effect of this physical blemish upon his character and career is the motive of the book, and it is dwelt upon with painful, sometimes repulsive, particularity. The man's mind is as sound as perfect health and perfect moral and mental training could insure to a human being, and the train of happenings which sets him wandering for years in a tempest of morbid bitterness and debauchery is not so handled as to compel belief. We do not say that these happenings are not enough to sweep into confusion the very foundations of Richard's character; we only feel that his historian has not made the "business" credible. As for his temptress, "another Helen," the witch of the senses, all selfish animal beneath her exquisite gloss of worldly graces, she is drawn on the whole with remarkable acuteness, with a rigor scientific in scope and bluntness. But Helen, too, has moments of unreality when she walks the mimic stage rather than the high-road of life. In picturing her charm and her vileness, moreover, the author is now and again needlessly explicit in an imitation, oddly foreign to her own method, of the frankness of the masters of French fiction—men of whose work, we are told, she is an admiring student. As for the true heroine, Helen's antithesis, a pearl of wise young womanhood, who always comes in with "gallant grace," her hands in her pockets and calling a spade a spade, we like her, but we do not find her enthralling. Here, again, it is hard to believe that the stages of the hero's sentimental subdual are based on reality. No, it is not a great book, but it is an absorbing book—one which deals womanfully and in a tone of high distinction with serious problems of life and character.

Distinction of tone we do not expect from Mr. Hall Caine, and in this respect *The Eternal City* certainly does not disappoint us. It is a pity that this facile literary posturer could not have forborne the invasion of Rome, the mighty mother of nations, the city of countless traditions, and suggestions, incomprehensible by a mind of Mr. Caine's mediocre sort. The book is interesting as a rattling melodrama in a second-rate theatre is interesting. It is a thing of triumphant vulgarity and flaring pretension; there is hardly a page which does not grate upon one's sense of what is true in life and sincere in art. The hero, a socialistic reformer with a more than indicated resemblance to the Saviour, is a painfully stagey person of affluent talk. The heroine, introduced as the descendant of a long line of Roman princes, is a flamboyant beauty whose manners and rhetoric are those of a "saleslady," and who is capable of treachery so base as to put her completely out of court as a romantic ideal. The minor characters are all more or less sensational assistants in working up a "situation" at rapidly recurring intervals—in fact, we do not often see a story whose predetermined end and aim as a

THE ETERNAL CITY. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, $1.50.

play are more apparent. Its plot, involving the downfall of the Italian monarchy, the relinquishment by the Pope of his temporalities, and the establishment of a Christian Republic, offers nothing that is new, and is unwound in a volume of talk that becomes deadly tiresome. An ill-conceived, crude, and gassy book, it is in no sense literature; but aside from the intolerable, dull verbosity, both with tongue and pen, of the leading characters, the current of the tale moves with the exciting clatter of an electric-car. It provides one more witness to the fact that its author is a leader in Commercial Fiction; it is an eminence which no true lover of good books will envy him.

In pleasant contrast to the cheap sensationalism of Mr. Hall Caine come the genial romance and refined sentiment of *The Cavalier*. Mr. Cable illustrates the other extreme of what the author of *The Eternal City* has attempted to do. He deals with a theme of political upheaval and bloody war, but he has not undertaken to write an hysterical epic. He draws as one who loves them his Confederate soldiers and their sweethearts, but he has not overdone the gallantry and beauty of face and character which most "Southland" novelists are disposed to paint—as though valor and virtue had been invented and patented south of Mason and Dixon's line. He has told easily and winningly his tale of modest bravery and unselfish love, and his reader's sympathy and interest are held from first to last. It is plain that personal experiences have furnished something to these scenes of Civil War, and therein the story has gained largely in vigor and dramatic unction.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's *Circumstance* has incident, and at one moment, late in the course of the story, the author skirts the shores of tragedy. But in the main he is placid, even subdued, making no very great excitement out of his leading situation. This situation implicates principally an elderly Philadelphian, one Fairthorne, and a Mrs. Hunter, an adventuress anxious to dip unscrupulous fingers into the gentlemanly curmudgeon's money-bags. In the long run she accomplishes part of her purpose, but nevertheless emerges considerably discomfited from her shabby campaign. The story is made up partly of her intrigues and partly out of the more or less sentimental relations of the kinsfolk and friends of the Fairthornes. Nobody does or says anything very startling; nobody is intrinsically very impressive; the tale does not get anywhere to speak of. But in a rambling, conversational way it goes on and manages to keep the reader's attention. "Tepid," "colorless," are the words one would be apt to use in closing the book; yet one would not altogether regret having passed an hour or two in the company of personages who, whatever they may lack, are characteristically American.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, *The Right of Way*, is one of the stories devised from beginning to end—and very well devised—for the entertainment, pure and simple, of the confirmed novel-reader. There is some psychology in it, but not too much. The scene is set in French Canada, and the hero is a clever young lawyer, nicknamed "Beauty" Steele. What with his good looks, his fastidious attire, and agreeable manners, Steele is something of a fop, and his mannerisms cause him to play his part always in a rather original and striking fashion. To this fop comes stern and ruinous overthrow; in a tavern brawl he gets a blow on the head which deprives him of memory. When it re-

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THE CAVALIER. By George W. Cable. With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

CIRCUMSTANCE. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Company, 12mo, $1.50.

THE RIGHT OF WAY. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers, 8vo, $1.50.

turns, after a long illness, he finds himself in a strange village among humble peasants who know nothing of his former life. That life was wrecked in more ways than one, and he determines not to go back to it. Forgetting, he has been forgotten, and he enters on an existence of hard-working simplicity, and a romance of moving tenderness and purity. His affairs are settled for him by death, but he has by that time proved that he was in truth a man and not a reckless dandy. Except for an unfortunately artificial death-bed scene and a superfluous anti-climax in the next to the last chapter, the story is uncommonly well told. It is one of those lively narratives which the reader does not want to put down until he knows how everything is coming out.

Fomá Gordyéeff revives the impression of something vast, shapeless, crude, sick, and sombre with which we have been made acquainted in years agone in the novels of Tolstoi, Gogol, and Dostoievsky—the impression of the Russian character. It is a strong book, if we may use an expression abused of late, strong in the sense of painting a somewhat barbaric society in raw colors with a brutal, and at the same time curiously truthful and persuasive brush. Fomá, the hero, is the son of a rich ship-owner, who has built up his fortune by ruthless means. This old man is an uneducated and cunning animal, but he has a streak of generosity in him, and this healthy trait Fomá inherits. He has, too, some vaguely idealistic qualities that we are made to feel that his mother must have bestowed upon him, though she dies on the twentieth page in giving birth to Fomá. Thrown on the world with plenty of money and a nature in which good and evil engage in a struggle complicated by his ignorance, the youth passes through experiences in the celebration of which the author seems not simply to unfold the career of an individual, but to be painting the familiar life of his countrymen. We see them in the market-place, on the river with its mighty burden of commercial enterprise, in official circles of the baser sort, and in the obscure, though often prosperous, homes of the people. The story deals chiefly with the merchant class, but the peasant, the laborer, also moves through its pages. It is all rough and gross and painful enough, but beneath is a strain which speaks of the finer cravings in the heart of the awakening nation. It is an ugly but a powerful book, and one which everybody ought to read.

Tales of Dunstable Weir is a painful book also, but it is not ugly. One wearies a little sometimes of Zack's hopeless pessimism, of the gloom in which she loves to wrap her work; but we are not permitted to grow unduly impatient, seeing that the sadness is lightened by an ever-present vein of bucolic humor. She makes the quaint figures of her village tangible before us with their oddities of speech. She shows us how in those rustic natures kindly traits are jostled by an almost appalling callousness induced by the struggle for existence. She is dreary, it is true; but among the younger writers of fiction there is no one who searches the English country-side for strange human nature with a more penetrating sympathy or a more individual touch of artistic verisimilitude.

E. H. Cortissoz.

FOMÁ GORDYEEFF. By Máxim Górky. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.00.

TALES OF DUNSTABLE WEIR. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

From "John Trumbull." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

[From the portrait painted by Trumbull. In Yale School of the Fine Arts.]

From "Other Famous Homes." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SUNSET, FROM THE WATCH-TOWER AT DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

NEW HOLIDAY BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

SURELY we are in the midst of our seven fat years of beautiful book-making, and, indeed, of excellent book-writing as well. And no Joseph of commanding authority has risen up to warn us that the supply is to diminish. A high level of scholarship (in solid literature), of intelligent compilation, and good all-round literary workmanship, is supplemented by proportionate intelligence and skill in the manufacture of the books; and since many hands are busy at the work, the result is an enormous mass of fine new books so varied in character that the happy public must feel itself renewing the sensations of childhood, when the intending purchaser of a few pieces of candy found himself on tiptoe in front of the case on the counter, bewildered with the richness spread out before him, intoxicated with the perfume of uncounted delights, and enjoying one of the keenest pleasures in life—the open choice among a thousand good things, with a free look at all of them, and plenty of time to decide.

The distinctive feature of most of the books published nowadays is their illustration. Within a few years various processes of photographic reproduction have been brought to such a high pitch of excellence as to account for themselves fully, even in the presence of the wood engraving. The phrase "cheap half-tone" has lost much of its force, for though the cost of this form of reproduction has been reduced to a comparative trifle, the result is as different from the early half-tone plate at which the reproach was aimed, as can be imagined. And a reaction is evident against the engraving by hand of these fine plates, especially in the case of photo-

From "Historic Forts of the Western States." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE "OLD STONE QUARTERS," FORT MACKINAC, 1780.

graphs of paintings. Many painters resent as impertinence such efforts to render their work, and it must be confessed that careful work with the camera, supplemented by skilful plate-making and press-work, seems to need little of the engraver's art to justify its existence. Excellent examples of such fine half-tone work are the pictures in the new edition of Mr. Brownell's "French Art," of which one is reproduced upon another page. Another beautiful piece of book-making, both in text, press, and illustration, is the monograph upon "John Trumbull and His Works" (Scribners), which Professor John F. Weir, of the Yale School of Fine Arts, contributes to the season's literature. The portrait of Hamilton, which we reproduce, has no scratch of an engraver's tool upon it, nor does it seem to need it. The handsome volume from which it is taken consists of a sketch of the painter's life and a catalogue of his works, and has for frontispiece the portrait of Trumbull, by Waldo and Jewett, reproduced in brilliant photogravure.

From "Lives of the Hunted." Copyright, 1901, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Many finely illustrated books of travel, or books whose interest has a geographical keynote, are conspicuous this year. Besides the new edition of Mr. Howells's "Italian Journeys," of which Mr. Sullivan writes elsewhere in this number, two stout volumes by Mr. Arthur H. Norway, upon "Naples, Past and Present," come to us from the Frederick A. Stokes Company, with many illustrations in half-tone and in photogravure. Pleasant discursiveness, and an indulgent willingness to let the reader go leisurely over this storied ground, make Mr. Norway an agreeable guide. He provides a large fund of information incidentally, but you are not obliged to consume it all, and may loiter

pleasantly on a shady terrace and listen to the legend of the unimportant, if picturesque, local saint, and not make up your mind about Petrarch at all, unless you choose.

The late Mr. Grant Allen is much more terse and business-like in the two smaller volumes of his "Florence" (L. C. Page & Co.), in the "Travel Lover's Library." Mr. Allen takes it for granted that you want to see the pictures and statuary and churches in Florence, and off you go, with no time wasted on wayside philosophy. Of course, this is in no sense a narrative of travel, but a straightforward guide-book which, in the words of the Introduction, "will enable him to understand, and therefore to enjoy, the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts of the towns he visits." The ground covered is very considerable, and the comments are not those of the art critic, but of the "average" informed and cultivated traveller, who classifies his information and wishes the reader to get succinctly what his cicerone has spent years in gaining for himself. The illustrations are small, since they are made for small volumes, but they are finely printed and quite satisfactory as memoranda.

Totally different and curiously interesting is the handsome quarto called "Old Dutch Towns and Villages of the Zuiderzee" (Lippincott), whose text is written by W. J. Tuyn, and whose strongly drawn wood-cuts are made by W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp and J. G. Veldheer. The romance of "this toy ocean, or glorified pond," with its dead cities with the sonorous names—Medemblik, Monnikendam, Edam, Enkhuizen, Hoorn—has never had a more sympathetic chronicler, though the brief descriptions of the thirty large drawings are scarcely more than jottings of history

From "Heroines of Fiction." Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers.

EVELINA.

and tradition concerning the places shown. The charm of Holland is perennial; one need not be a Dutchman to enjoy this book, whose press-work and paper are such as would have rejoiced the heart of William Morris.

"The Isle of the Shamrock" (Macmillan) is another of Mr. Clifton Johnson's gossiping narratives of travel, plentifully strewn with pictures from his camera. Mr. Johnson's simple and unpretending style of setting down his impressions becomes almost quaint in the present volume. Like many travellers in Ireland, he is impressed with the general poverty of the inhabitants and the many chances of being thoroughly soaked by rain in the course of a day's walk. If this book lack some of the attractiveness of his notes of travel in England and France, we suppose that it must be the fault of Erin—she is usually to blame for something. The pictures are sombre, for the landscape is rugged, and the peasant's huts need the idealization of the pencil to make them anything but squalid. Another volume (from the same publisher) is a distinctly British narrative of a walking tour through the "Highways and Byways in the Lake District," and Mr. Joseph Pennell's pictures are as excellent as always. One is ready to say that this drawing of a house, cuddled under the shoulder of a great rock, is the best picture possible, when one turns the leaf to see a long vista between hills with little black houses and spires that his art makes literally to shine in the sun. A simple sketch, almost in dotted line, of a square castle tower against the sky rivets the attention, until the eye is bewitched with a marvellous tumble of hills and heavy foliage, and broad meadow, and nestling town, and a whole wide sky full of

From "Our Houseboat on the Nile." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BEIS MOHAMMED.

From "Amos Judd." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN THE GARRET.

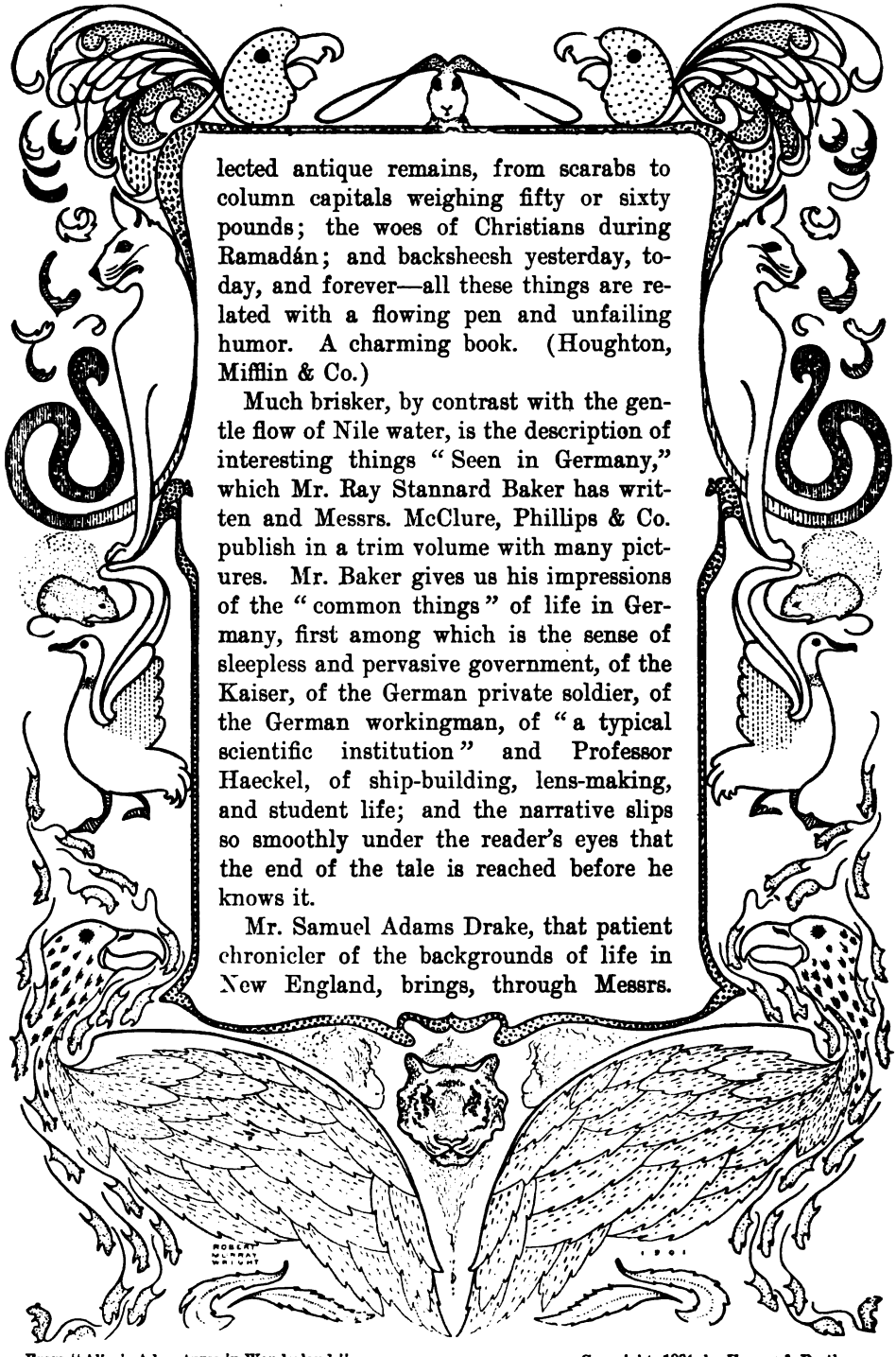
the most enormous and wonderful clouds. And all this in a picture two inches square!

To pass from Eskdale and Windermere to the Nile is the merest detail in fireside travels. Mrs. Henry Bacon (Lee Bacon) relates, in "Our Houseboat on the Nile," the story of a voyage of some two hundred miles; last winter, and her husband contributes a dozen illustrative sketches, one of which, showing the Temple of Abou Simbel, is printed in colors, for frontispiece. How they hired their houseboat, after months of bargaining with the low-voiced, melancholy Orientals, whose lotus-eating was all done "on the time" of the impatient Americans—how they covenanted with a cook and gained more experience thereby; how mutiny came and was overcome; the country they sailed through; the inhabitants thereof; how they col-

lected antique remains, from scarabs to column capitals weighing fifty or sixty pounds; the woes of Christians during Ramadán; and backsheesh yesterday, today, and forever—all these things are related with a flowing pen and unfailing humor. A charming book. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Much brisker, by contrast with the gentle flow of Nile water, is the description of interesting things "Seen in Germany," which Mr. Ray Stannard Baker has written and Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. publish in a trim volume with many pictures. Mr. Baker gives us his impressions of the "common things" of life in Germany, first among which is the sense of sleepless and pervasive government, of the Kaiser, of the German private soldier, of the German workingman, of "a typical scientific institution" and Professor Haeckel, of ship-building, lens-making, and student life; and the narrative slips so smoothly under the reader's eyes that the end of the tale is reached before he knows it.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, that patient chronicler of the backgrounds of life in New England, brings, through Messrs.



From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers.

A PAGE BORDER.

Little, Brown & Co., an enlarged and revised edition of his fascinating "New England Legends and Folk Lore." He groups his material under headings of Boston, Cambridge, Lynn, Nahant, Salem, Marblehead, Cape Ann, Ipswich, Newbury, Hampton, Portsmouth, York, the Isles of Shoals, Old Colony, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Nantucket, and the White Mountains; and there are more than a hundred and twenty titles. Perhaps half are set down in the words of famous writers—Motley, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Celia Thaxter, J. T. Fields, Lucy Larcom, Fitz-James O'Brien, and others; the remainder he tells himself in fluent narrative. There is no need here to praise Mr. Drake's work, it is too widely appreciated already; but the new edition is welcome and will rest beside the new editions, published during the last year or two, of his two books of Boston history and landmarks. From the same publishers comes an illustrated volume on the "Maids and

A TITLE-PAGE.

Matrons of New France," in which Miss Mary S. Pepper rehearses the romances of the pioneer women of the Canadian wilderness. The women of Acadia, Quebec, and Montreal are considered in turn, and the author's work in the translation of the "Jesuit Relations" has given her exceptional opportunities to master her subject. This is the first book, we believe, entirely devoted to the ladies of France who left civilization and luxury to dwell among savages through long Canadian winters. The same house issues a new book of "Japanese Miscellanies," by Lafcadio Hearn, which includes "Strange Stories," "Folk-Lore Gleanings," and "Studies Here and There" among the wonderful people with whom the author has chosen to cast in his lot. From the stories of women's faith and unfaith to the chapter

From "Papa Bouchard." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"SHE HAD ASKED HIM TO BUTTON HER GLOVE."

on "Dragon Flies" and the scraps of Japanese children's songs, all bear Mr. Hearn's master's stamp.

Historic homes, in England and elsewhere, have a continual charm for many Americans, who seldom live long enough in the same house to wear out the carpets. Many beautiful books are written describing the great castles and country houses, and among them none is more elaborate and attractive than the series of "Famous Homes of Great Britain and Their Stories," edited by Mr. A. H. Malan, of which the third imposing volume—"Other Famous Homes"—is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Brilliantly illustrated with photographs, and printed on fine, heavy paper, the present volume contains descriptions of Wollaton Hall, the Elizabethan mansion built for Sir Francis Willoughby, Dunvegan Castle, Castle Howard, Audley End, Clumber, Stoneleigh, Stowe, once the treasure-house of the Dukes of Buckingham, Dalkeith Palace, Osterley Park, Dunrobin Castle, Bromwich, and St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. From this stately book one gets some faint idea not only of the beauty of the houses and their gardens, but of some of the famous paintings and other works of art which fill these splendid monuments to British wealth and ancestral magnificence. As supplementary to this fine volume, comes another of Miss Esther Singleton's workmanlike compilations, "Romantic Castles and Palaces" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Nearly fifty magnificent buildings are described and pictured in this book, the descriptions being those of famous writers, from Gautier and Scott to the Marquis of Lorne and Mrs. Meynell, of palaces in every part of the world. France, England, China, Japan, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, and India are represented, and the whole is packed into a stout duodecimo volume. The photographic il-

From "The Mohawk Valley." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ON THE OLD MOHAWK TURNPIKE.

lustrations are good and well printed.

Two handsome illustrated volumes of local history in America come to us from the Putnams—Mr. W. Max Reid's "The Mohawk Valley: Its Legends and Its History," and the Rev. Lyman P. Powell's "Historic Towns of the Western States," the fourth and final volume in his series of "Historic Towns." Books of this kind have long been popular in England, and their increasing favor in this country has doubtless led to the preparation of these elaborate volumes. Mr. Reid's work shows much detailed study of the sources; the Rev. Mr. Powell's is of less exhaustive character, since more than twenty towns are noted in this single volume; but both are carefully prepared and finely manufactured. Here again are examples of half-tone cuts which need no apology.

From "Franklin's Autobiography." Copyright, 1901, by The Century Co.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted" (Scribners) is a true continuation of his first book, which has won him, in increasing volume, the attention of young and old readers in every State in the Union. What all Mr. Seton-Thompson's learning in his official place as government naturalist, and all his delicacy and power as a painter and artist in black-and-white, failed to bring him—that he gained at a blow with the stories and pictures in "Wild Animals I Have Known." His anthropomorphization of animals has been criticised as a false note; it is the keynote of his books, and he declares that the stories are true. He can be trusted, surely, to know what he has seen and heard, and if anyone persist in disbelief in the intellectual processes of the lower animals, let that one write, out of his own experience, stories more convincing. In the present volume the epic of "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," stands at the beginning, and is followed by the not less masterly "Johnny Bear." One is tragedy, the other as nearly a comedy as any animal biography can be. The stories of the "Cock Sparrow," the "Mother Teal," "Chink," "The Kangaroo Rat," "Tito," and "Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy Once a Year" are, longer and shorter, the most penetrating studies of animal life with which we are familiar. And the point is, that through the whole fabric runs the scarlet thread of human interest, and that is why they have hundreds of thousands of readers who are learning from Mr. Seton-Thompson the kernel of his teaching—that to kill animals for sport is only just short of manslaughter.

Such popularity as Mr. Seton-Thompson's is bound to attract a hundred other fishermen to cast a line in his pond. Or,

have paid Mrs. Seton-Thompson the compliment of imitating as closely as possible the scheme of marginal drawings which she made use of in the decoration of her husband's books.

Whether one agree with all his deductions or not, Mr. Howells always can give good reasons for the faith that is in him. Perhaps the fact that many persons do not always agree with his critical estimate of certain novels leads them the more readily to make fellowship with him in his dissection of the characters of his own creation. They will allow, being fair-minded, that an author should be considered to understand his own people. Mr. Howells's skill and enthusiasm in building up voluble and highly suggestive ladies from a single rib —or other bone—of human characteristic, has been of great service to him in his analysis and appreciation of various "Heroines of Fiction," of whom he has been writing during the last year, which papers are now published in two handsome volumes by the Harpers. The feminine character has the greatest charm for Mr. Howells, and in these papers we see the Ever-Womanly in new lights, often, through his glass, and always shown with appreciation and delight. From Clarissa and Olivia to Eleanor, Mr. Howells is an honorable squire of dames, and his sympathetic expositions are as frank and eagerly done as his own literary portraiture. The books are illustrated with many portraits of the heroines—not always convincingly, but usually with intelligence and good technic.

From "Famous Actors of the Day in America." L. C. Page & Co.

JOHN BLAIR.

perhaps more fairly, he set the fashion of animal stories which many writers are following. Among the number of those who write good stories of this kind is Mr. William J. Long, whose sketches of woodcraft have found many readers during the past year or two. These sketches, with some new material, are now issued by Messrs. Ginn & Co. in two well-printed, if heavy, volumes under the titles "Beasts of the Field" and "Fowls of the Air." Mr. Long's sketches are entertaining and full of a fine feeling for inanimate nature, though he goes afield with a gun. The books are illustrated from drawings by Mr. Charles Copeland, and the publishers

"A Child of Nature" is one of Mr. Mabie's finely conceived and gently writ-

From "Woodland and Meadow."

The Baker & Taylor Co.

THE BROOK IN WINTER.

ten expositions of simple character. A boy grows to manhood on a farm, with the fewest opportunities for education, but a receptiveness for good impressions, and an instinctive sense of the best. He stays among the flinty hills, half-unconsciously dreading the scramble in the world of towns—a sort of "Will-o'-the-Mill" in a mirror, the same character, yet the "other way to." As the years go on and leave him old, he is a man of culture, yet dumb for lack of mechanical words. He keeps a sort of journal in which he sets down his formless belief and aspirations. He dies, and the house stands deserted for a few months, when a young man of brilliant scholarship, congested with impressions of study and travel, takes the house as a place to be alone in, and to rest. A few months in that stimulating air set him right, intellectually, and then he finds the dead John Foster's journal in a cupboard. He reads it, and finds in its halting, confused language the key to his own knowledge. He writes the book, out of his own treasury, as John Foster would have written it if he had known how to say what he felt. He pours his own gifts into the cup, but the finished work was Foster's, and, at last, the world heard him, and listened and treasured his bequest which the younger man had administered. The story is simply and beautifully told. The photogravure decorations are dignified and artistic. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"A Japanese Nightingale," a pretty and fancifully decorated book, comes from the Harpers, written in idiomatic English by Onoto Watanna, and illustrated in color after designs by Genjiro Yeto. It is

From "Other Famous Homes." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE DUCHESS'S SITTING ROOM, DALKEITH PALACE.

From "Seen in Germany." McClure, Phillips & Co.

PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL.

[Drawn from life by George Varian.]

a delicate comedy of the love-affairs of a young American and a Japanese girl, and the almost inevitable tragedy is avoided. The book is written by a young woman whose father is an Englishman and her mother a Japanese. It is beautifully printed on pages powdered with a faint design of cherry blossoms, and is as pretty as a box of candy.

Two attractive little books come to us from Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., in white covers stamped with sacred white peacocks upon a golden ground. One is Mr. Henry C. Lahee's "Grand Opera in America," and the other a second series of Mr. Lewis C. Strang's "Famous Actors of the Day." Mr. Lahee begins with the performance of the "Beggar's Opera" by a company of English actors in 1750; and ends with the "Hansel and Gretel," with Mme. Meisslinger, at the close of 1900. His notes are brief, of course, but the book is a good memorandum for the opera-goer who wishes to refresh his memory and verify his dates. Mr. Strang's sketches of a score of actors are written with vivacity

From "The Queen's Comrade." Dodd, Mead & Co.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

and precision. All the actors discussed are American except Mr. Willard and Mr. John Hare, and the author says, in his preface, that he included them because they were such good actors that he would not leave them out. Rather more extended, though never tedious, is Mr. Acton Davies's sparkling sketch of Miss Maude Adams, issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Mr. Davies introduces Miss Adams on the big china platter upon which she made her first appearance upon the mimic stage at the age of a few months, and traces her career to its present glittering height. It is easy to write pleasant things about Miss Adams, and it is always easy for Mr. Davies to tell a good story. In this little book he does both. It is written with perfectly natural enthusiasm, and all Miss Adams's admirers ought to read it.

From "Colonial Furniture in America." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A new Gibson picture-book comes as regularly each year as the Horse Show or the tax collector. This autumn's heritage, from Mr. R. H. Russell, is called "A Widow and Her Friends," and includes that amusing series, together with many other drawings by the accomplished artist. His girls are so pretty and thoroughbred that it is a pity that such cynicism has been put in their mouths by the gentleman who supplies the jocular text for some of the drawings. Anybody would suppose, to read these brief dialogues, that a pretty girl never says a civil thing to a man. It is a hard, cold world, but it isn't so bad as all that.

Other illustrated books on Mr. Russell's list are interesting and attractive in appearance. Miss Kate Dickinson Sweetser has taken "Ten Boys from Dickens," and briefly re-told their stories as nearly as possible in the novelist's own words. Mr. George Alfred Williams has drawn their portraits, and the combination is a handsome volume. Fine type and paper, and sixty drawings by M. H. Squire and E. Mars are enlisted in the making of a new edition of Charles Kingsley's stories of "The Heroes." The larger illustrations are printed in flat colors. A beautiful book of lullaby poems by Miss Mary D. Brine, called "Mother and Baby," is copiously illustrated with splendid half-tone pictures of mothers and babies. In several instances the inspiration of classic Madonnas is quite clear. But the verses are good, the pictures delightful to see, and all mechanical details of the book excellent.

"Love in Our Village" is the title of a well-printed book by Orme Agnus, illustrated by Bertha Newcombe, in which

From "Other Famous Homes of Great Britain." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

DUNROBIN CASTLE AND ITS GARDENS.

the author of "Jan Oxber" gives the details of the sluggish lives of dwellers in a little English village, and the workings of the tender passion in bucolic hearts. The story is quaint and amusing, and the two volumes are prettily bound in white and gold. (L. C. Page & Co.) "The Fallen God, and Other Essays in Literature and Art" is the title of a collection of "moral emblems" by Joseph Spencer Kennard, published in a handsome "limited" edition by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. Besides the initial essay, Mr. Kennard's subjects include "Sincerity in Art," "Two Fictional Friars," "Music as a Sensuous and Spiritual Pleasure," "Edmondo de Amicis," and others. The book is illustrated with fine and large photogravures.

Three well-made volumes from the Century Company celebrate the endless and fathomless subject of "Woman," as the women's club writers put it. The most imposing is Miss Amelia Gere Mason's "Woman in the Middle Ages," dedicated "To the representative women of to-day." After a "Preface" and an "Introduction," Miss Mason writes of "Women in Greek Poetry," "Sappho and the First Woman's Club," "The Revolt of the Roman Women," "Marcella, Paula, and the First Convent," "The Learned Women of the Renaissance," "The Literary Courts and Platonic Love," and other cognate subjects. The book gives evidence of an intimate knowledge of women in all the ages, and of a sympathy with the higher types of womankind. In "The Century Book for Mothers" Dr. Milton Leroy Yale has attempted to make "a practical guide in the rearing of healthy children," and Mr. Gustav Pollak, the editor of "Babyhood" has shared his labors. The first part of this book considers the general care of children, and the second part is made up of questions and answers

From "First Across the Continent." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

LEWIS IN INDIAN DRESS.

From "A Short History of the Mississippi Valley." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL PIONEERS.

covering many possible perplexities of every-day life. In "Woman and the Law" Mr. George James Bayles, of Columbia University, has written a practical handbook treating of the domestic, property, and public relations of women. In his preface he says it is a general statement and not an exhaustive analysis, and least of all is it an attempt to make every woman her own lawyer. The book must be of interest to every woman who wishes to know just what legal rights a woman has in America, and to many men who have a general idea that the modern law has been generous to women, but have little definite knowledge upon the subject.

"Woodland and Meadow" is another of the beautiful photographic picture-books by which Mr. W. I. Lincoln Adams has won his wide reputation. It is more than a picture-book, of course, for these "out-of-door papers written on a New Hampshire farm" have their own simple charm, but the brilliant photographs reproduced in ideal half-tone plates will be, for most readers, the main attraction of the book, which is printed on plate paper throughout, and has an effective cover. (The Baker & Taylor Co.)

"The Queen's Comrade" is the suggestive title of Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's new book about the great Sarah Jennings, first Duchess of Marlborough. This masterful lady has had many biographers—the whole literature and tradition of her time is saturated with the romance of her life. One of twenty-two children, we believe, she was, fairly enough, one in twenty-two thousand, and her story is always absorbing. Mr. Molloy has had access to the thirty-four volumes of manuscripts originally collected by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough as materials for the memoirs of her husband, and now in the British Museum. These two large volumes, beautifully illustrated with portraits (one of which we reproduce in reduced size), are thickly strewn with hitherto unpublished statements, anecdotes, and letters, and students of human nature will find here plenty of interesting material. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

of sporting life, in its three "fyttes." This archaic bit of literature was first published in *Blackwood* for September, 1828, and was included in "Christopher North's Recreations," issued in 1842. This is the first separate edition, in appropriate form, which has appeared. The edition is limited; the paper, print, and binding are admirable, and Mr. Alexander M. McLellan has designed a number of vignettes and made eight etchings to illustrate it, and has likewise colored his etchings by hand.

Another little book of equal distinction in style of manufacture—though it has no hand-colored pictures—is a reprint of the "Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne," written in the years 1819 and 1820, which is issued by Messrs. George Broughton and Barclay Dunham. These delightful letters have a properly delightful setting in this edition, which has also the portrait of Keats, by Severn, after the painting in the National Gallery, and a silhouette of Fanny Brawne.

From "Florence." L. C. Page & Co.

BENOZZO GOZZOLI.—PORTRAIT OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT (DETAIL OF THE JOURNEY OF THE THREE KINGS TO BETHLEHEM).

"Amos Judd," Mr. John A. Mitchell's fascinating tale in which oriental mystery and western life are so ingeniously mingled, is issued by the Scribners this year in a beautifully printed Merrymount volume with eight illustrations by Mr. A. I. Keller, lithographed in colors. This edition is similar to the issue, last year, of Mr. Page's "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," and is an admirable gift-book. Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. send us a fine new reprint, in a red-leather cover, of Mr. Booth Tarkington's famous "Monsieur Beaucaire," which has recently been presented on the stage in New York. The same publishers issue a very swell edition of "Christopher in His Sporting Jacket"—old "musty, fusty Christopher [North's] quaint chronicle

The Century Co. continue their series of well-made reprints in the "Century Classics" with Poe's "Tales," Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography," "Sesame and Lilies" and the "Crown of Wild Olive," Ruskin's popular essays, and, in two volumes, Kingsley's "Hypatia," with an introduction by Edmund Gosse. No more comely reprints are to be found. In the charming "Thumb Nail Series," in their stamped leather covers, we find a little sheaf of translations, by various authors, of Horace's "Odes," and a volume of passages from the speeches and letters of Abraham Lincoln, with an introduction by Mr. R. W. Gilder.

The Frederick A. Stokes Co. send us a series of "Half-Hour Classics by Modern Masters of Fiction," which are clearly printed little books with covers stamped in silver. Among the titles are "The Happiness of Stephen the Smith," by Anthony Hope; "Some Emotions and a Moral," by John Oliver Hobbes; "Smith's Battery," by Robert W. Chambers; "Gentlemen, the King!" by Robert Barr; "In Borrowed Plumes," by W. W. Jacobs; and "A Wolfville Thanksgiving," by Alfred H. Lewis. All these are bright, brisk stories, and any one of them will avert two bad quarters of an hour.

From Doxey's come eight beautifully printed little books in soft leather covers, each stamped with the old *Lark's* device of the Piping Faun, now adopted by the publisher as his trade-mark: "The Rubaiyat," Shakespeare's "Sonnets," Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," and other poems; Eric Mackay's "Love Letters of a Violinist," Jefferies's "Story of My Heart," W. S. Blunt's "Love Sonnets of Proteus," and two volumes of Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" and the "Departmental Ditties," which the author of the "Recessional" wishes might be forgotten. In the size and general form of the "Temple Classics," these little books will doubtless find ready welcome.

The Temple Edition itself is represented this Christmas with a set of the novels of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, in twelve volumes. (Macmillan.) No more convenient pocket volumes have ever been devised than those bearing the Temple stamp, and these new ones, with their thin, crisp, opaque paper, clear type, and generally graceful make-up maintain the tradition. Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece.

Another edition of these famous novels is to be noted. The Thornton Edition, in twelve stout octavo volumes, is now completed with Mrs. Gaskell's "Life," which, by the way, is not included in the little Temple Edition. The Thornton Edition is reprinted from the first edition, and edited with introduction and notes by Mr. Temple Scott and Mr. B. W.

From "Old Ballads in Prose." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"SHE'S NOT SO FAIR AS YOURSELF, JANET."

Willett. It is issued by the Scribners in connection with Messrs. Downey & Co., of London.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. reissue "Tony Butler" and "The Fortunes of Glencoe" in their uniform edition of the novels of Charles Lever. These solid octavos, with their handsome green-and-gilt covers, are illustrated with photogravure prints from drawings by E. J. Wheeler and W. Cubitt Cooke. The same publishers issue Balzac's novels, in Miss Wormsley's standard translation, in slim volumes on thin paper, in smooth leather or cloth bindings, each with a photogravure frontispiece. There are many pocket Shakespeares — here, at last, is a pocket Balzac, and the new form will be welcomed by many admirers of the great master of fiction. A certain old professor used to advise his students to "keep a good Greek play about you," as a travelling companion. Fewer travellers carry Greek plays now, but surely a pocketful of Balzac is better provision for a journey than the average wreckage of the railway book-stalls.

Another edition of Balzac is now completed in some forty volumes, under the editorship of Mr. George Saintsbury. (The Macmillan Co.) These well-printed volumes are published in connection with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., who also issue, with the Macmillan imprint in America, an edition in six volumes of the "Arabian Nights," in the translation of E. W. Lane, with a hundred illustrations in photogravure by Stanley Wood. Heretofore, Mr. Lane's translation—and especially Mr. Wood's remarkable illustrations—have been accessible only in very costly editions. To combine these pictures with Mr. Lane's monumental translation in these convenient and beautiful volumes, was a happy thought, by which the public profits greatly.

From "Naples, Past and Present." Frederick A. Stokes Co.

RIVIERA DI CHIAIA AND THE VILLA MUNICIPALE.

From "The Story of Manhattan." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

VAN TWILLER'S DEFIANCE.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

BOOKS for the "Masters of Men"—the children! Like sorrows "they come not single spies but in battalions." They are piled up right and left of me, they front me, they back me, and if I should move to another chair, I would have to sit on them! Yet there is no pretence that the tale is complete, here is only a selected lot; for I am writing many weeks before the holiday season, knowing there are still more to follow. It is a pity, from the reviewer's stand-point, that there are so many; also it is sad, from the stand-point of the authors and publishers, that so many books worthy of careful consideration must be dismissed with a word or two, and volumes upon which we fain would linger passed over with a mere mention. But the children are in luck—also their guardians. Such a range of selection was never before seen, and the parent who runs up against that terrific problem, as I have encountered it some six times already, "What shall I get for my child to read?" will have a wide field of choice, and can scarcely go amiss.

Horatio Alger no longer exploits Ragged Dick. The Wimpletons and the Toppletons do not march in panoplied array through the moral pages of Oliver Optic. Times have changed, so have books. Some day I suppose "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson"—not that that rich and delicious piece of unconscious humor comes in the same class with Defoe's masterpiece—will be enshrined on the high shelf with Shakespeare, the Bible, and other classics which are revered but not read. I see now why I cannot get my children to tackle the old favorites. There is so much that is new that they have no time.

This is an age of classification, and it seems convenient to group the different

books under some comprehensive heads. Naturally first come Mythology and the Ancient Classics. The Scribners present new editions of Professor Baldwin's "Story of the Golden Age," of "Siegfried," and of "Roland," illustrated by such masters as Pyle and Birch. Pleasant association for them is Perry's "Boy's Odyssey" (Macmillan), also illustrated attractively by Jacomb Hood; this little book is inspired by the author's small son. How many children's books have been tried on the family before being launched upon the world! It seems to make them doubly attractive. Lee & Shepard in this field present "William the Conqueror," by Eva March Tappan, and "The Story of the Cid," by Calvin Dill Wilson. Both are good. Some episodes in the life of the Conqueror of necessity are touched upon lightly, and while modern research shows the real Cid as very far in character from the popular conception, the popular conception is bound to stand, and he will pose forever as the epic hero of Spain, although he was really a—but never mind. Another interesting little book is "Little Arthur's History of Greece" (Crowell), by Arthur S. Walpole. The book is beautiful in its type, paper, and many illustrations, which are taken from the best sources. The name is very bad; most healthy American children would eschew anything written for "little Arthur." It suggests curls, fancy collars, and so on; the book, however, is all right. Crowell also presents a new edition of "Children's Favorite Classics," attractively bound and illustrated, each volume being provided with a colored frontispiece, and, to quote the department store "ads," attractively priced, from the buyer's stand-point, that

From "The Junior Imp." Copyright, 1901, by The Century Co.

"THE BOAT WAS UPSIDE DOWN"

is. The old favorites, "Gulliver's Travels," "Don Quixote," Church's "Stories from Homer and Virgil," and many others, are to be had in this very pleasing form; especial attention may be called to two of the series, Jean Ingelow's "Mopsa the Fairy," and Edmondo de Amicis's "Heart, a School Boy's Journal." The last is worth anybody's perusal, and may be considered in the light of a new children's classic.

Possibly fairy tales come before mythology. At any rate, they are sufficiently co-related to be considered now. The most remarkable thing about the fairy-tale books is that there are so few. They are almost like the snakes in Ireland. Are not children reading fairy tales nowadays, I wonder? Mine at least are hearing them, *ad nauseam*—to me, that is. The eternal "Grimm" appears in a new translation by Mrs. Edgar Lucas, with illustrations by Arthur Rackham; a sumptuous, fascinating book, with Lippincott's name on the title page. It is one of those light books made of that peculiar English paper which is to all other papers what aluminum is to other metals, and it is such a relief to a tired arm. Why do not our American publishers employ the same? The illustrations are very characteristic wood-cuts which really seem to have caught the spirit of the weird, fantastical tales, and would delight the most captious critic, child, or otherwise. "Told in the Twilight" (Wessels), with its red pictures, supplies unimaginative parents with a means to comply with that insistent little request, "Tell me a story, please." Whittington and his Cat, Rip Van Winkle,

From "The Last of the Arawaks." W. A. Wilde & Co.

"'VELL, MISSEE CONSOOL, VAT IS ET YOU VANT?'"

From "In Fairyland of America." Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"CAME UPON A VILLAGE OF PUKWUDJIE LODGES."

and other old favorites are included. Amusing and fantastic tales are "The Tin Owl Series" (Estes), by William Rose, illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. The Owl's favorite dish was tin tacks, and his stories are pointed. "The Lonesomest Doll" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Abbie Farwell Brown, with illustrations by E. Pollak, is the story of the best doll, like old-fashioned parlor furniture, too good to use, and therefore kept covered up. This doll got out, however, and did all sorts of things. Amy Brooks writes "A Jolly Cat Tale"—not a pussy willow, however; and the perennial Sophie May completes the list by a final volume of the series, taking little Prudy's children into fairy-land—"Lucy in Fairyland" (Lee & Shepard). Little Prudy's grandchildren ought to appear on the scene soon, and may they live long to charm future generations of children who have loved their forebears.

The Muse of Poetry seems to have been in retirement, for of the two volumes in that category one is by our venerated friend, Isaac Watts, "Childhood's Songs of Long Ago" (Wessels). The poems are at least one hundred and fifty years old, the pictures show the costumes of seventy-five years past; the book is of the present. "How Doth the Busy Little Bee?" "'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard," "Hush, my Dear, Lie Still and Slumber," and the other old favorites are met again. That they have lived so long evidences their quality. "The Grasshopper's Hop" (Estes), by Zitella Cooke, is full of cute little verses, some of them with morals tacked on the end, said morals being cleverly disguised and warranted harmless.

Pass we from the fairy tales to the domain of history, though much that is history is fairy tale, and conversely, much that is fairy tale is history! Anne Pierpont Siviter in "Nehe" (Wilde) goes back to the time of Artaxerxes, and therefore treads upon safe ground, for it is difficult to contradict any assertion she might make. The hero is Nehemiah, the

Prophet. Why he is called *Nehe* is not known, unless Nehe is more available as a title without the "miah." There surely is no Hebraic warrant for the omission of the last syllable. However, the book is not meant to teach Hebrew, and the boys won't mind what he is called in the interest of the story. Still I wish she had not done it. The best of the historical stories is Miss Ruth Hall's "The Golden Arrow" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a tale of Puritan New England—and Old England, too—in the days of Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson. It merits a longer notice than this. Miss Imlay Taylor, in "Anne Scarlett" (McClurg), takes up the old theme of witchcraft in Boston in colonial days for her interesting and artistic story, and her heroine had the witchery of beauty anyway. Mr. Edward Stratemeyer begins a new series (Colonial) "With Washington in the West" (Lee & Shepard), dealing with his early career, and culminating in the defeat of Braddock, a period not too well known in Washington's history. This author takes the popular and erroneous view of Braddock's character. Mr. James Otis tells of "When We Destroyed the Gaspee" (Estes). Next comes one solitary historical novel especially for girls, Miss Adele E. Thompson's "Betty Seldon, Patriot" (Lee & Shepard), which they will enjoy reading. Mr. John Preston True writes of "Morgan's Men" (Little, Brown & Co.), confining himself to Morgan's career in the South, the principal episode of the book being the famous battle of the Cowpens. The illustrations of the Revolutionary soldiers in the book are very lady-like. Another of the same name,

From "To Herat and Cabul." Charles Scribner's Sons.

"ANGUS LONGED TO BE IN HIS PLACE AMONG THE TROOPS."

"Jack Morgan, a Boy of 1812" (Lothrop), by W. O. Stoddard, describes the conduct of that war on the Ohio border, and of course Perry's victory on Lake Erie, a good account of which is given. In The Young Kentuckian Series, Mr. Byron A. Dunn (McClurg) takes his hero from "Atlanta to the Sea" in as pleasing and interesting a manner as Sherman did. The up-to-dateness of Eldridge S. Brooks in "Under the Allied Flags" is seen in the first spirited picture disclosing a lone Yankee soldier facing the Boxers. There are a million Boxers and one Yankee lad, but you are dead sure the Yankee will win. He does! Mr. Henty has his usual trio, "To Herat and Cabul," a story of the first Afghan War; "At the Point of the Bayonet," a tale of the Mahratta War, and "With Roberts to Pretoria" (Scribners). These books review themselves. All boys know Henty. Most of his many American readers, however, will not be in sympathy with the author's British point of view in the last volume. The last in this category is Hemstreet's "Story of Manhattan" (Scribners), which, with its wealth of illustration and its simplicity of style, will interest not only the children of New York, but many others who may like to read of the metropolis of the New World.

Bridging the gap between the historical story and the adventure tale are two books which partake of both, and which supplement each other. Mr. R. Van Bergen's "A Boy of Old Japan" (Lee & Shepard) tells the story of that marvel of modern achievements, the leap of Japan over one thousand years of progress in one generation. Nothing more romantic has ever occurred in the history of natural development.

From "The Captain of the School." Little, Brown & Co.

"THEY FELL UPON HIM."

From "From Atlanta to the Sea." A. C. McClurg Co.

"TOM SAW A GREAT CLOUD OF SMOKE LEAP UP FROM THE GUNBOAT.

He writes of that he does know, and hangs his tale about the Marquis Ito and his contemporaries. The pictures are pretty reproductions of Japanese original color-drawings, but are not especially attractive to children. That sterling author, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, "In the Mikado's Service" (Wilde), shows how, in the Japan-Chinese War and in the Boxer uprising, the supreme test of all that had been done to place Japan high in the modern family of nations was successfully met. The author's varied learning and wide experience has enabled him to take a comprehensive view of the subject, which his literary ability has woven into a charming and attractive story, well illustrated.

From Japan to Montana is a long leap, but we take it to meet "The Outlaws of Horseshoe Hole" (Scribners), by Francis Hill, an exciting story for boys and men of far Western life. Cowboys, horse thieves, Indians, ranchmen, are all in view and in action, and every boy will enjoy reading about them.

The rascal is always fascinating in fiction, although unless he is a very great rascal he is apt to be disappointing in real life; but in the story-book there is nothing so lovely as the robber-baron, the pirate, or even the moonshiner. Mr. George Cary Eggleston introduces us, in "The Boys of Camp Venture" (Lothrop), to a thrilling tale of life among the moonshiners in the Virginia mountains.

And now the native princess of surpassing beauty, *à la* Rider Haggard, meets the white adventurer who possesses every manly virtue, and is endowed with every manly charm, in the mountains of San Domingo, in Mr. Frederick A. Ober's "The Last of the Arawaks" (Wilde). The inquirer will have to read the book to solve that interesting question, what is an Arawak? The most serious of the ad-

venture books is Noah Brooks's abridgment and adaptation of the story of the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, entitled, "First Across the Continent" (Scribners). He has carefully preserved the spirit of the original narrative, and most of its language as well. The two heroic men the book commemorates are being studied with renewed attention, and the book is a valuable contribution to literature on the subject of one of the most splendid exploits in our pioneer records.

According to my rough-and-ready, somewhat unscientific, but elastic classification, I find the number of books specifically for girls to be twice as great as those specifically for boys, throwing out of consideration the various classes already considered—is that the ratio between the sexes, viewed as readers, I wonder? Easily first among these, and taking a high rank in any society, is *'Tilda Jane* (Page), by Marshall Saunders, author of *Beautiful Joe.* No more amusing and attractive child's story has appeared for a long time than this quaint and curious recital of the adventures of that pitiful and charming little runaway. How she fled the "'Sylum," in terror of the "Ladyboard," and sought to find "Orstralia" and a home; how she fell among strangers, good and bad; her pluck, her humor, her conscience, and her dogs; the vicious old cripple whose housekeeper she became, whose crutches she burned, her repentance, and how she won all at the end, are delightful to read of. It is one of those exquisitely simple and truthful books that win and charm the reader, and I did not put it down until I finished it—honest! I gave it more time than any dozen more books, I found it so good. And I am sure that everyone, young or old, who reads will be proud and happy to make the ac-

From "The Stars in Song and Legend." Ginn & Co.

quaintance of the delicious waif. I cannot think of any better book for children than this. I commend it unreservedly.

Almost as interesting, and quite as characteristic in a different way, are the adventures of *Maggie McLanehan* (McClurg), by Gulielma Zollinger. The writer appears to be Italio-Germanic, to judge by her name, but she certainly knows the Irish nevertheless, and plucky, hard-working little Maggie, who "cooked beef-steaks for hire and did picking" for the same, is a fascinating little character. I read that book carefully, too, with a keen appreciation of its pleasant humor. Another interesting little volume is the story of a girl's association with a quaint old character, *The Spectacle Man* (Wilde), by Mary F. Leonard. How she found and crossed the bridge is good and helpful reading.

Pansy, the beloved of many young maidens—and older ones, too, for that matter—for, lo, these many years, is represented by two books, *Mag and Margaret* and *Pauline*, both presented by Lothrop, and both up to the high standard set by that excellent author. *Pauline* seems to be for elder girls, and leads very nicely up to *Miss Bouverie*, by Mrs. Molesworth, and *A Very Naughty Little Girl*, by L. T. Meade, both from Lippincott. Like the Henty books, and the Pansy volumes, these two stories almost review themselves. One knows what to expect from these conscientious authors, and there is no disappointment in this instance.

After study times comes vacation. Helen Leah Reed supplements Brenda's school-days by telling of her *Summer Vacation at Rockley*, on the northern Massachusetts coast. Brenda is a nice girl who has lots of fun in life, and deserves it. As this is the second of the series, probably we shall meet her again—and with pleasure.

From "Swedish Fairy Tales." A. C. McClurg & Co.

"SHE TOOK ANDER'S HAND AND WALKED UP THE MARBLE STAIRS."

An odd and attractive tale is *A Frigate's Namesake* (The Century Co.), by Alice Balch Abbot, beautifully illustrated by George Varian. Essex, that was the girl's name, was as good as Porter's famous old frigate. It is a patriotic and delightful tale, in which the old navy and the modern are brought in contact in recent years, though there is no sanguinary fighting to disturb the delicacy of the story. A word may be said for the binding of this book, which, amid many good things, is espe-

cially noticeable. The little forget-me-nots on the pale-blue cover are exquisite.

Margot, the Court Shoemaker's Child (McClurg), by Millicent E. Mann, whose pictures are good enough to entitle the subject to a higher position in the royal circle, is a charming tale for girls. The scene is laid on two continents and in several miscellaneous localities. She had lots of fun, as witness this touching appeal by the town-crier: "Lost, Margor Dantier, ye little French child, sometimes called Little Majesty Two-shoes! Had on a blue paduasoy frock, and a bonnet, and two blue kid shoes. Lost! Lost!" She was found eventually, and, as in all proper books, the story is all right at the end.

From "Tilda Jane." L. C. Page & Co.

"'I'M GOIN' TO REPENT SOME DAY.'"

High School Days at Harbortown (Little, Brown & Co.), by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, details the doings of The Social Improvement Club, a nice lot of boys and girls to know, and what a glorious summer outing they had! The plot of the story hangs about a school-day's tragedy, which was serious enough to those who participated in it, but out of which they all came happily in the end, while "Goggles," the dog, marches victoriously through the pages. The pictures by Ireland are good, but he does not altogether follow the text; most artists do not—I speak bitterly from experience. "Goggles" has not the red bow under his ear in the picture, which is a sad lack. We would like to have seen him with that adornment. This is a book which the boys will enjoy as much, perhaps, as the girls. Between the girl-and-boy books are two dainty volumes containing *The "Little Women" Play* and *The "Little Men" Play*, adaptations of Miss Alcott's famous stories by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. (Little, Brown & Co.) In the rendition of these two pretty plays, children will probably delight adoring parents the world over. Before turning to the boys' books, I wish to say that the feminine section just reviewed easily leads all the others in character and interest.

Now for boys' books! William Drysdale, whose recent death will be deplored by many young readers who loved him in, and for, his books, writes an excellent story of *Pine Ridge Plantation* (Crowell), in which he tells of the trials and successes of a young cotton-planter, a boy who got tired of working for

From "The Golliwog's Auto-Go-Cart."
Longmans, Green & Co.

a few dollars a week in New York State, and went down to North Carolina, and employed his energy, thrift, and capacity in the raising of cotton. How he succeeded in becoming a prosperous planter may be read in the pages. Indeed, his luck, or his fortune, was almost too good to be true, and yet it is quite likely that there may be a serious side to the story, and that the modern philosopher will say to ambitious youth, "Go South, young man," instead of "West." The story is well written, and is very interesting.

Noah Brooks attracts the youthful heart with *Lem* (Scribners), a New England boy who began to be some seventy years ago. I have found him a jolly little chap, just as human as all well-organized boys ought to be, in mischief, and consequently in trouble, very often. His most serious lapse from virtue—the author calls it a crime—happened when he was six years old, when he tried to buy a cocoanut with a tin ten-cent piece, instead of money, at the instigation of an older—and badder—boy. I wonder if boys nowadays have as much fun as we had when we were boys—not that I go back to 1830, oh, no!—or as *Lem* had when the last century was still mighty young. Two "going-away-to-boarding-school" tales come next. *The Captain of the School* (Little, Brown & Co.), by Edith Robinson, beautifully illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens, has girls in it as well as boys, but the kind of girls one likes to meet, and the young readers will enter into the spirit of their adventures. When Nan won the prize of one hundred dollars for the best Easter card, you can feel some of the joy she felt yourself. *The Junior Cup* (The Century Co.), by Allen French, is a capital story. In the first of these two books, football was the game played—by the boys, that is; the girls looked on. In the second of the pair, the youngsters do other things, and the story of how Marshall won the base-ball contest is a fine and striking bit of writing, which brings you to your feet with enthusiasm and makes you long for the time you used to be there yourself.

From "When We Destroyed the Gaspee." Dana, Estes & Co.

"BOISTEROUS EXPRESSIONS OF JOY."

On Board a Whaler (Putnams), by Thomas W. Hammond, is a capital story of a whaling cruise through adventurous seas. The illustrations are by Harry G. Burgess, and are not convincing. Few people can draw ships well. The artist would have done better if he had taken the cruise himself.

How many people realize that the eastern half of the United States is an island? *A Year in a Yawl* (Doubleday, Page), by Russell Doubleday, tells how four boys learned the fact. They made an interesting journey from Lake Michigan via the Mississippi River, the Atlantic Coast, Hudson River, the Erie Canal, etc., back to their starting-point, and they had lots of fun on the way. Putnams also present a reprint of Bayard Taylor's *Boys of Other Countries*, with pictures by Noble Ives and others. Those by the "others" were drawn many years ago, and they look it.

The Princess of the Purple Palace (McClure, Phillips & Co.), by William Murray Graydon, is a third Boxer tale, and quite worthy of the others. Kirk Munroe, in *A Son of Satsuma* (Scribners), tells the story of old Japan when Perry first broke into it. He also introduces the attack by the frigate *Potomac* on Qualla Battoo. Singular how many Japanese and Chinese stories there are this year! What will the writers do if we have no fighting in any part of the world next year? But stop! There are the Philippines. I wonder why no crop of adventure tales has come from there?

Hans Brinker, the old but ever delightful tale of the silver skates, with its characteristic and beautiful illustrations by Allen B. Doggett in the famous New Amsterdam Edition, is presented by the Scribners at so moderate a price that thousands will be

From "Under the Allied Flags." The Lothrop Co.

"THIS IS YOURS, AS VICTOR."

permitted to enjoy the sumptuous edition who could before only look at it from afar. No family should be without it, and if the children who do not have it were to see it, I am sure they would cry for it.

In a category of its own is a book called *What Shall We Do Now?* (Stokes), by E. V. and Elizabeth Lucas, which is filled with interesting answers to that question. The interrogation, as it is put to the parents by the children, usually means, "What will you do to amuse me?" A hard question to answer, that, and a hard thing to do unless we are in the mood. You might try giving this book as a reply. Any intelligent child, girl or boy, ought to be able to get all sorts of amusing suggestions for hours of *ennui*. I suppose children do get bored sometimes. Even trying to be good is an irksome task, as I have heard!

Of the books in sets there are a great number, both books and sets, as well; although they are mostly for very young children, some are for those of larger growth. The books are all of small size, convenient, and handy. Some are new ideas—in the series line, so it is alleged—others are copious additions to series which are already in high favor. One of the most attractive-looking groups is the *Little Cousin Series* (Page), by Mary Hazleton Wade, profusely illustrated by characteristic pictures drawn by L. J. Bridgman, and printed in varying tints. There are four volumes of sketches of child-life in other lands. There is little Anahei, the little brown cousin, from the wilds of Borneo; and a little Red Indian cousin from North America, near at home, named, with a fine disregard of color, Yellow Thunder; then there are two little girl cousins, little Miss Lotus Blossom, from Japan, and Petrovna, a little snow-bird from Russia. If these four pleasing little cousins win the welcome to which they are entitled, I feel sure that the rest of the family of nations will make their appearance in successive instalments in due course.

From "The Spectacle Man." W. A. Wilde & Co.

"'LITTLE GIRL, I WISH I KNEW YOU.'"

There are a half-dozen new volumes of the *Cozy Corner Series*, from the same publishers, also profusely illustrated. The pictures in *The Fairy of the Rhone*, by A. Comyns Carr, old-fashioned wood-

From "A Very Naughty Girl." J. B. Lippincott Co.

"I SAY," SHE CRIED, "I'VE LOST MY WAY."

cuts inserted in the text, are unusually good. Some of the titles are *A Bad Penny*, by John T. Wheelwright, a spirited story which takes the reader to the deck of the *Chesapeake* in that most glorious of defeats by the *Shannon;* and *Gatty and I*, by Frances E. Crompton; Gatty was a little boy who had a twin-sister who had a habit of reminding him that she was the older, which was most annoying, as any put-upon twin in like case will understand. *A Small, Small Child*, by E. Livingston Prescott, does wonderful things with a lot of recalcitrant soldiers, but perhaps the best one of the series is one of Mrs. Ewing's inimitable tales, called *Madam Liberality*.

Crowell presents another series of little blue books with a yellow-checkered pattern. The glorious opportunity to call them something pretty and tie them together seems to have been lost, for, while these volumes are uniform in appearance and each one is provided with a well-drawn frontispiece, they have no collective name; they seem distinctly made to stand alone. Most of them can do it, too. Yet why the common binding, I wonder? There are too many of them to mention all separately, yet the names of some of the authors—Harriet Prescott Spofford, Kate Upson Clark, Abby Morton Diaz, Hezekiah Butterworth, Kate Gannett Wells, etc.—will inspire confidence in any purchaser, who will probably find that the books are as good as their pleasant externals promise.

There are a number of new additions to Crowell's *Sunshine Library*. These are the prettiest in appearance of any of the books offered in sets. The color covers are very attractive; each book is provided with a frontispiece, and the subjects range from *Candles* and *Cats* to *Crusaders!* Among them James Otis has a good story of New York in 1765, called *Our Uncle, the Major*.

Eaton and Mains present another series which is also nameless. Each little book is bound in a different color, but the same little boy and girl are seen *en silhouette* against the old-fashioned diamond window, which will serve to identify them. Each book has from six to eight well-drawn illustrations. *Rosy Posey's Mission*, by Louisa Baker, introduces us to two delightful little girls, one black and one white. *Beppino*, by Felicia Buttz Clark, was a little Italian street musician. *Tommy Tucker*, by J. C. Crowdick, is a boating yarn, and the others of the series treat upon various subjects, the last one being *The Minister's Twins*, by Frank E. Graeff. The twins were not proverbially bad.

I hardly know how to class the *Success*

booklets (Crowell) by Orison Swett Marden. Sometimes I think they do not belong in the category of children's books at all. Then I am persuaded if boys and girls would read them, they would find not only much enjoyment, but the greatest profit as well; yet to relegate them to young people alone may deter many who are older from dipping into them. Like everything that comes from that gifted author, they are interesting in a high degree, filled from cover to cover with apposite anecdotes, brilliant illustrations, clever deductions. I do not know anybody who has exhibited such a variety of universal information and quotation since Burton wrote his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. People used to wonder whether the authors the old philosopher cited ever existed; and in reading Mr. Marden's sparkling pages we sometimes say, "This is almost too good to be true." One would fancy that he had all the characters on earth on tap, as it were, and whenever he wanted one of them to say, or do, anything remarkable, he simply pressed the button—or I should say turned the faucet—and got what he needed to make his point. Nevertheless, I presume it is all true; but where does he find it all? And how does he remember it so patly? The books are neatly printed, and are filled with interesting portraits of the people who figure in the pages. They would make a most appropriate gift for a thoughtful boy or girl about to cross the border-line into manhood or womanhood.

Before I take up the books for the littlest children, there are two or three which demand notice and which defy classification. *Old Ballads in Prose* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Eva March Tappan, with old-fashioned wood-cuts by Fanny Y. Cory, has been greatly enjoyed by a child I know who has read it. *The Childhood of Ji-Shib the Ojibwa*, by Albert Ernest Jenks, accompanied by a number of marginal sketches by the author, tells the story of little Meeko, the mischief-maker, otherwise the red squirrel; Koskomenos, the kingfisher; the fisherman Keeonekh, the

From "Our Little Japanese Cousin." L. C. Page & Co.

THE CANDY MAN.

otter; little Tookhees, the 'fraid one, a field mouse; and many others. There is a touch of Kipling, a touch of Thompson, and a touch of the author himself in the sketches, which are interesting and informing. *The Stars in Song and Legend,* Jeremiah G. Porter, Ph.D., attempts to present the legendary lore of the heavens in such a way as to attract the unprofessional reader.

Now for the real Christmas holiday books, for that large and important portion of the human race which most enjoys, and very properly, that glorious season, the little people of the Mother Goose age! Long before the A, B, C's comes Mother Goose. It would be an interesting thing to know how many editions of these immortal rhymes have been published. For this season's group of—I dare not say readers, for they precede the reasoning age, but learners—there are two specimens. One professing to be a true text without addition or abridgment, published by the Wessels, and illustrated with quaint Bradleyesque black-and-white pictures in red-colored borders. The other is a selection of the most noted, under the caption of *Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes* (Macmillan), with wonderfully attractive illustrations in color by Byam Shaw. It is not necessary to discuss the literary qualities of Mother Goose, nor is there much room to discuss *A, B, C's* (Conkey), with rhymes, pictures, and letters by the Rigby family apparently. The pictures are comic; so is the poetry. James O'Dea in *Jingleman Jack* (Saalfield), illustrated by Harry Kennedy, writes of all sorts and conditions of professions from the sailor-man to the editor, in words which are adapted to the most immature minds. He seems to have caught the true

From "In the Days of William the Conqueror." Copyright, 1901, by Lee & Shepard

THE BAPTISM OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

spirit of Ann Taylor's classic muse.

The average American has long ago extracted all the amusement from the old familiar stories. Consequently, a welcome awaits *Swedish Fairy Tales* (McClurg), written by Anna and translated by Alexander Wehlenberg, and illustrated with exceptional charm by Helen Maitland Armstrong. *In the Fairy Land of America* (Stokes), by Herbert Quick, treats of the amusing adventures of Edgar with Driving Canoe, a queer little Indian, wildcats and other odd friends, among the Pukwudjies. It is a sort of *Alice in Wonderland* story, and, though good, will not prove a great rival to Lewis Carroll's book. The pictures are by E. W. Deming, and are hardly up to the artist's own mark.

To his rainbow-hued series Andrew Lang adds this year *The Violet Fairy Book* (Longmans), which is as good as its predecessors. In addition to the usual quality and quantity of pictures, which so admirably illustrate these volumes, this last is provided with eight exquisite pages printed in full color. The sources of the tales, when they are given at the end, are all foreign. One wonders sometimes whether Mr. Lang will run out of colors or tales first. Let us hope both will serve him and his youthful friends for a long time yet.

One of the handsomest of the picture-books is Mabel Humphrey's *Bright Days Throughout the Year,* illustrated by exquisite fac-similes in color of paintings by Frederick M. Spiegle. The pictures, which take the little folk through the great festivals of childhood, are good enough to frame.

Cats (Stokes), by one of them, broadly but effectively illustrated by Louis Wain, is one of the usual order of books of this kind, and will find many admirers. Gordon Brown has striven to give quaint and amusing illustrations of *Proverbial Say-*

From "Pauline." The Lothrop Co.

"NO," SAID ALICE, "I AM NOT GOING TO PAINT."

amusing illustrations by Albertine Randall Wheelan, is what it purports to be. The jokes are comprehendible to the youngest reader; so are the pictures. Witness the following about "Wise Willie":

"Willie bought his sister a beautiful big bat,
Everybody wondered why he should do that;
Willie soon explained it to satisfy them all,
'I thought she ought to have a bat because she has a bawl.'"

There are a lot more of the same kind.

Urchins at the Pole (Stokes), the joint production of M. O. Corbin and C. B. Going, shows us a new and amusing kind of animal portrayed by F. I. Bennett, and introduces us to the last book of the original lot treating of the real thing.

From "A Year in a Yawl." Doubleday, Page & Co.

"THE SAILS WERE HOISTED."

ings (Stokes). *Clean Peter* (Longmans) is a translation of a Swedish tale apparently; a story of the reform that was effected among some very dirty little boys and girls. The dainty pictures are worth a better text. *The Pirate Frog and other Tales* (Rand, McNally & Co.) is full of pictures, such as may be seen in the comic supplements to the Sunday papers, and with verses to match.

Christmas would not be complete without another *Golliwog* book, and now we have the amusing sextette in an auto-go-cart (Longmans). *The Surprise Book* (Stokes), by Nell K. McElhone, with

Mrs. Josephine Peary writes of the first and only white baby born under the Arctic Circle. *The Snow Baby*—another book by Stokes—was her own, and when she says it is a true story she certainly ought to know. At any rate it is a fascinating one, and we leave the account of the first few years of little Miss Ah-ni-ghi-to with profound regret. The story is charmingly told, and will interest not merely the children, but all those who love them. This little American infant seems to have thrived as well under the unusual circum-

stances of her entrance upon the world as if she had been born in the lap of luxury, so to speak. We catch glimpses of the infant's mother throughout the handsome pages, and we see where Peary gets some of the inspiration which urges him to heroic deeds. The book is illustrated from photographs taken, many of them I dare say, by the light of the midnight sun!

That completes the catalogue. The long task is over. There is regret in the relief. I have found such pleasure in the books as leads me to predicate their success. To reverse an old maxim, boys and girls are only men and women grown small, and, looking backward a long way, I feel sure that what has given me pleasure will do the same to them. I sum up by saying that the children's books are well written, beautifully illustrated, luxuriously bound, and tolerably well printed. The printing and paper, however, more frequently than in the case of other books, do not come up to the outward and visible assurance of good which the cover presents, which is a pity. I knew a church once which was of elaborately carved stone in the parts which were visible to the public, and plain brick elsewhere. The irreverent used to say that church had a Queen Anne side and a Mary Jane side. I am afraid some of the books have a Queen Anne outside and a Mary Jane inside. I am speaking now only of the mechanical features of the volumes. I think it is a pity that one should be compelled to say this, and I am glad that it is not true of all the books. From other stand-points they are beyond question. The best authors, the best artists, the best publishers, have combined for the delectation of the children—God bless 'em!

From "Urchins at the Pole." Frederick A. Stokes Co.

From "Colonial Furniture in America." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BED-CHAMBER.

FINAL NOTES

AS always, many of the most beautiful and valuable books of the season are delayed so long that they can receive little more than a mention at this time, though we hope to return, later, to some of them, and give them the more extended notice which their importance requires. Notable among these late comers is Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture in America," which is published by the Scribners in a single large volume, uniform in style with Mr. John K. Mumford's "Oriental Rugs," which became a standard work almost from its day of publication. Mr. Lockwood's book is a detailed and elaborate treatise upon the whole subject of colonial furniture in America, and is the result of seven years' study and collecting pursued with the direct purpose of making such an exposition of the subject. The matter is classified in chapters upon "Chests," "Chests of Drawers," "Cupboards and Sideboards," "Chairs," "Settees, Couches, and Sofas," "Tables," "Desks and Scrutoires," "Mirrors," "Bedsteads," and "Clocks," and the author makes it possible for the amateur to form a fairly exact judgment as to the style, date, and comparative value of any piece of colonial furniture which he may find, and gives many suggestions for detecting imitations. There are some three hundred illustrations from photographs of typical specimens in private collections in many parts of the country, together with many historic and

From "Colonial Furniture in America." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

otherwise famous pieces in public collections. Twelve of these are large artotype reproductions. The charm of collecting old furniture is felt by so many thousands of Americans that this latest—and apparently most convenient and authoritative—work upon the subject is likely to meet instant appreciation.

"Mr. Munchausen" is the title of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's latest work, which is published with much dignity of title-page and splendor of illustration (six colors, at least) by Messrs. Noyes, Platt & Co., of Boston. These further adventures of the late Baron, now Mr. Munchausen, of Gehenna, are reported by Mr. Ananias for the local paper called the *Gehenna Gazette,* and transcribed by the pen of the patient Mr. Bangs, who, it seems, is content to let dead men lie, possibly because sleeping dogs tell no tales, and tales are demanded by the public whom he serves so assiduously and well. The narrative is of that solidly humorous character which the public has come to expect

From Mother Goose's Menagerie. Noyes, Platt & Co.
"ATTEND, MY CHILDREN."

from this historian. Mr. Bangs's books are always welcome; they stand in a class by themselves, and surely need but brief introduction. The colored illustrations are drawn by that eminent artist in ghostly portraiture, Mr. Peter Newell, and are good, as usual.

Mr. Newell appears in another handsome volume, large of page and fine of typography, as the author of a new set of illustrations for Louis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" (Harpers). He has drawn forty pictures in his unmistakable manner, and created a new Alice. The quality of Mr. Newell's work is so excellent that one is impelled to wish he had not devoted so much time to these pictures, which people will like because they are Mr. Newell's, but not because he has added one cubit unto Alice's stature in people's understanding. Rightly or wrongly, the Tenniel illustrations are as final as the forms of the figures on playing-cards. One or two artists have already tried, since Tenniel, to illustrate "Alice," but nobody wants to see their pictures. We doubt if

From "Mr. Munchausen." Noyes, Platt & Co.
DECORATION DAY IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

From "Masques of Cupid."

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

anybody can make a new set of pictures which would be acceptable; for, if Mr. Newell cannot, who can? His work is as individual as Mr. Stockton's, and his fancy as light. Most of these drawings are admirable, but they do not convict us of Alice. The book is very beautifully made, and has ingenious page borders by Robert Mary Wright.

Miss Rosa Belle Holt has written, as she says in her sub-title, "a hand-book for ready reference" upon the broad subject of "Rugs: Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern." (A. C. McClurg &

Co.) The style of Miss Holt's book is unpretending, and it conveys valuable information. If her various chapters on history, the loom, design, the weavers, the wool, etc., seem concise almost to scrappiness, it is doubtless because her plan is to give a few facts for the novice rather than to attempt a thorough exposition of the subject. There are twenty-two plates showing rugs, some twelve of them in color. At a passing glance, these seem uneven in interest; not all are quite successful as examples of fine color work. There are several photographs showing details of rug manufacture, and much information in tabulated form, at the end of the book. There is a good index, but we are sorry to see that Miss Holt did not have the advantage, in the preparation of her useful book, of reading Mr. Mumford's work on "Oriental Rugs," published only last autumn, for no mention of that book is made in the "Bibliography" of books consulted. This is almost a pity, for Mr. Mumford's book has been judged to stand at the head of all ordinarily accessible literature on the subject. Miss Holt's book is handsomely printed, with large, fair pages and broad margins, and has a big rug, apparently with an open-work border, for a cover stamp.

A handsomely printed edition, in two large volumes, of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenin" (as the present translator, Miss Constance Garnett, renders the name) is issued by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. The type is set without spacing between the lines, but the page is pretty clear, and the great bulk of the book is kept within reasonable limits. There are two portraits in photogravure, one of which we reproduce in a half-tone. This is an interesting portrait of Tolstoy at the age of twenty, and we believe it has not been published until now.

Messrs. Marlier & Co., Ltd., send us

From "The Bastille." James Pott & Co.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

From "Anna Karenin." McClure, Phillips & Co.

LEO TOLSTOY AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

"St. Anthony in Art, and Other Sketches," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, illustrated with many photographs of paintings by the masters. The table of contents includes "The Religious Paintings of Tintoretto," "A Saintly Scholar" (Ste. Catharine), "Pictures of the Assumption," "The Painter of Heaven," "The Painter of the Virgin," and several other titles. The same publishers issue "The Perfect Woman," a sketch translated from the French of Charles de Sainte-Foi by Zephirine N. Brown.

"Masques of Cupid" is the title of four charming plays by Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield, which the Scribners issue in a handsome quarto, with decorative drawings by Edwin Howland Blashfield. These short comedies, three in one act each, and one in two, have subjects taken respectively from modern, mediæval, and antique life, and the treatment preserves the spirit of true comedy. Mr. Blashfield's drawings interpret the vivacity and grace of the text with genuine sympathy.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce "a new Christmas Carol and a romance for the holidays and the year" in Mr. T. Gallon's new book, "The Man who Knew Better." American readers know Mr. Gallon as the author of that first-rate story, "Tatterley," and in this new novel

he had written down the meaning of the Christmas spirit in its broadest sense. The book is cleverly illustrated. The same publishers issue "Under the Skylights," by Mr. Henry B. Fuller, a tale of the artist and the philistine. The story is as well told as Mr. Fuller's readers have a right to expect. Another novel from the Appletons is "The Alien," a novel of life in England and South America by F. F. Montresor, and Mr. Frank T. Bullen gives us a new book of life at sea in "The Apostles of the Southeast." "Bookbinding and the Care of Books" is "a hand-book for amateurs, bookbinders, and librarians," by Douglas Cockerell, with drawings by Noel Rooke.

A new edition of Shakespeare's works, in twenty volumes, called the "New Century Edition," is published in this country by the Lippincotts. Each play is presented with comprehensive notes, and there are a glossary and an index of Shakespeare's characters. It is printed on heavy paper, and each volume contains two illustrations in color by various eminent English figure and decorative artists. The title-pages are illuminated, and the binding is rich and substantial. From the same publishers we receive a new edition, issued in connection with Messrs. Chapman & Hall, in London, of Richardson's novels, in twenty volumes. It is reprinted from the edition of 1811, and is illustrated with reproductions from the originals by E. P. Burney. The generous allowance of volumes makes it possible to present the three novels in exceptionally attractive typographical form, and the illustrations are abundant and pleasing.

Altogether attractive, in a dainty quarto, is an edition (from the Lippincotts) of Dickens's "Holly Tree Inn, and Seven

From "St. Anthony in Art." Mariier & Co.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

Poor Travellers," filled with photogravures and text illustrations by Mr. Charles E. Brock. It is a pity that Mr. Brock did not have a chance to illustrate Dickens among the cloud of contemporary men —Brown, Seymour, Cruikshank, and the rest. His touch is so light and sympathetic that he must have taken high place even among that distinguished company.

We may add a word here about Part IV. of Miss Esther Singleton's "Furniture of Our Forefathers," which has just appeared. Miss Singleton writes, in this part of her work, of the furniture in colonial America in the early eighteenth century, when the Dutch influence became more marked. The early Dutch houses were very comfortable, and had many substantial tables and settles and bedsteads. Mahogany and marquetry began to appear, and other expensive woods were employed, for there was considerable wealth among the Dutch, who followed the fashions of the time, and filled their houses with carved chairs and bedsteads and tables and chests, fine upholstery and hangings, and importations of porcelain and oriental goods of every description. The illustrations are specially good in this instalment. The first four parts of the whole work (four more are to come) are now bound up in a luxurious volume, which makes a strong appeal to lovers of colonial furniture. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, of whose last book of verse containing the little drama entitled "Fortune and Men's Eyes," Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard said, "It places her in the forefront of all living poets," brings out this year a tragedy in five acts dealing with Marlowe, that most interesting figure of Shakespeare's day. This work is believed to surpass her earlier effort in the poetic drama, which, it was conceded, reproduced with singular accuracy the sixteenth century spirit. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A little volume of "Thoughts for Daily Living," selected from the spoken and written words of the late Rev. Dr. Maltbie Davenport Babcock, is issued by the Scribners. Many of those to whom Dr. Babcock was a help and an inspiration have hoped that some of his words might be put into permanent form, and this book is the result of that expressed wish. An interesting portrait of Dr. Babcock forms the frontispiece.

From "Lives of the Hunted." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

KRAG, THE KOOTENAY RAM

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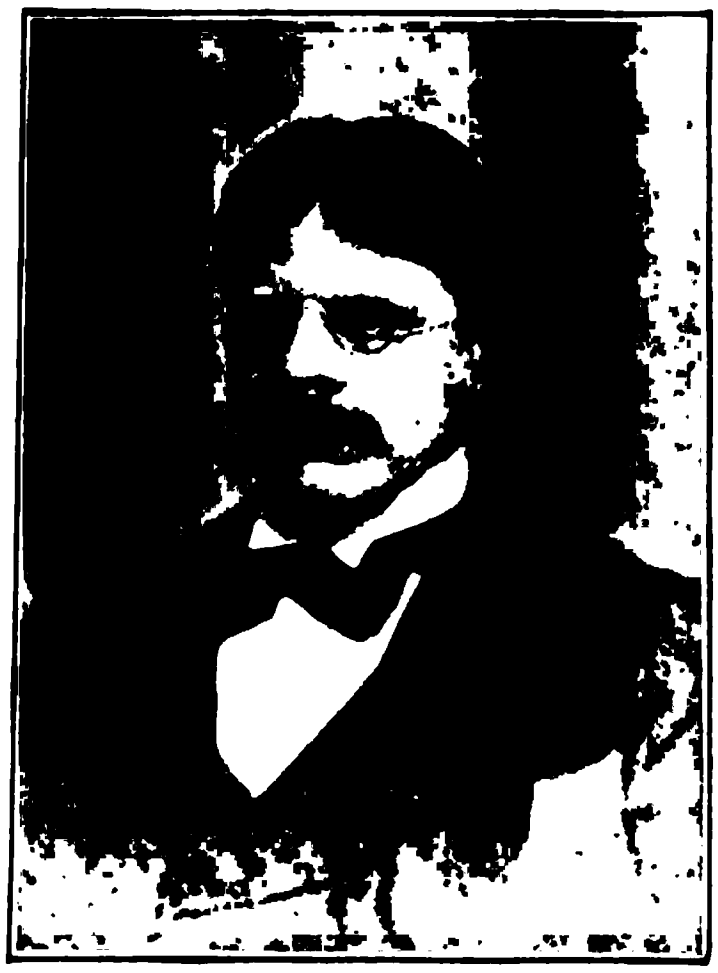

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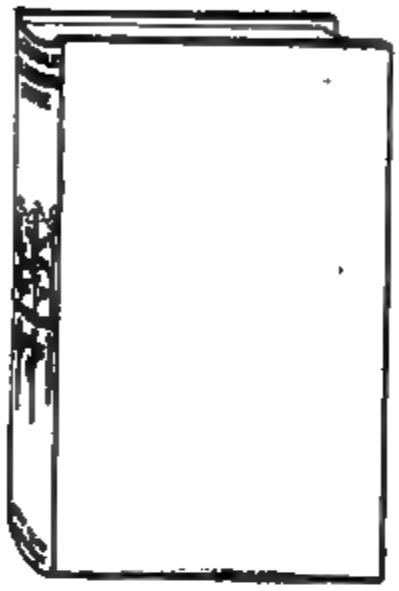

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Announcement will shortly be made of another serial story by a well-known writer, beginning in midsummer of 1902.

Groups of Articles

Among the groups of articles which the ATLANTIC will publish may be noted a series of papers dealing with *Disfranchisement*, and other aspects of the race question. Leaders of the colored race, prominent public men and students of contemporary politics, have promised to take part in this discussion. Other groups of papers will include *Education in the Philippines and Cuba*, *Religious Toleration in the Territories*, *Colonial Legislatures*, *Army Reorganization*, *and The Normal Development of the Navy.* The ATLANTIC will continue to devote space to the discussion of this country's new diplomatic problems and trade relations. Among those papers will be one upon *The Latin-American Republics*, by the Hon. JOHN W. FOSTER, ex-Secretary of State. The question of the proper limits of the organization of labor will be the subject of another group of articles by AMBROSE P. WINSTON.

Confessions

Some of the most effective ATLANTIC papers have been the anonymous confessions of representatives of various professions or stations in life. Two papers of this character will shortly appear in this magazine—*Confessions of a Provincial Editor*, who describes his attempt to run an "Independent Daily" in a small city, and *Our State University*, by one who has seen a State University "from the under side."

Short Stories

The short stories which the ATLANTIC has secured for 1902 are unusually varied as to scene and incident, and many of them are equally noteworthy in the more important test of literary quality. Each number will contain from two to five.

Outdoor Papers

A group of papers dealing with nature and outdoor sports will include one on The Modern Chivalry, by JOHN CORBIN; on Golf, by WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN; on Sailing, by W. J. HENDERSON; on Going into the Woods, by EBEN GREENOUGH SCOTT, and others on similar subjects which will be announced later.

Reminiscences

Autobiographical papers to appear during the coming year include *Memories of an Army Nurse*, by EMILY V. MASON, a Virginian woman who was among the first to organize hospital service in the Southern Army, and JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE's *Recollections of Walt Whitman.*

The Social Outlook

The social outlook, including questions of politics as well as of sociology, of education and religion, will be discussed in the ATLANTIC by two brilliant writers: Miss VIDA D. SCUDDER and Professor BARRETT WENDELL.

Literary Papers

The ATLANTIC will be particularly strong in contributions of distinctly literary interest. Among its writers under this heading may be noted GOLDWIN SMITH, HARRIET WATERS PRESTON, WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, HENRY D. SEDGWICK, Jr., GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER, HENRY A. BEERS and EDMUND GOSSE.

Foreign Letters

The letters from foreign capitals which have appeared regularly during 1901 have met with such favor from ATLANTIC readers that they will be continued during the coming year.

Book Reviews

Beginning with the January number the ATLANTIC will contain in addition to its usual signed and unsigned reviews a department of comment on books, new and old, written each month by H. W. BOYNTON.

The Contributors' Club

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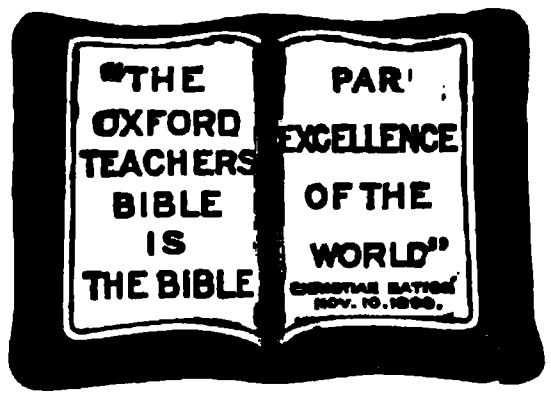

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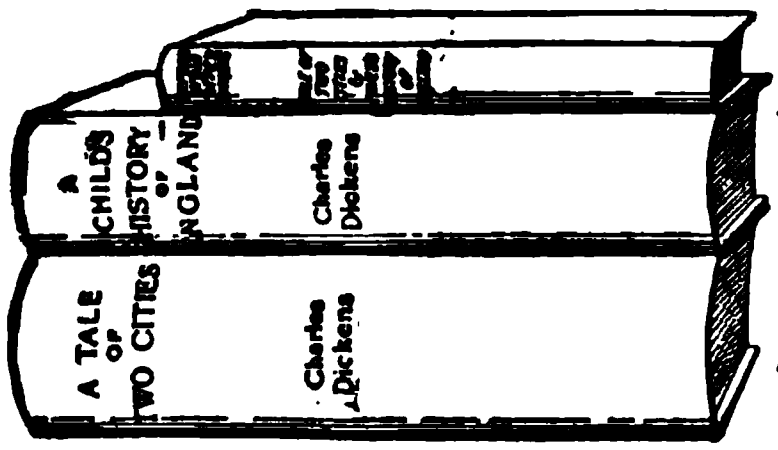

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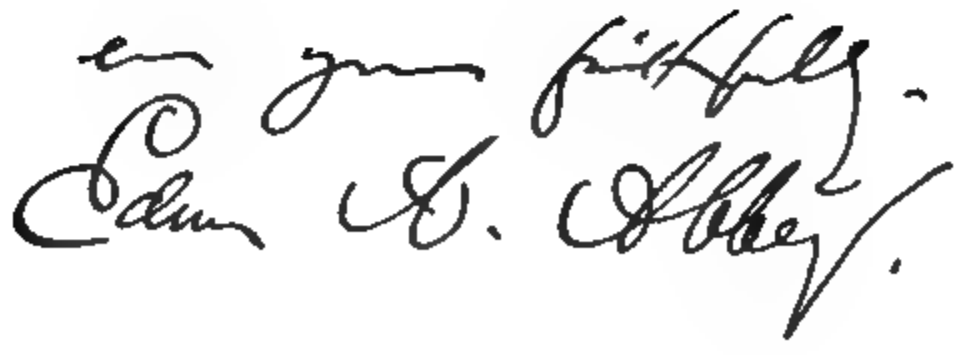

THE BOOK BUYER

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

VOL. XXIII NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1902 No. 6

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THE RAMBLER.

BY this time almost everything has been said which is proper to say about Mr. Henley's curious tribute to his dead friend, Stevenson, in the December *Pall Mall*, besides some things which are as improper as was Mr. Henley's article itself. A weaker mind that Mr. Henley's would not have ventured an utterance at once so outspoken and so open to indignant rejoinder, and the very violence of his emotion seems to have blinded him to the paltriness of his innuendo. Let it go at this: If a man choose to point his own extreme opinions with a personal attack upon the memory of another man who had outgrown the stature of his boisterous youth, because he *had* put away the childish things in which the two once found fellowship, it may be reckoned another happiness for the dead man that he is not here to see how far the friend of his youth has fallen behind him in the traits that friends hold dear.

A correspondent of one of the literary papers is so evidently sincere that one is tempted to try to lighten his darkness, for he seems to have not the faintest glimmer of the truth in his perturbed mind. He writes a "plea for unlimited editions," in which, as one who "favors the democracy of good reading," he "deplores the narrow, selfish notions that actuate the publishers of and the subscribers to limited editions, which appeal to their conceit and vanity," etc. It has been pointed out often enough, we should think—but it may be worth while to point it out again—that the very best literature of the world was never so accessible as now to all the people, in books whose cost of manufacture is as varied as the means of those who wish to read. "The democracy of good reading," if that phrase means anything at all, which seems doubtful, must mean a condition of things in which good literature (very different, sometimes, from what is carelessly called "good reading") is easily accessible to all the people who are intellectually able to enjoy it. To rail at the personal preference of the rich man for editions of books which are expensively printed—and a small edition on fine paper is, of course, more expensive than a large edition on paper not made by the most costly processes—is as arbitrary as to rail at the same man's preference for expensive leather bindings over "commercial" bind-

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ings of cloth. As well decry a man for buying a more expensive coat than his neighbor, who may be kept just as warm in his cheaper garment. So long as Shakespeare's plays can be bought in ideal form for forty-five cents each, as in the Temple Edition, or the works of the great novelists in equally attractive dress for similarly small prices, or (for instance) Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon," in a form which would do credit to the imprint of any society of *dilettanti* in book-making, for fifty cents, there need be no outcry against "limited editions." There never has been a time when the unlimited editions have been so worthy of the best literature, nor a time when these editions have been more "unlimited" in number of copies printed, or cheaper in price.

Among the finely printed books recently issued in limited editions, one of the most beautiful in mechanical execution and generally satisfactory in subject-matter is Mr. F. B. Sanborn's essay on "The Personality of Thoreau," which is published by Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed, in Boston. There are 500 copies on French hand-made paper, and fifteen on vellum, beautifully printed at Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press. Besides an engraving of the "Redwing and Her Nest," Mr. Sanborn reproduces several manuscript pages of Thoreau's memoranda, and writes most entertainingly of his acquaintance with the philosopher of Walden, which began in 1855 and lasted for more than seven years. Thoreau's ideas of the literary life were so hopelessly old-fashioned that he would have been bewildered enough if he could have foreseen the days of enormous editions. In 1845 he set up his cabin and lived for more than two years, as he wrote to Horace Greeley, "in a good shingled and plastered house, entirely of my own building,—earning only what I wanted, and sticking to my proper work." He added: "For two years and two months all my expenses amounted to but twenty-seven cents a week,—and I fared gloriously in all respects." Of the literary life he wrote to Greeley, in this letter:

> Scholars are apt to think themselves privileged to complain, as if their lot was a particularly hard one. How much have we heard of knowledge under difficulties—of poets starving in garrets, depending on the patronage of the wealthy, and finally dying mad! It is time that man sang another song. There is no reason why the scholar, who professes to be a little wiser than the mass of men, should not do his work in the dirt occasionally, and by means of his superior wisdom make much less suffice for him. A wise man will not be unfortunate—how then would you know but he was a fool?

Another finely printed book just appearing from the Grafton Press, is an edition of 101 copies, on Whatman paper, of the "Nonne Preestes Tale of the Cok and Hen," which Mr. William Cushing Bamburgh has prepared, and for which he has written an introductory note. The type is a clear black-letter, and the size is a small octavo. There are two portraits of Chaucer, a print of the Canterbury Pilgrims from the miniature in the British Museum, and a reproduction of the first page of the Tale from the Pynson Chaucer of (about) 1490. Besides these copies, Mr. Bamburgh has made a special edition of 26 copies bound in vellum, containing an illuminated title-page and six initial letters, colored by Mr. Bamburgh's practised hand. The book is a good example of scholarship and artistic skill combined in a work well worth doing.

Mr. H. I. Kimball sends us a charming reprint of Mr. Bliss Carman's poem, "Christmas Eve at S. Kavins." He has made 220 copies, of which only 162 are for sale, 150 on hand-made paper, 10 on Japan paper, and 2 on vellum. No more beautiful Christmas greeting could be imagined.

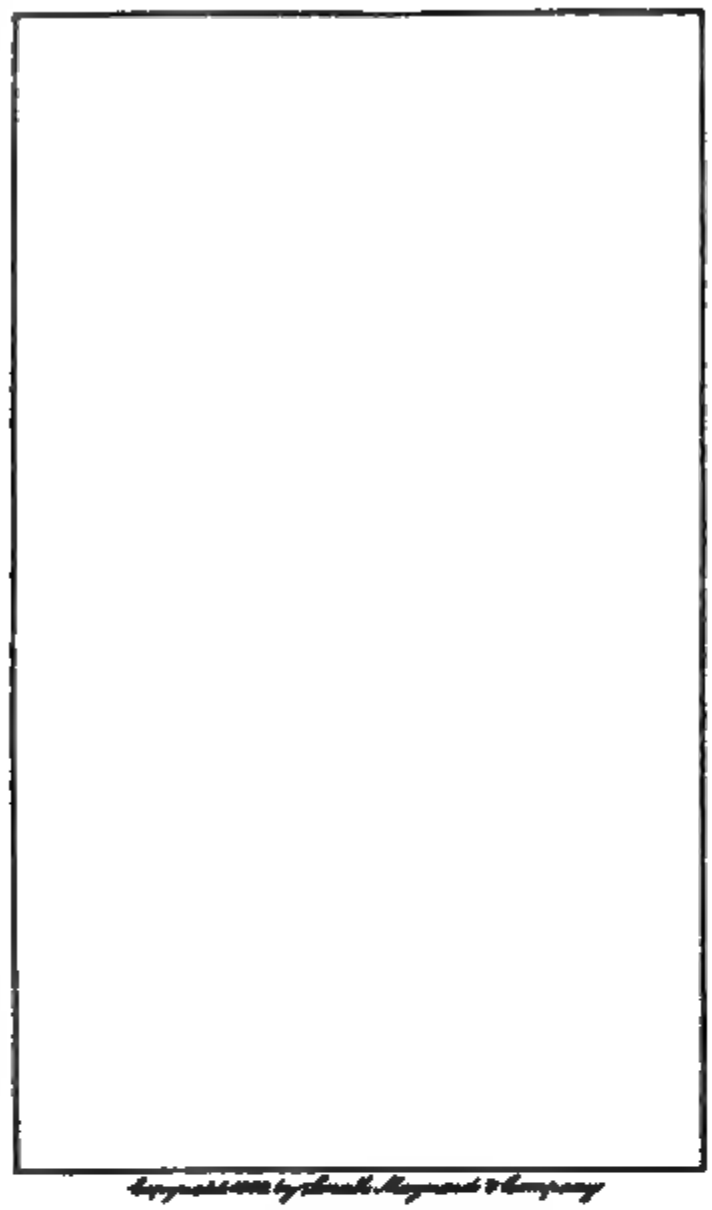
The accompanying portrait of Booth, which serves as the frontispiece in the new Beacon Biography of the great actor, is from a copy of a photograph taken in 1890 by his son-in-law, Mr. Ignatius Grossman. Booth sent the portrait to Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich with a characteristic letter expressing his liking for it, from which the following words are taken:

" . . . the whole thing [the Sargent portrait], even the long thin legs & graceless trousers are me & mine. I have a photograph for you whose expression is very similar, & wh. I consider the best of me ever made: it was done by chance by Grossman one day last Summer, at the Pier; I liked it so well that he had it enlarged & finished properly & I had a few for my friends struck off. The absence of theatrical effect &c, is its great merit & that is what pleases me in Sargent's portrait.

"Love for you all, God bless you.

"EDWIN."

The photograph was reproduced for the book, and in turn for the accompanying print, by permission of Mr. Aldrich.



A NEW "BEACON" FRONTISPIECE.

Besides the life of Edwin Booth, two other Beacon Biographies have lately been issued by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. Professor George R. Carpenter, of Columbia, has written of Henry W. Longfellow, and the volume has the portrait from an engraving by J. A. J. Wilcox of the picture painted by Lawrence in 1854. Mr. James Schouler contributes the life of Alexander Hamilton, and the portrait is reproduced from a Copley Print of the painting by John Trumbull, now in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Mr. James Thorne Harper, whose father, James Harper, founded the great publishing house in 1817, has formed a partnership with Mr. John A. Farrington, Jr., the grandson of the Thomas Farrington who was associated with the Harper house for many years, as electrotypers, under the firm name of the Cresset Company, at the corner of Dover and Pearl Streets. The formation of this company is a natural outgrowth of the business relations existing for three generations, and the beacon, or cresset, which first shed its beams from James Harper's little business on an upper floor in Dover Street, suggested the corporate name. The motto of the new firm, *Urit fulgore suo*, is of good omen, with such men upholding it.

A new series of "Temple" volumes is announced by the J. B. Lippincott Co., in conjunction with the Dents, which is easily the most important work undertaken since the Temple "Shakespeare." The Authorized Version of the Bible is to be published in twenty-four volumes, of which the first, containing the Book of Genesis, edited by Professor Sayce, is now ready. The Old

Testament will fill seventeen volumes, and seven will be devoted to the New Testament; and besides these it is probable that the Apocryphal books will be issued later. Each volume will be under the care of a separate editor who has made a special study of the book assigned to him, and each volume will contain an introduction dealing with the authorship, history, characteristics, scope and style of the books, and notes throwing light on geographical, ethnological, and textual difficulties. The correction of any serious mistranslations which occur in the authorized version will also be a feature of these notes, and suitable maps and tables will be included. The lines of each page are numbered by fives, and a convenient system of paragraphs is used, instead of the division into verses. In the clear, brilliant type, good paper, and convenient size of the Temple editions, there can be no doubt that these volumes will be heartily welcomed.

Through the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke we are able to print the accompanying photographs of his new home, "Avalon," at Princeton.

THE BOOK BUYER is no friend to monkey-and-hand-organ methods in book publishing, but it must be confessed that the puzzle propounded by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., in their book of short stories called "The House Party," is entertaining enough to justify an experiment which, as advertised, might easily have dissuaded honest lovers of literature for its own sake from reading the book. The dozen stories which it contains are written by twelve American authors, each contributing one story. The names of twenty-five authors are given, and readers are invited to guess the names of twelve, among that number, who wrote the stories in the book. To those who are fairly familiar with the work of these writers, the attempt to fix the authorship of the stories—several of them are very good indeed—is amusing enough. It will be interesting to see whether the contest is based strictly upon the distinguishing characteristics of each author's style, or whether some of the contributors have tried to write like somebody else. If this has been done, it would seem that the genuine interest of the problem has been diverted into the channel of mere guess-work, which would be futile. The somewhat cool manner in which authors' names are used to advertise a book to which they did not contribute is an objectionable feature of the scheme. Another penalty of literary fame!

A friend recently returned from a holiday in England sends us two snap-shots reproduced herewith, and writes as follows of a visit made to the former home of Edwin A. Abbey at Broadway. He says it "lies at the foot of a mile-long hill if you go there by way of quaint Chipping Norton. On a wheel it is more than that, for you go a mile up and then a mile down. Walking is good, and safest both ways, for the upside is steep and the way down steeper. A coaster-brake gets so hot that there is danger of a blocked wheel and a resulting header. From the top of the hill there is a beautiful view of the valley and the yellow road that winds along until it is lost among the trees. Broadway looks a toy town, with a suggestion of many lines from Gray. It is a peaceful, dreamy place, the main street bordered by weather-stained cottages, many of them with the time-worn thatched roofs that add such a picturesque color note to all old English villages. Broadway is known to fame as the residence place of Mary Anderson Navarro, and of two famous American painters. Abbey lived there a number of years, and F. B. Millet still makes his home there in a rose-embowered cottage.

THE INN, BROADWAY.

What should we do without Mr. Andrew Lang? He writes continually, and more than that, usually says something. Besides making his own very considerable studies in history, biography, mysticism, religion, fairy-tales, archæology, and "human warious," he fights the good journalistic fight, and more than half the time throws his man. Within a short time, possibly sharing the cynicism—or the belief—of the English populace in the general tendency of things toward the dogs, he has said that, since the drama is dead and biography unconsidered by the people, "fiction is literature." It seems evident enough that he means that the last is now the first, and that literature has become merely the pastime of every man who cares to patronize the literary art by buying a shilling's worth of "something to read." Unquestionably, the novel is at present the literary form favored by writers, but without casuistry, we should like to know why fiction should have to account for itself as literature. The best fiction is certainly literature, and always has been so considered. Mr. Lang's complaint, as we understand it, is that the mass of machine-made fiction has crowded better work in other fields of literature out of the public mind—or, if he would not go so far as to charge the novel-reading public with having a mind—out of the public eye. This may be true to a certain extent, but why is the novel—the literary form—to blame? The fault lies with the public that reads; and because this public, fed on inferior novels, has come to lose its taste for the more substantial food—in fiction, and in biography

MAIN STREET, BROADWAY.

and the drama, too—which was in favor a quarter-century ago, shall we say that the glory is altogether departed, and there are no good novels, even, now? This is about what the complaint comes to. The novels that were the "literary events of the year" in 1900 are forgotten in 1901. This year's novels will winter-kill, too. And nothing is left but the classics.

This conclusion, we think, is no truer than other doleful general statements. It is true, however, that with myriads of novels the mind's eye becomes dazzled, or at least tried, so that it is difficult to see clearly, or to be sure of the great fiction when it appears. But, since the world is more than holding its own in other kinds of work, it is probable that its art, in letters as well as in painting and sculpture, is not decaying. Ten times as many books, perhaps, are written and published now as when "Middlemarch" appeared, and yet we have no right to require ten "Middlemarches" in a year to keep our account good. Hundreds of writers are producing books which are the merest ephemera, yet this fact does not prevent the writing—to look back for only a year or two—of a "Tommy and Grizel," an "Eleanor," a "Forest Lovers," a "Touchstone," a "Portion of Labor," or a "Kim." These books are not to be forgotten; they are literature, and it would be easy to multiply the titles many fold, according to the stanch faith of thousands of readers who have literary standards, and who require in a novel more than a hero and a plot, more than conscientious literary workmanship, more than the outward and visible sign—who require the living spark that makes a novel literature.

The book-plate of David Turnure designed by Mr. Louis Rhead, which is reproduced herewith, is decorative and interesting, but it has an added interest when one considers that David Turnure is a two-year-old boy. His father, Mr. Arthur Turnure, wrote to Mr. Rhead asking for a design and suggesting some general symbolism which Mr. Rhead worked out in his drawing. This letter contained ideas on the related subjects of books and boys which may be found of interest to all lovers of books and boys—for example:

A CHILD'S BOOK-PLATE BY LOUIS RHEAD.

"I love books and I think children should be taught to love them; should discriminate between worthy and worthless volumes and learn to take care of books that they like; should get the idea of book possession, of having certain books that belong to them and to them only; books that are lights on their character, fancies, predilections, all of which bendings of the twig might well be influenced by sentiments clustering around book-plates.

"As for the choice of design, why should not a book-plate inculcate virtue? Is not virtue as a subject of design, a higher objective than pride of ancestry suggested by heraldic arms, or personal peculiarities indicated by eccentric designs; or beauty; or fads; or conventions, or any of the usual run of ex-libris conceits?

"Of the virtues I chose three that are surely sterling and three that if the child grow up with

them always before him, should go far to the making of a very good man—Kindness, Courage, Truth. If familiarity with these virtues will make the baby owner of this plate one whit more surely the possessor of them than he would have been otherwise, the plate will have served its purpose and served it well.

"The design is yours, and in our many years of friendship I know of nothing you have done that is more to your credit."

We take pleasure in printing these excellent sentiments, and wish that more children had the advantage of such wise and gentle teaching. As to the details of Mr. Rhead's design, an extract is given from his memorandum:

The background of architecture represents solidity and strength, the central figure a youth in complete armor with sword and shield, to show courage. On the left is a youth holding a naked babe. also a book of learning; on the right the youth holds a tablet and the crystal ball of Truth.

It would be difficult to think of a more admirable bending of the twig than this baby's book-plate, and we are sure that Mr. Turnure's courtesy in allowing it to be published will be appreciated by many persons.

From Mr. Coster's collection of old photographs we reproduce this month portraits of four American sculptors of eminence in their time. All these old prints were made by Brady, and are seldom seen nowadays.

Mr. Irving Bacheller writes to THE BOOK BUYER as follows:

Dear Sir: In your review of "D'ri and I" in a recent number of THE BOOK BUYER the reviewer charges anachronism on two counts, viz:

1. Because Ronley used cigarettes, the inference being they were not then invented.

2. Because Louison referred to Mumm, the wine merchant, in her letter, the inference being that Mumm was not then in business.

As to cigarettes, I found their history very obscure. After much research I cannot ascertain he date of their invention. But in the "Dictionnaire de l'Industrie et des Arts Industriels" I found this sentence under "cigarette:" "L'usage de la cigarette est aussi ancien que celui du cigare." The same authority tells us that cigars were made in France early in the 17th century. It is quite true that cigarettes were not popular in England until near the middle of the 19th century, *but* you know the English aristocracy were ever copying the fashionable vices of the French court. So please acquit me on that charge.

As to the other I enclose a note from de Bary & Co., which will I hope be conclusive.

Please set me right in this matter before your readers and oblige

Yours sincerely,
IRVING BACHELLER.

320 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York.

We are very glad to make room for Mr. Bacheller's vindication of his accuracy, and for the following letter from the champagne makers, to which he refers:

THE LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., 530 Atlantic Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

Gentlemen:—Replying to your favor of the 12th instant asking for the date of the first usage of Mumm's champagne, we beg to say that the house of Mumm was founded in the year 1761, and was first introduced into this country in the year 1851.

Trusting that this is what you desire, we remain,
Yours very truly,
FRED'K DE BARY & CO.

Mr. Bacheller appears to be not guilty of anachronism as charged on the two counts in the review of "D'ri and I" in the October BOOK BUYER. Such conscientious research in historical detail must command sincere admiration.

Several months ago Mr. Bert L. Taylor, of the Chicago *Tribune*, republished from his paper certain contributions made with intent expository of the arts of the Roycroft brotherhood. The little book was called *The Biliousstine*, and the author announced that "every copy was tied with a string by hand," and that "even the press was trod by hand." We reprinted the colo-

EMMA STEBBINS.

LAUNT THOMPSON.

CLARK MILLS.

H. K. BROWN.

phon of the *Biliousstine* in Mr. Carrington's article on "American Private Presses" last October. Now comes the second number of this scholarly periodical, containing a "Little Journey to the Homes of Various Con-Posers," and much miscellaneous matter, such as "Try a *Biliousstine*—one gives relief," and "The Boy Grafters are always prepared to do you, on suspicion." As a rejoinder to the *Philistine*, Mr. Taylor hits the mark squarely in the centre. But even a more elaborate publication comes from the same source—an initial number of *The Book Booster, a Periodical of Puff.* From the literary notes in this vivacious chronicle we borrow a gem or two:

> Mr. Charles Minor, of Indiana, author of "When Bear Hunting Was in Flower," has arranged to eat a quail a day for thirty days, for the purpose of advertising his forthcoming historical romance, "The Red Bazoo." The quail eating will be done in the office of his publishers.
>
> Mr. Gam Harland has just put on the cars f. o. b. a case of new western verities. Mr. Harland also sends word that he has on hand a new novel which will run about 800 to the ton. This will be his heaviest work.

Besides quantities of such literary news, the *Book Booster* contains an illustrated novel, "The Stovepipe of Navarre," "Alice in Bookland," "An Irishwoman's Love Letters," sundry poems, and some advertisements prepared by the same satirical pen. A copy should be found in every home, and the publisher, Mr. William S. Lord, of Evanston, Ill., will doubtless be glad to exchange with the weekly and monthly periodicals.

The Rowfant Club reprint of "The Dial," done at the Kirgate Press by Lewis Buddy 3d, and one of the most important publications ever undertaken by an American book club, is a sufficiently noteworthy production in the way of bookmaking to immediately give Mr. Buddy's press a definite standing for this special class of work. He has reproduced in every detail almost perfectly each of the three numbers of this unique periodical, the organ of the Transcendental Club, even preserving carefully every inaccuracy of composition and spelling that is to be found in the original issues. The other productions of the Kirgate Press to date include a volume on Walpole's Strawberry Hill Press by a member of the Rowfant Club, the first of a series of books on the private presses of the past, which are now famous; a reprint of Hawthorne's "Main Street," with an introduction by his son Julian Hawthorne, and Cardinal Newman's "Definition of a Gentleman," all excellent examples of artistic bookmaking.

London *Literature* notes that the Book Lovers' Library has invaded happy Albion, where the booksellers observe its coming with the conflicting emotions which, evoked by various causes, have become second nature to Britons within a year or two. Their first impulse is to lament a fresh attack by Americans upon a branch of business not too well garrisoned at present; but there are some booksellers who take the general view of the Book Lovers' Library held in America, which is that any legitimate enterprise of this kind, conducted in a legitimate way, and with no taint of piratical price-cutting, is pretty sure of public support, and the part of wisdom is not to mourn the old fashion, but adjust one's business to the new. It is the booksellers' business to sell books, and if the public prefers to use a circulating library as a middle-man, it is the booksellers' business to sell to the circulating libraries as well as to the individual buyers, who will always appear in considerable numbers. Above all, nobody can turn back the hands of the clock, and to oppose an honest business of this kind is idle, and reactionary besides.

The Rambler.

THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER

NO one who has visited the Louvre has failed to remark the beautiful portrait by Raphael of the man in black bonnet and black and gray plush vesture that hangs—unaccountably not in the *Salon Carré*—but in the Italian section of the long gallery. It is one of the most living and best painted of the master's portraits, and the composed and kindly features are those of Count Baldesar Castiglione of Novillara. It belonged to Charles I., and found its way to the cabinet of Louis XIV. through the hands of a Dutch collector (when Rubens made a copy of it) and of Cardinal Mazarin. But how many of the thousands who have been charmed with the portrait know the original as the author of one of the notable books in literary history. *The Book of the Courtier* is, indeed, unique. It is an epitome of the ideals of a unique civilization. It was written between the years 1508 and 1516, and first published—at the Aldine Press—in 1528, at the acme, thus, of one of the three or four most interesting epochs of history, the apogee of the Italian Renaissance. It records, in elaborating and embellishing them, the conversations of the remarkable social *cénacle* formed by the Court of Urbino, the courtliest of European courts under the Duke Guidobaldo di Montefeltro, upon the academic subject of "The Perfect Courtier." Such a diversion—answering to the more material "games" of society in other ages and places—was characteristic of the smaller courts and social coteries of the Renaissance. But never was company so distinguished, topic so debonair and gracious, or report of the discussion so ample, so plastic, and so polished. Having to describe "the ideal man of society, the quintessence of the culture of this epoch," it is to this record and to this almost exclusively that Burkhardt resorts. "For the historian," says Symonds, it is "of equal value in its own department with the Principe of Machiavelli, the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, and the Diary of Burchard." Nor is it of value to the historian alone. It has a literary quality of very considerable interest in its urbanity and its grace in spite of a prolixity which cannot be denied; and as social philosophy its artificiality does not obscure its real elevation, its censure of affectation, and above all its extremely civilized temper, attitude, and burden of prescription.

This book Mr. Leonard Opdycke has performed the distinguished service of rendering accessible to English readers. It is difficult to think of one more laudable. The wonder is that it has not been performed before. Over a hundred and forty editions of *The Courtier* have appeared, and in all languages, but except the scarcely readable reprint of the Hoby version of 1561, the English translations have been long out of print. Mr. Opdycke's translation, besides being modern, is particularly good in two ways: it is excellent English, smooth and readable, and it also succeeds in conveying, in the scarcely sensible way that is peculiar to the labor of love, a flavor of the original; it reads like an English echo as well as rendering of the Italian, though it would be difficult to point out in detail any evidences of "exoticism." The secret of the editor's as of the translator's success lies also in the evident fact that the whole work has been to him a labor of love. The annotation is the perfection of editing; it

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THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER. By Count Baldesar Castiglione (1528). Translated from the Italian and Annotated by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke. With seventy-one portraits and fifteen autographs reproduced by Edward Bierstadt. Charles Scribner's Sons, 4to, $10.00 net.

From "The Book of the Courtier."

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BALDESAR CASTIGLIONE,

Count of Novillara, 1478–1529. Reduced from Braun's photograph of the portrait in the Louvre, painted in 1516 by Raphael (1483–1520).

must have proceeded in leisurely fashion to be at once so complete and so carefully pruned of the surplusage of discursiveness, which is the curse of annotation. Conciseness of statement has clearly been a chief consideration, and on the other hand the notes have the fulness of a compendium, the editor having wisely avoided the hopeless attempt to draw a line between the familiar and the recondite. In addition there is a list of the editions of the work and a satisfactorily topical index.

The illustrations constitute a sumptuous embellishment of the volume, and contribute greatly to its interest and its importance. They are reproductions in photogravure, of which seventy-one are portraits, and the other five of the seventy-six plates contain fifteen autographs of various personages. The labor of collecting this material must have been long and arduous, and, I must say again, loving. The splendid *personnel*, as it may be called, of Castiglione's book appears in a striking panorama of portraiture. Mr. Opdycke has sought everywhere and selected with care among public and private galleries and cabinets. Many of the originals reproduced are familiar to most amateurs, at least in photographs; that is to say, the most famous portraits are of course indispensably here. But a large part of them —few readers will note fewer than a dozen or a score—will be new even to thorough students of the period, being hitherto practically inaccessible. The frontispiece is aptly the Raphael portrait of Castiglione himself, and as one turns the pages the features successively appear of Francesco della Rovere, Guidobaldo di Montefeltro, Emilia Pia, Elisabetta and Ludovico Gonzaga, Bernardo da Bibbiena, Alexander VI., Ercole and Isabella d'Este, and so on throughout a long list of the striking personalities that made the later Renaissance what it was. In paper, typography, and an imitation vellum cover, there is an archaistic approach to the book-making of the time which puts the finishing touch of fitting presentation to this in every way extremely creditable undertaking.

W. C. Brownell.

THE FROSTED PANE

One night came Winter noiselessly and leaned
  Against my window-pane.
In the deep stillness of his heart convened
  The ghosts of all his slain.

Leaves, and ephemera, and stars of earth,
  And fugitives of grass—
White spirits loosed from bonds of mortal birth,
  He drew them on the glass.

—By Charles G. D. Roberts. From "Songs of Nature," edited by John Burroughs. By permission of Messrs McClure, Phillips & Co.

SOME LETTERS OF "PHIZ"

ONE of the earliest incidents in the life of Charles Dickens was made the subject of an etching by Hablot K. Browne, who, under the *nom de guerre* "Phiz," was co-creator of those notable personages, Mr. Micawber, Sydney Carton, Quilp, Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Dombey, Tom Pinch, Mr. Pickwick, and all their contemporaries in the seven or eight volumes which he illustrated for Dickens. The etching represents the youth in a public-house in Parliament Street, London, where he astonishes the landlord and his wife by boldly ordering a glass of the very best ale, "with a good head to it." This was a true occurrence, and the youth is represented in the etching with a silk hat on and the face of David Copperfield.

The pictorial creator of so many household characters in fiction was an intimate friend of Dickens; and yet, celebrated as he became, his name seldom appears in the biographies and reminiscences of his time. Even his association with Dickens seems to have been of that intimate character which does not call forth much correspondence, and the early friendship was undoubtedly one of the sources of his great success in depicting the novelist's scenes and characters which are better known than many of the greatest historical scenes and heroes.

Browne first became known in 1833 upon securing a medal from the Society of Arts for an etching of Mr. Gilpin, and his friendship for Dickens began soon after. In 1838 Dickens and Browne investigated the real facts as to the conditions of the Yorkshire schools, and one of the results of that tour was "Nicholas Nickleby." Browne was also with Dickens when he made his first visit to Stratford-on-Avon, a journey full of the greatest interest, no doubt, to both.

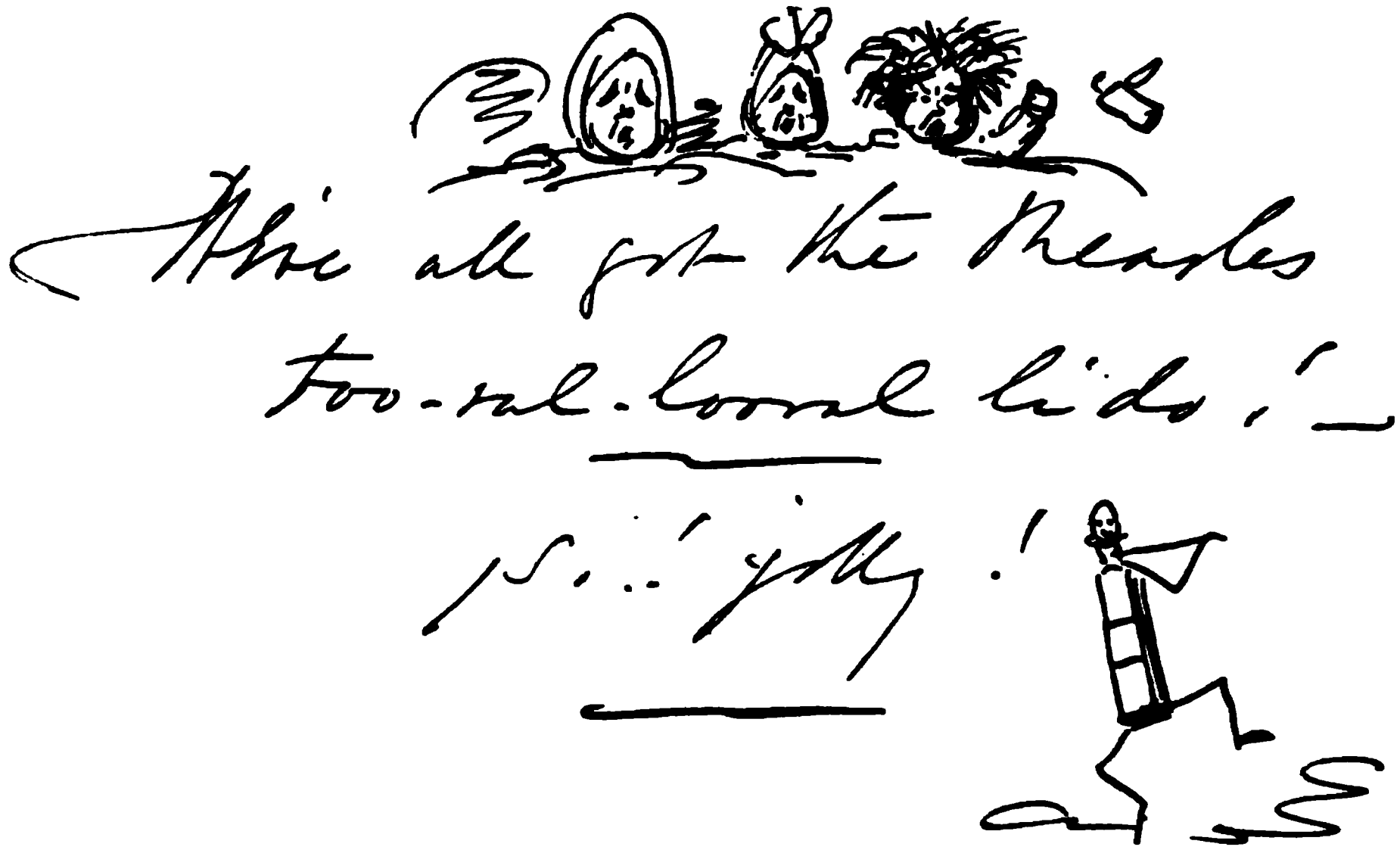
Browne's art, when united with Dickens's word-pictures, produced a combination full of rare genius—more remarkable than the union of Cruikshank with Dickens in "Oliver Twist." Cruikshank was twenty years older than Dickens, and looked upon characteristic types and London scenes with a more jaded eye than Dickens; whereas Dickens and Browne were nearly of an age (the latter was three years younger), and both looked at life and manners similarly and with fresh young eyes. Browne was always eager to interpret the novelist's meaning, while George Cruikshank sought to prove his greater knowledge, and in his sketches intimated more excessive characteristics than the novelist described in words. Browne's conceptions seem to have been part and parcel of Dickens's brain, and it was Browne's characteristic modesty which made his genius subservient to the author's conceptions and made his success so early distinguished from Cruikshank's egotistical

HABLOT K. BROWNE ("PHIZ").

up to Tom with you — and
care twopence for the kids
that may follow at your heels,
admiring and wondering at
the small imitation of
humanity.

Kindest regards both and
a shaking for Tom. —

GREAT SENSATION CREATED BY TOM'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.



ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

exaggeration, which made him grasp honors which were not his. Browne's modesty never allowed him to claim a share in any work illustrated by him. That assertion was made by William Harrison Ainsworth, several of whose works were illustrated by Browne; and Charles Lever could undoubtedly have similarly testified, for Browne made the spirited plates for "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman" and "Saint Patrick's Eve."

"Phiz" was a competitor with Thackeray for the work of illustrating "Pickwick," and won, very much to Thackeray's life-long astonishment. Perhaps if Thackeray had been successful we should never have had "Vanity Fair," and its succeeding masterpieces. Browne's success was great, and he enjoyed the fame which it brought, though he was paralyzed during the last fifteen years of his life. He died in July, 1882, at the age of sixty-seven. His son, C. Gordon Browne, is an artist and illustrator of spirited ability, some of his drawings for "Ivanhoe" and "Count Robert of Paris" being full of grace and distinction.

The life which "Phiz" led was simple, yet he enjoyed it as he went along, and found pleasure in simple things. He was light-hearted, and had a great fund of humor. Several pieces of his writing, containing humorous sketches, have recently come into my possession, each one bearing the mark of his wit. The first is this letter, undated:

My Dear Fennell: It has just occurred to me, that if you purpose keeping our Monkey Tom over Sunday, you might rig him out [at] Nicols (as it is close to your place of business) in a suit of tweed knickerbockers, something "neat not gaudy," and tell them to send the bill to me, provided always you don't mind taking Tom up to Town with you, and care twopence for the mob that may follow at your heels, admiring and wondering at the small imitation of humanity. Kind regards to all and a whacking for Tom.

Yours truly,

H. K. Browne.

The second is to the same friend, and also bears no date:

19 Blenheim Crescent,
Notting Hill,
Monday.

My Dear Fennell: I am glad to see you can again use your pens and your pins, after a fashion. I have just returned from a visit to Leicestershire, all amongst the Nobs and Hunting Swells. I will have some sketches ready for you shortly. Thanks for the offer of your Rail pass, but I mustn't idle again just *yet*.

With kind regards,
Yours truly,
H. K. Browne.

We've all got the measles, too-ral-looral-lido! so jolly!

These letters must have been written before 1840, for the handwriting is firmer and freer than in the remarkable receipt with which I close this brief sketch:

Twenty-seventh January, 1843.

Received of Mr. William ORR, bookvendor (after long waiting, much haggling and petty annoyance), the sum of Twenty-nine pounds 16/ being a final settlement with the said Mr. W. ORR.

[Hablot K. Browne.

£29. 16. 0.

The writer of that receipt was a man slow to wrath, but what a mighty hater he could be when his patience was overtried!

William Cushing Bamburgh.

THE HISTORIC MOHAWK VALLEY

Among recent historical revivals the year now closing has seen one concerning New York State. It is strange, indeed, how, to most readers, New York history has seemed to relate exclusively to events in the Hudson Valley, along the shores of Lake Champlain and the waters of Lakes Erie and Ontario. Closely related to events in those neighborhoods have, however, been occurrences which had for their scenes parts of Central New York; and among these the most notable occurred in the Mohawk Valley.

More than half a century ago several writers published books on that territory, which were widely read. The most successful were produced by Colonel William L. Stone, who wrote lives of the most distinctive personalities that dominated events on what was then the frontier—Sir William Johnson and his Indian protégé, Joseph Brant. William W. Campbell, Jephtha R. Simms, and Jay Gould are other names which have prominent places in the bibliography of this subject. But none of these books has been reissued for the benefit of the present generation, or for the generation immediately preceding it. At least one of them, Colonel Stone's biography of Brant, has deserved a better fate. In American biography it is, indeed, a classic—written from ample and accurate knowledge, in a style that constantly charms the mind, and with a fine sense of the relation which the warfare on the frontier bore to the great Revolutionary conflict going on in more settled parts.

Within the past year many newspapers and periodicals have drawn attention to new books which have had to do with that border strife. Two of them were novels; and here we have from Mr. Reid, an eminent citizen of the Mohawk Valley, a volume which, in its typographical and illustrative splendor, takes place as the most distinctive. It is obviously the outcome of many years of disinterested study of every scene and site throughout that valley which has a bearing upon anything historic. Mr. Reid's painstaking care is obvious on every page. He is nothing if not

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The Mohawk Valley: Its Legends and Its History. By W. Max Reid. With illustrations from photographs by J. Arthur Money. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, $3.50 net.

From "The Mohawk Valley." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE ARENT BRANT HOUSE, WORMTYNE, 1786.

accurate, even to small things. Beginning with the very earliest traditions that have come down from Indian times, his range of topics extends over the entire story which closed with the final shots fired by an Indian, a settler, or a Tory. He does not aim so much to state the bearings which those events had upon great movements in settlement or in war, with which the Mohawk Valley had important points of contact, as to state definitely what occurred between Albany and Rome.

It has often been carelessly assumed that the border warfare in that territory was a separate conflict, due, in the main, to local causes. Researches, however, have clearly shown that those frontier events formed as exact a part of the main conflict as did the expedition of Burgoyne, the battle of Bennington, or the treason of Arnold. The war had been more than three years in progress before anything occurred on this frontier to disturb the peace. When massacre darkened the Wyoming Valley, and made the settlement of Cherry Valley what an observer called "an abandoned slaughter field," the conflict with England had already been virtually won. New Jersey had been saved and Pennsylvania saved; Burgoyne had surrendered, and the subsequent years of the war were devoted by English armies to the saving of what possibly could be saved in the distant South. Even when the battle of Oriskany occurred (1777) the war had been more than two years in progress and the critical hour in the strife with the motherland had come.

The real circumstances in which this border conflict arose were that now, at last, the Tories who had fled from the Mohawk Valley and the English ministry had won the Indians over to their cause. Joseph Brant, loyal though he had been to the

British from the very beginning of the strife, had not, heretofore, gone forth with a hatchet to desolate the New York settlements. He now went to England, in order to secure redress for the wrongs of his fellow Mohawks who had been deprived of certain lands, and the result of his interviews there with members of Lord North's cabinet, and notably with Lord George Germaine, was that he should return and take up the hatchet for England. This he promptly did; and joining hands with the Mohawk Valley Tories and with regular British soldiers sent down from Canada, the desolating work which was to last until more than a year after peace had settled over the rest of the country, was begun.

In the Mohawk Valley the tale of bloodshed which ensued meant battles and conflagrations in many notable places—not only the battle of Oriskany, which Horatio Seymour and many others have regarded as the decisive conflict of the Revolution, but events which have made historic places out of Canajoharie, Johnstown, and Klocks Field. Here in that valley had been raised a greater part of the Tryon County militia, which stood almost alone in offering whatever resistance came to the armies brought to the frontier by Brant and Sir John Johnson by way of Oswego.

During the early years of the Border Wars, it was not the Mohawk Valley which suffered so much as the upper Susquehanna; nor did the Mohawk ever see itself reduced to that state of complete desolation and entire depopulation which overwhelmed the less populous and less defensive settlements near Otsego Lake and

From "The Mohawk Valley." Copyright, 1901, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A FIREPLACE OF THE OLDEN TIME, OLD VAN ALSTYNE HOUSE, CANAJOHARIE, 1750.

Map of Schenectady in 1695.—Rev. John Miller.

(Original in Brown's Museum.)

From "The Mohawk Valley." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAP OF SCHENECTADY IN 1695.

southward from it. Colonel Stone tells how rapidly the Mohawk Valley, when the war closed, "smiled through her tears." Houses still remained which were habitable, women and children emerged from block-houses, surviving fathers and brothers took up the plough again, and that wonderful tide of immigration set in from Connecticut and Massachusetts which was so soon to supplant in industry, no less than in numbers, the older Mohawk Valley stock, which was Dutch, Palatine German, and Scotch-Irish.

Mr. Reid's book brings to light many facts that are not only parts of that Revolutionary warfare, but parts of the older conflict with France, when Schenectady, nearly a hundred years before, suffered that frightful massacre before which, in horrors, Wyoming and Cherry Valley retire to second places. Schenectady was a massacre for which Frontenac, a man whose life had mainly been spent among civilized European people, was responsible; whereas, in Wyoming and Cherry Valley hundreds of Indians were present to execute vengeance by those methods of atrocity in which by nature they were ac-

complished above all white men. Mr. Reid also writes of the pioneer settlement of this valley; and that truly is a memorable story, closely linked as it is with several tides of immigration which poured into other parts of America long before the Revolution.

Francis W. Halsey.

From "The Mohawk Valley." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

QUEEN ANNE MOHAWK COMMUNION PLATE, 1712.

DUM VIVIMUS VIGILEMUS

TURN out more ale, turn up the light;
I will not go to bed to-night.
Of all the foes that man should dread,
The first and worst one is a bed.
Friends I have had, both old and young,
And ale we've drunk, and songs we've sung;
Enough you know when this is said:
That, one and all, they died in bed.
In bed they died, and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so.
Go you who fain would buried be;
But not to-night a bed for me.

For me to-night no bed prepare,
But set me out my oaken chair;
And bid no other guests beside
The ghosts that shall around me glide:
In curling smoke-wreaths I shall see
A fair and gentle company.
Though silent all, rare revellers they,
Who leave you not till break of day.
Go you who would not daylight see,
But not to-night a bed for me:
For I've been born and I've been wed;
All of man's trouble comes of bed.

And I'll not seek, whate'er befall,
Him who unbidden comes to all,
A grewsome guest, a lean-jawed wight—
God send he do not come to-night!
But if he do, to claim his own,
He shall not find me lying prone;
But blithely, bravely sitting up,
And raising high the stirrup-cup.
Then, if you find a pipe unfilled,
And empty chair, the brown ale spilled—
Well may you know, though naught be said,
That I've been borne away to bed.

—*From "With Lead and Line," by Charles Henry Webb. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

OPERATIC LITERATURE

THE literature of the opera has now become a rich and varied field. Far from being scholastic and dry it abounds in the most entertaining and vivid episodes—in fact, it can truthfully be said that no division of musical history is so rich in anecdote and story. A brief glance at some of the books on the subject may encourage some hitherto neglectful reader to taste some of its pleasures and profit by its instructions. And we may say at the outset that by the literature of the opera we do not mean simply the librettos and guides to the music of the individual operas which are used to a greater or less degree by many operatic habitués, but rather works of a higher critical and more permanent value. There are, however, a number of excellent works of this "hand-book" order which, though not of the highest importance, are extremely useful, and may be profitably mentioned at this point.

HAND-BOOKS TO THE OPERA.

A large proportion of the musical public enjoy having some volume giving a brief resumé of the plots of the most noted operas in succinct form, and this general preference accounts for the wide popularity of Mr. George P. Upton's book "The Standard Operas," which for nearly twenty years has been before the public, and has been a convenience to many an opera-lover who would otherwise have gone unenlightened on many subjects about which he ardently sought information. For it is the crowning merit of Mr. Upton's book that he has concentrated in a single duodecimo volume an amount of information on operatic matters which no layman could ever spare time to look up—and even were the leisure forthcoming, he would not know where to find. All the plots and music of the more noted operas (seventy-three in all) are discussed therein in concise and well-chosen style, and, in addition, noteworthy biographical facts about their composers, and particulars about first productions, etc. But Mr. Upton, though a pioneer in this field, has not been without followers. One of the latest and best of these is "A Guide to the Opera," by Miss Esther Singleton, known of late years as an industrious and successful compiler of books of reference in different branches of literature and art. Miss Singleton has not essayed to treat so many operas as Mr. Upton, but choosing only the most renowned, has been able to expound these with greater detail and often with a greatly increased interest and effectiveness. In addition to her own intelligent comments she has used freely and with evident skill the criticisms and descriptions of many noted writers on music, both English and foreign, and her analyses include the plot, music, actors, and everything about the opera that one could possibly wish to know. The result is a series of word-pictures, which carry the reader along in a very vivid and picturesque way, and do not for a moment allow him to become dull or bored. We may record the names here of two other books of a similar character which have their admirers, but which we cannot characterize at length for want of space—"Stories of Famous Operas," by H. A. Guerber, and "The Standard Opera-Glass," by C. Annesley. The latter is the most comprehensive example of its kind; one hundred and nineteen operas being embraced within its covers. For a brief summary of plots and facts it will prove serviceable, but by nature of its plan, it cannot go very exhaustively into any one work.

THE WAGNER OPERA.

This formidable subject has a huge literature of its own. To give it adequate attention would require far more space than can be given. The unprecedented popularity of Wagner's great music-dramas has stimulated a very keen interest in his theories, and his works in general, and probably nineteen-twentieths of the books written on operatic subjects are devoted, first and last, to phases of Wagner's music. The demand for such literature has caused the multiplication of Wagnerian handbooks, till their number has become legion. We cannot discuss the larger works on this great modern master, but must confine ourselves mainly to those bearing directly on his dramas. In the first place, we must not omit to say that nearly all the important lives of Wagner, such as those by H. T. Finck, W. J. Henderson, H. S. Chamberlain, A. Jullien, and the Wagnerian *magnum opus* by F. Glasenapp (now in course of translation from the German, in four ponderous octavo volumes), all contain very comprehensive and exhaustive discussions of his works from every possible point of view, and some of the most valuable critical material is to be found in these sources. But reverting to more specific works, we may note first, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," which is classed by expert judges as one of the most sane and luminous expositions of the Wagner-theories ever issued. "Wagner's Art Life and Theories," translated by E. L. Burlingame, is an admirable condensation of the vast mass of Wagner-material enabling the reader to get at the "gist of it,"—its very *Geist*, indeed—without wading through the eight large volumes of Wagner's own works.

Mr. Gustav Kobbe's small volumes called "Life and Works of Wagner," contain analyses of his operas, and on account of their convenient form, and the lucid way in which the various points of the opera are described, have obtained a large vogue among many opera-goers. The book on Wagner that has within the last two years attracted perhaps more attention than any other is "The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner," by A. Lavignac. It is seldom that a musical book is received with such a general acclaim of commendation, both at the hands of professionals and amateurs, as fell to the lot of this work. The author, a Frenchman, seems to possess the happy knack of combining French lucidity and skill in arrangement, with German thoroughness and scholarship. While appreciating thoroughly Wagner's great genius, he does not, as others have done, lose his critical judgment in delineating his achievements, but by his impartial criticism and analysis and his sympathetic and intelligent interpretation of difficult points, accredits himself as a wise guide.

Of high value, but in a different way, is "The Legends of the Wagner Drama," by Jessie L. Weston, an Englishwoman who has won reputation as a writer on antiquarian and mediæval subjects. This is a careful and accurate study of the legends upon which Wagner's dramas are based, and imparts full information as to their origin, mythical significance, development in mediæval literature, and the way in which Wagner reshaped and animated them.

OPERATIC REMINISCENCES.

In this department we may call attention to several interesting and vivacious volumes, consisting of the lives and reminiscences of the great operatic managers and conductors—such books as "My Reminiscences," by Luigi Arditi; "The Mapleson Memoirs," by J. H. Mapleson; and "Crotchets and Quavers," by Max Maretzek. Though not to be taken too seriously as history or criticism, these productions are full of the most naïve and ingenious qualities, and in the course of their

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[illegible] of Song," by E. C. Cayting; "The Prima Donna," by H. S. Livermore, in two volumes, and "Great Singers," in two volumes, by G. T. Ferris. These are very largely taken up with the great artists of an earlier date than the present, but the records of the lyrical triumphs of the singers who delighted former generations is by no means an unattractive one, and we find ourselves, by the aid of these volumes of reminiscence and the exercise of a sympathetic imagination, carried pleasantly back into the halcyon days, when a Malibran, a Sontag, a Mario, or a Jenny Lind thrilled the hearts of thousands. Approaching more nearly to our own day are "Stars of the Opera," by Mabel Wagnalls, personal sketches of contemporary singers with full-page portraits, and "Famous Singers," by H. C. Lahee. The latter volume fills a gap in musical biography in its information about artists of the hour, for which we often search in vain in the great cyclopedias and reference works. Of a lighter order, but one that has distinct attractions for many who would be repelled by more ambitious works, are "Prima Donnas and Soubrettes of Light Comedy, and Musical Comedy in America" and "Celebrated Comedians of Light Opera and Musical Comedy in America," both by L. C. Strang. In these little books the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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GILT MANTEL MIRROR, EMPIRE STYLE, 1810-20.

COLONIAL FURNITURE

THE interest in old furniture of the best models is no longer confined to the few. Indeed, this has been true for the past ten or fifteen years, in this country. And with the spread of the cult—for it deserves a more respectful name than craze—of old furniture, has come the supply of reproductions ("falsely so-called," for in most cases neither the form nor the excellent cabinet work of the original pieces is reproduced) to meet the demand. There is one cabinet-maker in New York—there may be more than one—whose reproductions are faithful copies of his originals, in form and substance, but the expenditure of time, skilled labor, and expensive materials involved in making, to-day, duplicates of the better class of antique furniture, renders these reproductions more costly, speaking generally, than are the originals. And it is little less than amazing to note how the supply of genuine old furniture holds out; it responds to the demand, and is brought to light, piece by piece, from its lodgement of years in old houses where it has been treasured, and can be found in the shops by the collector

COLONIAL FURNITURE IN AMERICA. By Luke Vincent Lockwood. With 12 artotypes, and 300 illustrations in halftone, from photographs of specimens in public and private collections. Charles Scribner's Sons, 4to, $7.50 *net*.

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WASHSTAND; HEPPLEWHITE, 1780-90.

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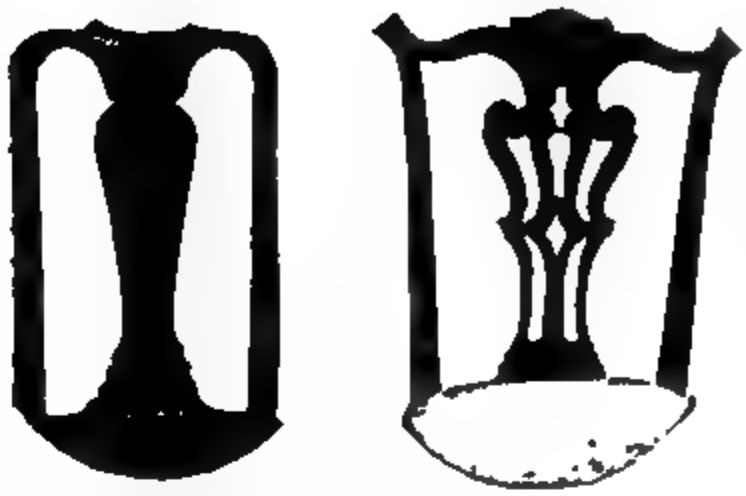
"BEAUFATT" AND WALL PANELLING, ABOUT 1740.

who knows a good piece when he sees it. But to gain this degree of proficiency in his avocation, the collector must have studied hundreds of old chairs and tables, bedsteads and couches, comparing their peculiarities and keeping himself unspotted from the belief that all old furniture which resembles his own grandfather's is necessarily good, or that because he may have seen ninety-nine good tables with certain characteristic features, the hundredth may not be quite different, and yet be just as excellent and equally a genuine "antique."

In other words, the more one learns of the fine old furniture made a century or two ago, the more assured one becomes that the hunt for good pieces is just as likely to be successful now as it was twenty years ago. The game is scarcer, of course; one cannot find his quarry sitting by the roadside, waiting to be bagged; but where would be the sport in such hunting? One must learn the rudiments of his subject



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CHAIR BACKS IN QUEEN ANNE, CHIPPENDALE, HEPPLEWHITE, AND SHERATON DESIGNS.

before beginning his chase; but this done, he can go forth into the jungles of Fourth Avenue (if he be a New Yorker) with happy confidence that even in the lair of the most unblushing dealer he is quite likely to find the Queen Anne chair or pie-crust tea-table, or bird-cage clock for which he is athirst, even though the manufactured antiquities are piled high as prices all around him.

Such a collector—patient, intelligent, distrustful alike of dealers' tales and family tradition, and informed by the fruits of his own persistent interest and study—is Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood. For the past two decades he has seen and learned and discovered; and during the last seven years—as long as Jacob labored for a less glittering prize—he has wrought upon his book, *Colonial Furniture in America.* In this portly quarto are distilled the results of his work. The sources of his information have included, as he says, "examinations of inventories and contemporary records, all available newspapers, works on the subjects of furniture, architecture, and interior woodwork by English, French, German, and American writers, general and commercial histories, books on manners and customs, ancient dictionaries, cabinet-makers' books of design, ancient and modern, and examination of specimens of furniture, both colonial and foreign. The last of these sources is the most important." It is evident that Mr. Lockwood is master of his subject, so far as his own fund of accurate information goes. Let us see how he has classified it, and in what form it is presented to the reader.

After an introductory chapter, taking a general view of the history and develop-

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CABRIOLE-LEGGED SCRUTOIR, 1740-50, AN ALMOST FAULTLESS PIECE.

ment of furniture, the subject-matter of the book is arranged in ten comprehensive chapters under the following heads: Chests; Chests of Drawers; Cupboards and Sideboards; Chairs; Settles; Couches and Sofas; Tables; Desks and Scrutoirs; Mirrors; Bedsteads, and Clocks. Beginning with the earliest examples, in each case, Mr. Lockwood covers the ground down to the earlier years of the nineteenth century, when the Empire furniture, originally stately and often beautiful, trailed off, as he says, into the ponderous and ungainly forms common two generations ago. This arrangement of his material is so simple as to seem obvious, but it has not always occurred to the writers of elaborate treatises of this kind. It is singularly advantageous for reference. Suppose, for instance, a desk is the subject of the collector's interest, at the moment—he is not obliged to look all through his book to compare the successive forms of desks, as would be necessary if the classification were simply chronological, including all kinds of furniture in each period—he can turn to the chapter devoted to "Desks and Scrutoirs" and trace the development of desks, without reference to tables or chairs or bedsteads, from the simple paper-chest or bible-box of the early seventeenth century to the beautiful Sheraton or Empire "secretaries," which represent, perhaps, the greatest elegance in furniture used in America.

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A BANJO-CLOCK, BY WILLARD, 1800–30.

Mr. Lockwood begins his research in the reign of James I., of England, when the Dutch had been for years supreme upon the sea, trading with Spain, Portugal, and the East Indies. Antwerp was the great commercial centre, and was exporting to England household furniture and dry goods, receiving in exchange only raw materials; Holland was then importing from Spain and Italy the cane furniture, which came to England later, under Charles II.

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CABRIOLE-LEGGED HIGH CHEST OF DRAWERS WITH STEPS FOR CHINA—ABOUT 1730.

In England furniture was scarce, and mainly of oak, heavily made, and, in the best houses, carved in the style now called Jacobean—a mixture of the rude Elizabethan carving and the classic forms derived from Italy. Nearly all was of oak. The furniture coming to America at this time was brought from England, except, of course, that which came from Holland to New Amsterdam. During the reign of Charles I., and during the Commonwealth, little progress in furniture was made, except that tables became a little larger and chairs came into more general use; but with the Restoration, in 1660, came continental ideas—French, Italian, and Dutch—and the improvement made itself felt almost immediately in this country in such places as Boston and Salem, and generally throughout the South. With the accession of William and Mary came a change in the style of furniture which influenced its forms for the next hundred years. The sway of the Dutch and Flemish furniture was threatened by the introduction of the cabriole, or bandy, leg and the shell ornamentation, which persisted, with many alterations, down to the late eighteenth century, when the great cabinet-maker Adam, who was really an architect, revived the classic forms. At this time the colonists had passed through their greatest hardships and were beautifying their homes with the best European furniture, and a surprisingly large number of original pieces still survive, the treasures of collectors. The eighteenth century furniture, roughly identified by the names of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton, is, no doubt, the most beautiful of which we now have examples, although the furniture made after the designs of the First Empire, in France, has its own massive elegance to recommend it. Yet some examples of carved furniture made before the time of Chippendale are still to be seen in England, which are as fine as anything ever made. And there are in the Pendleton collection, in Providence, a double chair and side chairs belonging to this period

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MANTEL CLOCK, MADE BY ELI TERRY, 1820–30.

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EMPIRE CORNUCOPIA SOFA, 1810–20.

which, Mr. Lockwood says, there is every reason to believe were carved by Grinling Gibbons, Sir Christopher Wren's famous protégé, as the designs are notably those used by Gibbons, and the workmanship fine enough to be credited to him.

Space does not permit anything like a detailed notation of Mr. Lockwood's fascinating treatise, and we can make room for but a single paragraph from the "Introduction":

"Nothing, perhaps, influenced the furniture of the eighteenth century so much as the introduction of mahogany, the strength of which made possible a quite new method of carving, delicate and lace-like, which reached its perfection in some of Chippendale's models. According to tradition, mahogany, although known since the time of Raleigh, was first made into furniture in England about the year 1720; if this were true, the colonies would have the honor of having discovered its great value for furniture some years before the mother country, for in the Philadelphia inventories as early as 1708 mahogany is mentioned as made up into furniture, and there are entries at New York which would seem to indicate that furniture was made there of that wood about fifteen years earlier. The tradition of its introduction into England is, however, faulty; for it is now known that furniture was made occasionally of this wood in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century.

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TRIPOD CANDLE-STAND, 1720-40.

The illustrations of the book are excellent. Large pieces and small are so reproduced as to convey a right idea of their

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BUTTERFLY TABLE, ABOUT 1700.

proportionate size, while in the large artotype plates the elaborate detail of exceptional pieces is successfully shown. Mr. Lockwood's text is as close-grained as the mahogany which he celebrates. He gives the maximum of detailed information in the minimum of space. For instance, in the chapter on "cupboards and sideboards" there are twenty-eight large photographs, each of which is carefully described, and a running commentary of general interest is given, besides. The chapter on "chairs" contains some seventy pages, and no fewer than ninety-eight separate chairs are shown in photographs and described in detail. In the chapters on "mirrors" and "clocks," Mr. Lockwood's tireless enthusiasm is apparent in the elaborately detailed information given as to general form and varying styles of ornament. While the author does not consider clocks to be properly classified, technically, as furniture, the fact that almost every collector possesses one or more impels him to give a "brief sketch" of the subject, confining himself, of course, to clocks in household use, without mentioning the early clocks in towers or churches. It is evident from Mr. Lockwood's "brief sketch," that his familiarity with the subject enables him to make it brief, and at the same time pack into it a vast amount of classified knowledge. He begins with the founding of the Clock-makers Company in London, in 1631, and ends with comment upon the mantel-clocks in quaint cases made by Eli Terry, in Connecticut, in 1820. These clocks can still occasionally be found in the shops, though so well preserved a case as the example in the picture, with its queer horns and graceful, swelling columns, is rare.

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MAHOGANY AND GILT CONSTITUTION MIRROR, 1780-90.

Mr. Lockwood's book would be hard to match for practical value. His style is clear and straightforward, his classification ideal, and his information a mine. At a time when every other person one meets is collecting old furniture, it cannot fail to be appreciated.

W. S. M.

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ENAMEL AND BRASS MIRROR ROSETTES.

Peril has been declared an idle nightmare, but if that be true, it is so not because we shall ever be the stronger, but because the Chinaman is not an aggressive warrior.

Mr. Smith still pins his faith to the Christianization of China as the only solution of the greatest problem confronting the twentieth century. The heroism of these early native Christians, as seen during the upheaval, is the foundation of his belief. He compares the condition of the Empire to that of Rome in the days of St. Paul. But in his time there were no Christians to rob and rage and murder and burn among the heathen Roman citizens whose conversion was sought. The "letters from the Huns," as the descriptive epistles of the German soldiery were called in the Reichstag, were but a faint reflection of what the Chinaman has seen of the dark side of Christendom, so called. Russia and Germany in China, England in South Africa—the Christian missionary has much to explain in preaching the Gospel.

Mr. Smith devotes the bulk of these two sizable volumes to the history of the siege. He tells it well, graphically, simply, omitting nothing of importance, eschewing repetition and trivial detail. The episode is receding into the past; therefore this book has all the moderation, the desire to be impartially historical, which in many an earlier volume was lacking. This analyst of the Chinese mind, this master psychologist, whose "Village Life in China" and "Chinese Characteristics" stand first in the long and growing row of books on things

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THRONE ROOM OF EMPEROR KUANG HSÜ.

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FIRST TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE WALL OF PEKING.

the opening up of mines, the construction of railroads, the building of spired churches—the Mohammedans, wiser than we, have no minarets on their mosques in China — all this has been told and retold many times in the past few years, but Mr. Smith co-ordinates it here, and puts each incident and aggravating episode into its proper place, until the survey forms a logical sequel, from the war of 1840 to the convulsion of 1898.

Conditions were bad enough before the great era of land-grabbing in which Germany took the lead with Russia, while even

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WALL OF TARTAR CITY PIERCED BY BRITISH TROOPS.

Italy attempted to take a hand; but thereafter the crisis approached rapidly. Mr. Smith speaks severely of Lord Salisbury's vacillating policy in the face of Russian aggression, and declares that, had England spoken in time in China as she spoke in Africa at Fashoda, things would have gone differently at Pekin. But that, of course, is now nothing but historical speculation. Russia is in Manchuria; and, to use a Chinese proverb, "a monkey's hand drops no dates." In the words of Daniel Webster, "the past, at least, is secure."

The author, whose narrative is too closely woven and too comprehensive to allow of a complete survey in a short review, exonerates the missionaries of all the charges brought against them, mentioning Mr. Ament by name. He proves, by the mere logic of events, without recourse to ingenious examination, the complicity of the Chinese Government in the uprising, and is far from being satisfied with the terms of the settlement made after it was "all over"—for the moment. His sketch of the reform movement inaugurated by the young Emperor and his advisers is remarkable for its revelation of the scope and thoroughness of its intentions, and for the boldness of the decrees promulgated before the halt was called; his pictures of the experiences of the native Christians recall, indeed, the days of the martyrs in imperial Rome. Many recanted, of course—the prosaic Chinese mind must be inclined that way—but as many more preferred death, and suffered it with all the passive heroism which our faith in its earliest days demanded. There were revulsions from the barbarities of the Boxers among the native non-Christians, as well as blind fury; private revenge and private gain sought under the cloak of patriotism—there is a strong national feeling in China, Mr. Smith assures us, all assurances to the contrary notwithstanding—in short, all that upheaval and turmoil and convulsion which saw the seed of the Church sown in the blood of the martyrs. Christianity has brought a sword, not peace, to China, says the author; but he despairs not of the ultimate result. Education and Christian-

ity are to redeem China, he firmly believes, and his faith must be strong, for in this narrative of his we have a picture of superstition, hatred, treachery, and murderous cruelty that is perhaps unrivalled in the history of the world. The Russian and the German did their best to demonstrate that at bottom we are all one large family of delectable primitive instincts, but they can never, not even in their most natural moments, have quite equalled the Chinese, whom they are helping to civilize in our ways.

Thus the matter stands. The Chinaman has been coerced, but not convinced. Other outbreaks are to be feared, and meanwhile education and the missionary—still more the native Christian—are to undertake the giant task which will certainly require the full century to show tangible results. Such is Mr. Smith's belief, and he knows, better, probably, than any other man of the white race now living. His book is certainly as readable as it is informing.

A. Schade van Westrum.

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LEGATION STREET.

PROSIT NEUJAHR.

Be the new year sweet and short
  As the days of girl and boy are,
Full of friendship, full of sport,
  Prosit Neujahr!

Be it beautiful and great
  As the days of grief and joy are,
Full of wonder and of fate,
  Prosit Neujahr!

—*From "The Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems," by George Santayana. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE LITERARY NEWS IN ENGLAND

UNTIL the Spring, there will be the usual dulness in the book world, which exhausts itself in a special preparation for the hardest worked of all the festivals, Christmastide. The fact is that Christmas is completely overdone. The illustrated newspapers have "worked out" their "Summer holiday" numbers, and I shall not be surprised when they curtail their preparations for Christmas. Gift books of varying kinds, especially for children, have still a vogue, and such publishers as the Blackies and the Nelsons have begun to make a special practice of telling the story of the bygone year (or such exciting parts of it as the South African War) in the terms of books for boys. It would be impossible to do more than summarize the large output of books for the nursery. Suffice it to say that they have received an immense fillip of recent years from the improvements in color printing, and show great ingenuity this year.

Dr. Conan Doyle's book on the war has been an enormous success, due partly to his position in the world of fiction, and partly to his sincerity as an Imperialist who has seen something of the extension of empire at first hand. The same luck has not followed other books on the war, of which there have been a great many. In nine cases out of ten I should say these books have paid for no more than their printing and production. Touching war, I may note that Lord Wolseley is preparing his reminiscences. Always literary in his tastes, he has given us good studies of Marlborough and of Napoleon, and his only daughter has also written a book on Marlborough. Lord Roberts's autobiography was a great success from the point of view of adventure. Lord Wolseley has not seen so much daring service, but he is a better writer. Curiously enough, Lord Roberts has also no son to succeed him.

An account of the Prince of Wales's tour on the Ophir is to be written by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who went out with the Prince for that purpose, and also as representing the *Times*. Sir Donald, who is just sixty, is a Scotsman. He had an excellent education in Edinburgh, Berlin, Paris, and Heidelberg. He has been a great traveller, and is best known by his book on Russia, where he travelled during the years 1870–78. He accompanied, and was chief political officer to, the present Czar in India and Ceylon. It is rather curious that he should now be attached to his Imperial Majesty's cousin, for the two are physically like twins. The Prince's book is not likely to run to the enormous size of the work describing the Czar's tour, which the Constables published in two huge volumes.

Much amusement has been caused by the publication, through Sonnenschein, of a strange book called "What's What?" which describes itself as "a guide for today, to Life as it is, and Things as they are," by Mr. Harry Quilter. Probably no book of reference ever contained so much individuality as this one, for Mr. Quilter has simply looked upon a world of the most varied kind through his own eyes. For that very reason it is extremely readable in its fantastic way. For instance, it begins an article on Thomas Hardy with the phrase: "Does the world, or only Literature, owe Thomas Hardy a debt? The question is difficult." A brief biography of Mr. Bret Harte begins with the dictum: "Were it not that the present generation is so fully occupied, Mr. Bret Harte and his work would not need mention here; for, during the past thirty years, he has been a classic to those of us who can appreciate his dramatic narrative." Mr. Quilter is a son of a great accountant in the city, his brother being Sir Cuthbert

Quilter, Baronet and Member of Parliament. Mr. Harry Quilter himself started life as an artist. In 1888 he started the hapless *Universal Review*, in which some excellent matter, literary and artistic alike, appeared. He has written a life of Giotto and several other books. At Christmas, three years ago, he published two large editions of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," carried out in conjunction with his wife, who wrote the whole poem in original lettering. The book is remarkable for being one of the very few published in England in which no single "em" of typography has been used. Not the least amusing part of "What's What?" is the fact, not noticed in the preface, that part of the book was set up on the continent of Europe and part of it in the city of Aberdeen. The volume has cost Mr. Quilter thousands of pounds.

A fresh renewal of interest in Byron has marked the appearance of the final volume of Mr. Murray's splendid edition of the poet. It is very curious to note how unpopular he remains in certain circles, despite his acknowledged greatness. Thus only £500 has been subscribed for the proposed statue of the poet, which was to be placed in the city of Aberdeen, where he spent his childhood and where he was partly educated. One would have thought that any feeling of antagonism would by this time have disappeared, and yet the strongest protests were raised against a proposition to place a bust of the poet in the Grammar School where he was educated—on the theory that it would be corrupting to the boys. At the same time, the landmarks which connect Byron with the Granite City are disappearing. It is years ago since the school which he actually attended vanished, and the houses where he lived and spent his Summer holidays in the suburbs have just been demolished. I question very much whether the whole truth can ever be told about Byron, for his family retain the strongest hold on many documents which they decline to give the would-be biographer a chance of examining. Gossip there is in abundance; but the facts are very few.

We hear a great deal about the fortunes made in literature, but the £8,000 odd, which was all that Sir Walter Besant left, is not particularly encouraging, for he had been writing for more than thirty years. True, he was lavish in his hospitality and his generosity, and yet one fears it is only too typical of writers who, while very well known, lack the huge audiences which the modern system of commercial booming has created for one or two novelists. It would not be difficult to count on one's fingers the names of the best-known authors of recent times who have made half as much as moderately successful stockbrokers do—in half the time. A memorial of Sir Walter Besant, by Mr. George Frampton, R.A.R., is to be placed in the Crypt of St. Paul's, adjacent to the tablet that commemorates Charles Reade. St. Paul's is gradually taking over the guardianship of the lesser-known men of letters, for Westminster is very much overcrowded. The announcement of Sir Walter's fortune is a little ironical at the present moment, in view of the fact that his organ, the *Author*, is discussing the "literary agent."

The right of an editor to curtail or amend a story which he has purchased is likely to be better defined than it is at the present moment by the discussion of Mr. Hall Caine's "Eternal City" in the law courts. There have, of course, been many instances where an author of the first rank has found his story purchased and then changed, or, as he would call it, mutilated, to suit the taste of an editor's public. There is much to be said on both sides. Little can be said for the editor who deliberately buys a story without reading it when he has an opportunity to do so. That practice is quite on a par with buy-

ing a pig in a poke or a horse without a warranty. And the method of editing after the event is expensive and vexatious. In the case of small articles this does not hold to anything like the same extent, but a writer who produces what he considers, rightly or wrongly, a piece of art, naturally objects to have it done over again by a manipulator who has only the commercial point of view, or the satisfying of a certain public. The very same remarks apply to certain dramatists. Thus Mr. Pinero will not allow a manager to chip and chop one of his plays in order to suit a particular temperament, and for that reason his dramas have never been played in certain theatres.

Mr. Austin Dobson is not an orator like some of our writers, and when the Whitefriars Club entertained him at dinner the other week, on the occasion of his retirement from the Board of Trade, his thanks took the form of a ballade with the refrain, "The man who cannot speak." Mr. Barrie and Mr. Hardy can scarcely be got to make a speech in public. On the other hand Mr. Anthony Hope, who is a great diner-out, is a most excellent speaker with a slightly parsonic method of enunciation and quite a pretty wit. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who supported Mr. Dobson at the dinner, is also a good speaker, while Mr. Birrell is one of the best after-dinner speakers in London. Mr. Dobson has written a prefatory note to a collection of nonsense rhymes made by his Board of Trade colleague, the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. He is now at work on a life of Richardson for the "English Men of Letters" series, and he may be found plodding away in the reading-room of the British Museum any afternoon in his unostentatious fashion—for surely a more modest man of letters was never born. Mr. Anthony Hope very appropriately unveiled a bust of Richardson in the St. Bride Foundation Institute, which is the headquarters of London typography. Richardson carried on the business of a printer in the neighboring Salisbury Court, and he lies in St. Bride's Church, of which Mr. Hope's father, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, is the Vicar.

If William Morris had lived a little longer he could scarcely have failed to have been gratified by the revolution in typography which he had inaugurated against tremendous odds. His books have always had a following among artistic collectors, but I believe no publisher ten years ago would have undertaken to print for the general public any book in the famous "golden type" of the Kelmscott press; and yet the edition of Morris's books which the Longmans have in hand in eight volumes, and which the Chiswick Press is printing, was subscribed for immediately. The Longmans had experimented with five of Morris's lectures. The Doves Press, which runs on lines very similar to Morris's ideals, is proving a success. For instance, its "Tacitus," which was issued at 25s., has now risen to £6 or £7. How far eccentricities in typography have any general following is very difficult to decide, but no one can fail to be struck by the whole atmosphere of experiment by means of which our best printers have really come to life again. Even the newspapers are laying in new founts, in many cases American. There is, for instance, a great run on the little black type known as Jensen, and compositors are showing considerable ingenuity in the manipulation of brass.

The cheap reprint has at last come to the point one might have expected it to reach long ago in the shape of the Unit Library, which Mr. Howard Wilford Bell, the youngest of the publishers, has inaugurated under the editorship of Mr. Laird Clowes, the naval historian, and Mr. A. R. Waller. Mr. Bell charges a halfpenny per twenty-five pages of type, and one penny for the paper-cover. The

paper-cover, except in the case of the cheapest books, has not been particularly popular in England, although it is preferable to the cheap cloth binding which was found to do so much damage to the backs of books when one came to rebind them. Mr. Bell's scheme is catholic enough in all conscience, for it covers the authors of all ages, from Homer down to the creator of Jorrock's, the idol of sportsmen.

London publishing has sustained another loss this year by the death of Mr. Frederick Warne, who was just a year younger than the late Mr. George Smith. He entered the publishing business at the age of fourteen, so that he had an enormous experience. He helped found the house of Routledge. Curiously enough, it was mainly on the advice of Mr. Smith that he started his business in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, where he opened in 1865. He was a pioneer in the best quality of children's books, notably in the toy books of Caldecott and Miss Kate Greenaway, who passed away a few days before Mr. Warne. He made a great hit when he published Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy." His three sons succeed him in the business.

The fact that the revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest" has been a success in the English provinces (of all places) suggests that the banishment of Mr. Wilde's work from all sorts of discussion is coming to an end. It would, of course, have been impossible a year or two ago to bill any play by him in a London theatre, and yet "Lady Windermere's Fan" has had quite a good run, with Miss Ellen Terry in the title part, among the suburban play-houses. The excellent sketch of Mr. Wilde, written by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, in the last volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," has also brought fresh interest to bear on his life. One wonders whether anybody will be allowed to publish an *apologia* on his life, running into 45,000 words, which he wrote in prison, where he also studied Dante.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, after a most artistic period of successful managership at the Royalty Theatre in the Bohemian quarter of Soho, has gone to America, and was to open in Chicago on December 30th with a performance of "Magda." Mrs. Campbell made her first appearance in London a little over ten years ago as Rosalind at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and two years later she became famous as Mrs. Tanqueray at the St. James's. After this she appeared with Mr. John Hare at the Garrick as Mrs. Ebbsmith, and with Mr. Tree in "John A'Dreams." She then went to the Lyceum with Mr. Forbes Robertson, appearing as Ophelia, Juliet, and as Melitza in "For the Crown," and also as Lady Teazle. She subsequently went to the Prince of Wales's with Mr. Robertson, and then started on her own account at the Royalty, where, in an unobtrusive way, she has made her mark in a number of plays, notably in Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" and "The Fantastics"; "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry" (by Mr. Frank Harris), and several important revivals. Mr. Herbert Waring and Mr. G. S. Titheradge, who are supporting Mrs. Campbell on her American tour, are excellent actors. Young Mr. Du Maurier, the son of the author of "Trilby," is also in the company.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "The Last of the Dandies," is not a masterpiece from any point of view, and is curiously un-English in its picture of aristocratic society in the days of the beautiful Countess of Blessington. Mr. Tree in his next production goes back to a writer of literature, for he will produce Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, "Ulysses." The Autumn was peculiarly disastrous to theatre managers, but the truth is that beyond "Iris" the public got nothing of first-rate quality.

J. M. Bulloch.

NOTES OF RARE BOOKS

THE most important event of the auction season, still so young, occurred on the evenings of December 2d and 3d, at the rooms of John Anderson, Jr. It was the sale of Part IV. of the library of the late Thomas J. McKee, and consisted largely of books by prose and verse writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In all, 538 lots were sold, and the total reached the handsome sum of $23,117.50, or an average of $41.60 per lot. The catalogue was arranged alphabetically from D'Anvers to Wither, and included some of the rarest items in these centuries. Many record prices were broken, the most notable being in the Shakespeares. An edition of "The Rape of Lucrece," London, 1624, fetched $1,925, while the "Poems," 1640, with the rare engraved portrait by Marshall, realized $1,250. This is the highest price recorded of the sale of this great gem of English literature; "Venus and Adonis," London, 1675, which is a comparatively late Shakespearian item, bringing $450. As this was issued between the third and fourth folio, its price was considered most remarkable. James I., "The Essays of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," Edinburg, 1584, brought $510. Not many years ago a copy of this book appeared in a catalogue of a well-known bookseller of New York, priced at a few dollars, it was purchased by an equally well-known collector, who has been smiling ever since over his luck. The other items of interest, with their prices, are the following: Alexander's "Recreations of the Muses," London, 1637, $760; Allot's "England's Parnassus," London, 1600, $230; Barcklay's "Ship of Fooles," London, 1570, $140; Boccaccio's "Decameron," London, 1520, $155; Breton's "Pasquils," London, 1626; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," London, 1621, $200; Chapman's "Shadow of Night," London, 1594; Chapman's Iliades of Homer," London, 1598, $860; Chapman's Homer's "Odysses," London, 1614, $100; Chaucer's "Workes," London, 1561, $110; Chettle's "England's Mourning Garment," London, 1603, $280; Daniel's "A Panegyrike, Etc.," London, 1603; Daniel's "Civil Wares," London, 1609, $150; Davison's "Poetical Rapsodie," London, 1621, $160; Gawain Douglas's translation of the "Xiii bukes of Æneodos," London, 1553, $250; Drayton's "Battle of Agincourt," London, 1627, $91; Drummond's "Poems," London, 1656, $120; Dryden's "Poem on Death of Oliver Cromwell," London, 1659, $90; Gascoigne's "Poesies," London, N. D. [1576]: Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," London, 1592; Heywood's "Woorkes," London, 1562, $190; Higden's "Polycronicon," London, 1527, $80; Hoddesdon's "Sion and Parnassus," London, 1650, $100; Hooke's "Amanda," London, 1653, $260; Langland's "Vision of Piers Ploughman," London, 1550, $95; Marlowe and Chapman's "Hero and Leander," London, 1637, $66; Milton's "Poems," London, 1645, $135 (poor copy); Milton's "Poems," London, 1673, $50; Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," London, 1569–1580, $120; Richard's "Poems," London, 1641, $67.50; Robinson's "Prince Arthure," London, 1583, $140; Shakespeare's "Poems," London, 1640, $1,250; "Venus and Adonis," London, 1675, $450; Spenser's "Faerie Queen," London, 1596, $130; "Complaints," London, 1591, $230; "Colin Clouts Come Home Again," London, 1595, $135; Walton's "Compleat Angler," London, 1655 (with MS. notes), $300.

The volume which was promised, describing the books and prices of Mr. Arnold's second sale, is just to hand. It is called "A Record of Books and Letters, collected by William Harris Arnold, with an essay on 'The Collector's Point of View,' by Leon Vincent." As in the case of the first Part, this volume is printed at the Marion Press, Jamaica, New York. One looks over the items therein with great interest, noting here a loss to Mr. Arnold and there a gain. It would be unfortunate if every collector was as wise as Mr. Arnold, for the book-sellers would then have to give up bookselling. One notes at random the items that show the most remarkable increase in value, and in every instance they are books of some permanent interest. For example, Chapman's translation of the "Whole works of Homer," London, N. D. [1616], came from the Frederickson sale and was bought in 1897. It there fetched $110. This copy was bescribbled with MS. notes in Coleridge's handwriting. Even Mr. Arnold must have been surprised when he heard the auctioneer knock it down for $635. From the same sale Mr. Arnold purchased from a bookseller Keats's "Poems," London, 1817; a presentation copy, with inscription of two lines and a half in the author's handwriting. For this he paid $71. Imagine his feelings when he found a buyer willing to pay $500 for it! "Endymion," Lon-

don, 1818, which cost him $38.19, fetched $150. "Lamia, Isabella, Etc.," London, 1820, costing $75, brought $215. Browning's "Dramatis Personæ," proof copy, costing $42.63, fetched the extraordinary price of $455. While Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets" (printed at Reading) in 1847 and costing $115, brought the handsome sum of $440. It is only fair in compiling such a list and in making such comments to give a few examples where the pendulum has swung the other way—for example, Mrs. Browning's "The Battle of Marathon," London, 1820, costing $450, only brought $425; Cowper's "Poems," 2 vols. London, 1782–1785, costing $40, only fetched $30. Gower's "Confessio Amantis," London, 1532, costing $39, fetching $27.50. Hall's "Virgial Emicerum Sixe Bookes," $67.10, fetched $51.

One of the most satisfactory books in the sale, and one that showed the greatest advance, was Milton's "Paradise Lost," London, 1667. This cost Mr. Arnold in 1897 $200, and brought $830, or over four times what he paid for it in four years. Although many other reflections might be added one can say with confidence now that the cost prices have been given, that Mr. Arnold was a wise buyer and his selections were those that one would be safe to follow.

The Dibdin Club is composed of a mysterious lot of gentlemen who love books as well as obscurity. From time to time they have issued brief biographies or monographs on important persons and topics. Their latest issue is as follows: "Daniel Boone, contribution toward a bibliography of writings concerning him by William Harvey Miner." It is a neat 12mo of thirty-six pages, interlaced with blank paper for additional notes, and is limited to two hundred and fifty copies. Much and patient labor is put upon such a book as this, and whereas it is always unsafe to say a bibliography is complete, one would like to say so about this painstaking work which is so admirably done.

Ernest Dressel North.

THE CHIMES.

VENITE domo Domini!
Ne dormite peccato,
In excelsis laus Deo!
Salus datur homini!

Venite domo Domini!
Nunc audite clangorem!
Ne repellite amorem,
Verum lumen homini!

Venite domo Domini!
Exultate gaudio!
Adorate studio
Christum, donum homini!

. . . . .

Venite domo Domini!
Ne dormite peccato,
In excelsis laus Deo!
Salus datum homini!

—*From "The Cathedral and Other Poems," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*

CURRENT LITERATURE

MORE BIOGRAPHIES.

IN the Christmas number of THE BOOK BUYER I had the pleasure of noticing several important biographies and of pointing out how interesting the present publishing season promised to be to all lovers of a form of literature which is naturally in high favor during an epoch distinguished for its studies in psychology and sociology, as well as for its political energy and restlessness. In any such epoch mankind's proper study becomes eminently its properest. Not merely are great lives retold and minor ones rescued from oblivion, but distinguished contemporaries like Mr. Jacob Riis and Mr. Booker Washington are incited to write autobiographies long before their lives of usefulness give any signs of being over. Such being the premium set upon biography, it is no wonder that several later volumes should have found their way to my table before I had had a chance to see my first review in print.

The book that heads our list is in the main old in substance, but its new form increases its usefulness and ought to give it many readers. Few more interesting or more pathetic careers ever present themselves to a biographer, and it is needless to say that the historian of Milton and his times has availed himself of practically every scrap of information about Chatterton, whom one must persist in calling "the marvellous boy," even though Wordsworth's phrase has become very hackneyed. But Dr. Masson has also indulged greatly in the questionable practice of apostrophizing his hero and engaging in imaginary colloquies with him, whenever, as is often the case, documentary information happens to be scanty. As a result a large number of pages might be described by a censorious critic as rhetorical padding, although the veteran biographer might justly reply that the number of such pages in many histories and biographies that rank as classics is also very large. We need not push the point, especially in view of the amusing chain of reflections opened up by Dr. Masson's suggestion that Chatterton might have fared better could he by any possibility have contrived an elopement with Mrs. Hannah More.

While Chatterton was pacing in despair the streets of London, Israel Putnam was recounting to the guests of his Connecticut tavern the thrilling story of his exploits as a ranger in the French and Indian wars. Fortunately in the case of the American, whose genius and fate were so different from those of the English lad, enough documentary information and well-authenticated local tradition has come down to us to enable his latest biographer, Mr. Livingston, to prepare an excellent volume of over four hundred pages, in which little or no padding can be discovered. Perhaps the skimming reader may be inclined to think that fewer details of fighting and adventures—necessarily lacking in essential variety—would have been desirable, but the student will thank Mr. Livingston for his thoroughness—especially for such chapters as those dealing with Putnam's services in the expedition that captured Havana and with his journey to the lower Mississippi region in the interests of the "Military Adventurers."

The early chapters are also interesting and valuable, although they cover more familiar phases of the hero's career, while those dealing with the Revolutionary War and especially with the battle of Bunker

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CHATTERTON, A BIOGRAPHY. By David Masson, LL.D. New and revised edition. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1901.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, PIONEER, RANGER, AND MAJOR-GENERAL, 1718–1790. By William Farrand Livingston. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1901. ["American Men of Energy."]

Hill have been done with great care. It is not difficult to see how the old soldier managed without conscious effort so thoroughly to impress himself upon the imaginations of his contemporaries, or how posterity has not erred in regarding him as one of the most typical of those democratic heroes, about the greatest of whom we shall have to say a word later. It is more difficult to select from the crowded life of such a "man of energy" a scene or incident that shall most completely represent him. Such episodes as the wolf's den and the leap have impressed the popular imagination—surely not because of the absence of others equally thrilling—but perhaps our memories should dwell just as fondly upon the old fighter and patriot riding to beleaguered Boston with the letter of approbation drafted by the Parish of Brooklyn in his pocket and a flock of sheep, destined to relieve the devoted citizens, driven in front of him. "Old Put's" common-sense, energy, resourcefulness, probity, generosity, and patriotism are probably of more consequence to posterity than his courage and his exploits—and all these are well brought out in this biography, which seems to be a most conscientious and creditable piece of work, one that the lover of things American will not wish to shorten by many pages.

Mr. Norman Hapgood's *George Washington* is from some points of view not so needed a book as Mr. Livingston's *Israel Putnam*, yet it is a pleasure to say that it by no means belongs to the category of manufactured books that are safely negligible. It tells the noble story of Washington's life in an interesting way—interesting even to one who is familiar with it—uses contemporary documents in a fresh and effective manner, and is particularly valuable on account of the judgment and insight displayed by its author. Mr. Hapgood steers clear of uncritical depreciation of a great character not sufficiently salient to appeal to a numerous class of persons, and also avoids such a tone of eulogy as might alienate readers opposed to any form of hero worship. Perhaps our generation in its antipathy to hero worship has, in trying to hold itself erect, really bent backward, but even the heartiest admirer of Washington could scarcely cavil at the following summing up of his claims to veneration:

> "His was a noble nature, with a sanity, a balance, a power of endurance seldom rivalled; but his glory is not mainly personal. It is not primarily the effulgence of some rare and individual superiority. It is universal. It is the concentration in a man of those merits which are most needed in the rulers of mankind. It is the triumph of integrity, of patience, of courage, of loyalty, at the service of his country."

Volumes on Lincoln most appropriately follow in our list, for he and Grant are our democratic heroes just as Washington and Lee are the aristocratic heroes, the former of the whole country, the latter of a section, and of an increasing number of lovers of genius and character. Quite different, in many respects, from the preceding books, are the volumes which Dr. Robert H. Browne has devoted to the great civil leader of the war. Fifty-six chapters and nearly thirteen hundred pages will do a great deal toward keeping any one from long surviving—whether the hero, the heroic author, or the unheroic reader. Dr. Browne's volumes suggest the limitless West from which they hail, and so does his use of adjectives, but it would be a mistake for any reader or student to think that we have here merely a formless reshaping of old materials. Dr. Browne was an early Western Abolitionist who was thrown in contact with Lincoln and with

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Norman Hapgood. New York, The Macmillan Co., 1901.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE MEN OF HIS TIME. By Robert H. Browne, M.D. In two volumes. Cincinnati, Jennings & Pye, New York, Eaton & Mains, 1901.

many, both of the greater and of the minor political leaders that surrounded him. Hence he has interesting facts to give and judgments to pass that were worth recording. For example, his discussion of the Lincoln-Douglas debate seems full and instructive, and his estimate of the character of the latter statesman is markedly valuable in view of popular depreciation. For local touches and stories and for a first-hand treatment of the smaller men who had so much to do with developing political sentiment in the West in the years prior to the war this voluminous work ought to be of great use to students, yet it has no index, no list of authorities, and apparently not a single footnote. If only an index were supplied, this labor of love and of a life-time—for such it evidently is—would be ten, nay a hundred times more serviceable. As it stands, it is, in more than the conventional sense, a mine of information, which few readers will explore thoroughly, but which many may exploit with profit. *W. P. Trent.*

ANOTHER "HISTORY OF ROMANTICISM."

PROFESSOR BEERS has followed up his history of eighteenth century English romanticism with a *History of Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century.*

At first glance it would seem that the latter must be by far the easier task. The movement was so wide spread, there was consequently so much material at hand for the student. In the eighteenth century, on the other hand, instead of a series of great names and well-known works awaiting the chronicler, the work was that of research. The author has traced the hidden sources of this reaction in literature.

The eighteenth century writers with whom he had to deal were obscure, and their works, looked at as a result, were often uninteresting. But as a recompense for this the historian of the literary period had space in which to move. The romanticist of the eighteenth century was a modest being who has to be searched for. The romanticist of the nineteenth filled a great part of the literary horizon. The clamor of his controversies with the older school of literature echoed throughout Europe. So, although the men and their works treated by Professor Beers in his latest book are more interesting than those of the eighteenth century, the new ground to be covered is so great, and so much condensation has been necessary, that his manner in discussing them is perforce less interesting than it was in his earlier work.

The history of the beginning of any great literary reaction has a special charm, often more absorbing than an account of the reaction at its height. In the first book there was scope for the personality of the author. The limitation of space imposed on him renders this last book too crowded. As one glances over it one is oppressed with the multiplicity of names. The aspect of the pages is that of a catalogue; and Professor Beers himself apparently has felt this, for he has lost somewhat of the personal touch that so pleased the readers of his earlier book. In such chapters as "Diffused Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century" the mass of material is too great to be dealt with in such small compass. It swamps reader and author alike.

Like its predecessor the book consists of a series of essays. The first book aimed to give a general idea of the beginnings of the great romantic movement, the second a survey of the movement at its height; romance grown large, extending over all Europe, affecting not only literature, but politics, philosophy, art, archi-

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THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH ROMANTICISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Henry A. BEERS. Henry Holt & Co., 8vo, $1.75.

tecture, and even arts and crafts. As a history of the trend of thought the work is admirable. There is a large feeling of the onward sweep of events that is almost dramatic. From the small beginnings of the new thought in the eighteenth century, Professor Beers has traced the development of that thought step by step, until it changed the mental attitude of a great part of the European world; until it created a new literary race with different standards of taste, different ideals, different points of view from those of the preceding generation.

One of the most interesting points of the book is the clever way in which the author has handled the inter-dependence of the romantic movement in Germany, France, and England. He brings out very subtly to what extent the romantic spirit was colored by national traits. He is aided in this by his great gift in quotation, for he quotes at length and from sources of all sorts. This skill is rare, and seldom does one find it as well developed as in the work of Professor Beers. He grasps the most striking thing that a writer has said on his subject and uses this to illustrate some phase of it, and always with the happiest results.

It is, however, in making his readers understand the spirit of the age that Professor Beers excels. He is more successful in this than in the analysis of any one school or author. As the book progresses one gets a more and more vivid impression of the romantic spirit; a genius vital and puissant, impatient of convention, intolerant of any literary forms but its own; a youthful spirit, childlike in its love of finery and trappings, masquerade and costume; a noisy, turbulent spirit, sometimes uncouth and even grotesque. On the other hand, it is sentimental, chivalrous, and uplifting.

But while the large outlines of the history of romantic thought of the last century are so clearly drawn, still, in detail the spectacle is a little confused and perplexing. It is rendered more so by the author's personal use of the term "romanticism." In his first volume he devoted a chapter to various interpretations of the word and left the reader in some doubt as to his own concept of it. In the preface of the new book he says: "As I anticipated, objection has been made to the narrowness of my definition of *romanticism*. But every writer has a right to make his own definitions; or, at least, to say what his book shall be about." Still there will be many readers who will fail to understand by what mental process Professor Beers arrived at the conclusion that Shelley was an "idealist" (whatever that may be), pure and simple, while Keats, Southey, and other of the Lake school are to be classified as romanticists.

Probably there never has been a history of any school of literature whose author did not place limitations and restrictions on the exact "meaning" of that school, and in the course of the history, did not quarrel with other writers over their opinions on the subject. Professor Beers has proved no exception; and while it is interesting psychologically to watch the working of a mind so alert and well trained as that of the author of the book under discussion, nevertheless, the controversial attitude somewhat lessens the force of the book as a whole.

The various essays that compose the volume read as though they had been written independently one of the other. Each is complete in itself, and there is not a close enough relationship between them; for this reason the proportion has suffered. For instance, the importance given to the Pope controversy—although the account is lucid and entertaining—seems out of proportion to the space devoted to the Pre-Raphaelites; these Professor Beers finishes off in one chapter, poets, painters

and all. The Pope controversy, while amusing, as any literary battle is bound to be, has had no lasting effect on English letters. It was the outcome of a condition, and is important merely as an example of the change of thought romanticism had already effected; but the Pre-Raphaelite school exercised and still exercises an enormous influence on the thought of the day. Again, Professor Beers finds time for an elaborate analysis of the Ancient Mariner, an analysis which throws no new light on the poem, and which smacks strongly of the class-room. To do the author justice this is one of the few times in the book that one feels the pedagogic quality.

These are petty criticisms, however, in the face of the general excellence of the book. It has something fresh to say on an old subject. As a text-book it is a valuable summary, as a book for the general reader it should be found of great interest. *M. H. Vorse.*

MISS REPPLIER'S MEMORIAL TO AGRIPPINA.

"SHE is sitting now on my desk and I glance at her with deference, meekly begging permission to begin," Miss Repplier wrote years ago, at the beginning of "Agrippina," the delightful dissertation on cats, with which she begins her "Essays in Idleness."

Sitting on the desk, flapping her tail across Miss Repplier's fresh "copy" or watching each stroke of the pen and reaching out a curved paw to pat it, Agrippina became a very live little feline figure to the many readers of that essay; but she was "dearly loved and early lost"—having now been dead these seven years—and in her memory is written *The Fireside Sphinx*, a history of cats from the Garden of Eden, in which there was none, down through the ages.

All the charming cat anecdotes given in the essay, and many in addition, appear in this volume, and there are the same sage reflections on cat character and temperament, together with such an amount of historical and mythical cat-lore that one is appalled to think of the patient assiduity which must have been required in collecting it. The status of the cat in Egypt, where she was worshipped, her absence from ancient Greece, her gradual introduction into the countries of western Europe, bring us up to the black days in her chronicle when her insinuating charm and her mysterious independence of character helped to point her out as—next to an old woman—the devil's chief agent in evil magic. The whole race of cats was under suspicion of witchcraft for centuries, and many a one was burned in the same fire with her mistress, or otherwise tortured and executed. From these harrowing times Miss Repplier goes on to the renaissance of love and tolerance for cats, to the representations of pussy in art and literature, to "Some Cats of France"—fortunate cats, who were written of with touches as delightfully graceful as pats from their own paws—and to the cat of to-day.

It is probably a prejudiced taste which can never bring itself to pronounce a book that is well freighted with facts to be quite as charming as one in which there are barely facts enough to give body to a web of fancies and philosophizings, so it is not worth while to compare *The Fireside Sphinx* and "Agrippina." All of the one is to be found in the other, and much quaint information besides, though not quite such an undiluted felicity of treatment. "Agrippina," indeed, summed up the whole of Miss Repplier's articles of belief in cats, though not so briefly as one

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX. By Agnes Repplier. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Crown 8vo, $2.00.

whom she quotes and comments on, both in the essay and the book:

Montaigne, in his lazy, luminous fashion, "without a spur or even a pat from Lady Vanity," wrote more than three hundred years ago the final word upon the subject; a word which we have been assiduously repeating and amplifying—but not improving—ever since. "When I play with my cat," he muses softly, "who knows whether she diverts herself with me, or I with her! We entertain each other with mutual follies, struggling for a garter; and if I have my time to begin or to refuse, she also has hers. It is because I cannot understand her language that we agree no better; and perhaps she laughs at my simplicity in making sport to amuse her."

This is the whole story of human and feline companionship. This is the whole nature of the cat, accepted with philosophy and described with careless exactitude. The independence of character, the coldness of heart, the alternations of playfulness and reserve, the courteous but temperate regard, granted on terms of absolute equality—these things were understood and respected by one too wisely kind for intolerance.

This sense of a cat's inherent independence as the main secret of its charm is expressed through all Miss Repplier's reflections on cat character; but one comment which might be made on Montaigne's "word" she fails to make. "It is because I cannot understand her language that we agree no better," he declares, overlooking the possibility that their failure to communicate freely may be the very reason of their preserving such pleasant relations. There are times when one is tempted to think that neither cats nor the other dumb animals have had quite enough of their charm attributed to their dumbness—their enforced reserve of opinion and comment. It is unquestionably a great help to them in holding human affections; take the cat, since she is most to the present point. It is easier to forgive the actual scratch from her unsheathed claw than it would be to forget her sharply vexed exclamation or her reproof of familiarity or tiresomeness, if she were able to put her thoughts into words instead of scratches. Ever since human beings found themselves able to communicate quite freely with one another by means of language, super-sensitive people have learned to take refuge in the society of animals. It is an intensification of the relief felt in going among quiet people after being with those whose tongues are never still; and if the keen old Frenchman had stopped to think twice, no doubt he would have realized that a cat whom he could fully understand might soon tire him with her feline comments.

"Seize everything, speak ill of nobody, and sit down whenever you have the opportunity," the advice of an old French noble on sending his son to court, Miss Repplier quotes as a bit of counsel unconsciously followed by the race of cats, and it brings up a vivid picture of Puss selecting the most comfortable chair in the room, springing into it, and curling down; yet only a devoted lover of cats would ever have guessed that the advice given to a young human aspirant for honors and an easy time had already been taken by a little animal who gains favor by appropriating it.

Not the least known, but certainly the most delightful and touching stories in the book are the accounts of Theophile Gautier's cats and of Pierre Loti's—little narratives so exquisitely full of color and sympathy that the biographies, eulogies, and memorials of most other cats suffer in comparison, though Miss Repplier's comments on Agrippina are so acutely comprehending and affectionate that they should fall into the same list with Gautier's and Loti's. *Mary Tracy Earle.*

A MAID IN GERMANY.

THE mysterious Elizabeth of the German Garden, concerning whose identity there has been many a shrewd

THE BENEFACTRESS. By the author of "Elizabeth and the German Garden." The Macmillan Co., 12mo, $1.50.

guess, but as yet no confession, has spoken again. This time she tells a story in which she herself does not appear. Many traces of her winsome personality, however, are discernible in the heroine, who might pass for a double did she but add to her long list of desirable qualities Elizabeth's crowning virtue of common-sense.

Anna the *Benefactress,* sister of Sir Peter Estcourt, is a pretty and charming young Englishwoman who for years has alternately been rendered desperate and reduced to the calmness of despair by an enforced dependence on a wealthy middle-class sister-in-law of Birmingham origin. A good fairy finally comes to her rescue in the shape of a German uncle, who bequeaths to her a small estate on the Baltic near the historic town of Stralsund, with an income of forty thousand marks. A visit to her new domain at once dispels the young woman's original intention of becoming an absentee landlady, and inspires her with a unique philanthropic scheme.

Mindful of her own writhings under the weight of favors indelicately bestowed, she resolves to share her home with twelve impoverished gentlewomen, who shall be to her as dear sisters, and to secure the services of a third as housekeeper. From this purpose she is not to be dissuaded, and accordingly Susie, the sister-in-law, who has come along to spy out the land, returns to England in high dudgeon, leaving behind her fourteen-year-old daughter Letty and governess for an indefinite visit.

At length, after a perplexed period of advertising under the guidance of Herr Manske, the village parson, and of decorating the future home of the sisters in accordance with the advice of "Trudi," sister of the bachelor proprietor of the adjoining estate, the housekeeper and three of the chosen ones arrive.

The first, a veritable princess whose pride will not allow her to be dependent, is one of Elizabeth's happiest creations. Sturdy and vigorous rather than sensitive or complex both as to mentality and emotions, and possessed withal of much kindness of heart and a certain dry wit before whose merciless shafts her associates quail, she at once constitutes herself Anna's protector against her adopted relatives. Of these one is a baroness, another the proud possessor of a "von" and a marriageable son in the army, while the third's only claim to distinction is her own unsupported boast that her father, long since deceased, was a "man of letters." It subsequently develops, with almost tragical results to the disingenuous daughter, that the "letters" were of the epistolary variety, having been carried by the worthy gentleman in a postbag. Just how the simple, indolent Fraulein, familiar with no language but her own, could perpetrate an obviously English pun is a trifle puzzling, and one cannot help wondering what German word was chosen to convey the double meaning of letters. But who for a mere quibble would willingly dispense with so entertaining an episode?

Of course the Baroness and the Frau von snub the Fraulein, toady to the Princess, and ignore the Benefactress, who is driven to the forest for consolation, and has occasional doubts as to the entire blissfulness of the "higher life."

Meanwhile there are outside forces tending to disintegrate this strangely assorted household. Dellwig, the shrewd self-seeking inspector with epicurean proclivities, whose eloquent apotheosis of the pig will undoubtedly he ranked as classic, makes life a burden to the fair chatelaine with his long-winded dissertations on crops and his attempts to browbeat her into indorsing his various improvement schemes; and the bachelor neighbor has his own ideas about the "higher life." As the Herr von Lahm in question, despite his Pomeranian ancestry

and surroundings, is an unusually delightful specimen of the English country gentleman type, with perhaps an added quota of Teutonic perseverance, the inevitable happens, and the sorely tried beneficiary and benefactress becomes an advocate of the cheerful philosophy, be happy and you will be good.

Given such material, and a mere tyro of a novelist could not fail to evolve some telling situations. Under Elizabeth's characteristic handling, the humorous potentialities become almost limitless. Away from the beautifying atmosphere of her beloved garden, however, Elizabeth's humor assumes at times an alien garb of cynicism, which fails nevertheless to entirely conceal its inherent geniality. There has been in the treatment of some of the minor characters an occasional yielding to the temptation to depict types rather than individuals. Such delineation may be appreciative, but never sympathetic. We could wish that the Herr Pastor, for instance, in reality a good, pious soul despite his tendency to talk shop on all occasions and his meek endurance of the humiliation of departing before pudding when dining with the local gentry, had been handled a little more tenderly—given perhaps a soupçon of dignity and a little less servility. "Trudi's" utter frivolity might have been leavened by an honest affection for somebody or something, even were it only a semi-appreciation of the anemones whose attractions she so scorned. And poor Lady Estcourt, whose golden net caught no big fish, who was snubbed by society, tolerated by her husband, patronized by her son and defied by her daughter—she need not have been so thoroughly damned with faint praise. It is possible to mete out justice in such a manner as to make virtues appear more hideous than faults, and sterling good sense more ridiculous than folly.

The truth and brilliancy of Elizabeth's local color is beyond dispute, but some lights are more flattering than others, and certain subjects have been posed in the full glow of noon-day who required rather the idealizing effect of moonlight.

The *Benefactress,* however, is clever, ingenious, and thoroughly entertaining, and, above all, it is written in Elizabeth's inimitable style.

E. J. Hulbert.

THROUGH "GLAIKIT FOLLY'S PORTALS."

MISS SEAWELL and Mr. Glackens together have so caught the French spirit in the soap-bubble of a story, *Papa Bouchard,* that the impression is of a pink and blue picture with dainty frills lifted not too high above tiny slippered feet, and framed in delicate passe-partout. Only a French wife or a woman of Gallic inheritance could so gracefully rise to the occasion as Léontine when she discovered preparations for a select little supper to be given by her captain husband at his lonely (!) quarters in Melun. As Satanita, "Queen of the Harem-Scarem," she revenged herself on him by drinking innumerable glasses of apollinaris, which he took to be champagne, denying that she was his wife, and parading up and down the room, singing impromptu verses to Veuve Clicquot. The story is as evanescent as a rainbow, but just as successful artistically, in its own way. And the moral is to young wives,—to cultivate the Gallic habit of tact in dealing with husbands in whom the fire of youth still burns; for boys will be boys, and some men are always boys.

With less of the theatrical and more of the psychological, Miss Duer's five stories in *Unconscious Comedians* are as clever

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PAPA BOUCHARD. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated by William Glackens. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.25.

UNCONSCIOUS COMEDIANS. By Caroline Duer. Dodd, Mead & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

and as fleeting as Miss Seawell's novelette. Her conversations are some of the best lately written, in particular the dialogues of that incorrigible, ingenuous, artistic coquette, Mrs. Dove, with her aunt. "The Aloofness of Lucy" belongs to that class of story in which the reader is sure, beyond doubt, that on the next page something *risqué* will be said. And it never is. Therein lies the cleverness. You may think it, if you like, but *honi soit*—your thoughts are on your own head. It is the dexterous manipulation of a subject of which Anthony Hope is consummate master in "The Dolly Dialogues."

Comparisons are sometimes illuminating to the would-be reader, even if they are odious to the author; but it is no small praise to speak of Miss Duer in connection with Anthony Hope and Mr. Richard Harding Davis in point of style. The end of "An Unfinished Elopement" shows the kind of man that Davis drew in that best of his short stories, "The Other Woman." Latimer, too, would have burned his wife's little passionate note after she had left him, and after he had lied about receiving it, just as Jack Seaton did. Miss Duer's style shows that she has complete command of each situation.

The Van Dwellers is a Strenuous Quest for a Home, dedicated "To those Who have lived in flats, to those Who are living in flats, and to those Who are thinking of living in flats,"(—)which means a vast army of miserable people. Many hearts will beat sympathetically at the picture of the long wait in the evening at the end of a tiresome day of shopping, when visions of delivery-wagons laden with food, clothing, and objects of virtue gave place to the sickening reality that the only thing delivered—and that late at night—was a Japanese umbrella-holder! There are moments when the burden of emotion seems too great to be borne. This is one of them. Only one word will relieve the terrible tension, and that is—said. Probably no book has recently been written that will call out so many comparisons of notes as this,—questions as to whose janitor is the most like a deaf-and-dumb waiter, whose Precious Ones make the least (or the most) noise, according to the point of view, and whose neighbors eat onions and cabbage the greatest number of days in the week. The book is bound to start an endless chain. Mrs. Shinn's illustrations are clever, as usual, and follow the drift of the story, as unusual with some illustrators.

But of all inconsequent foolishnesses, *The Pines of Lory* is the most delightful. To be landed by mistake even for a day with the woman one loves, on a desert promontory (which is as good as an island), is pure joy for any man. But when that day lengthens into a long year, accompanied by provisions mysteriously supplied by a French Fairy, and the ironing is done on a magnificent carved table, with a background of Adam and Eve tapestry, nothing seems lacking but a Princess. And she appears in the last scene, with a yacht and a square meal. The humorous point of view never fails Mr. Mitchell. The pines are about to whisper a tender message of love, when some inopportune event happens and the sigh is turned to a laugh. Eleanor tells Pats to close his eyes and dream that she is the moon looking down at him. "With face upturned, just enough to make it easier for the moon, Pats closed his eyes. In serene anticipation he awaited the delectable contact that never failed to send a thrill of pleasure through all his being. But the tranquil, beatific smile changed swiftly to a very different expression as he felt against his lips—a slice of dried apple."

Of such stuff are some dreams made!

Carolyn Shipman.

THE VAN DWELLERS. By Albert Bigelow Paine. J. F. Taylor & Co., 12mo, 75 cents.

THE PINES OF LORY. By J. A. Mitchell. Life Publishing Co., 12mo, $1.50.

RECENT NOVELS

MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE, who is far from unknown as a writer of short stories, makes a splendid beginning as a novelist in *The Beleaguered Forest*, which has the happy quality of growing in interest and depth as it proceeds toward the end. It begins a little hesitatingly, with a touch that is not altogether sure, and a note that is not quite clear, but, once the main theme is reached, all hesitation disappears. Then there is strength, insight, and a rugged beauty, the beauty of the primeval forest, of Nature's silence in her winter sleep, of the primitive life of the logging camp. We may not quite sympathize with Mrs. Peattie's heroine before her marriage; we understand her fully thereafter, and live with her through terrible months of constant strain, with her husband, the slave of opium, around whom the shadows of insanity are closing, the gray shadows of the winter evenings of the North. And as we approach the end, we learn to interpret more and more clearly the beginning. There is a true woman here, one worthy of admiration. The plot is strong, the treatment adequate, to say the least. There is more than a touch here of primitive nature in forest and man, of the eternal feminine, true to the core to duty, because true to itself—something more than a mere echo of Herman Sudermann. Mrs. Peattie starts her career well.

The Roman Catholic Church still finds its heartiest enemies in England, where of late there has been somewhat of a revival of the fiction that exposes its supposedly dangerous machinations. The latest book of this kind to come to our notice is Richard Bagot's *Casting of Nets*, a book well planned and well written, but which is from first to last devoted to the wiles of English Roman Catholics to win converts for their Church. We are in good society. A peer, Protestant in name, an atheist in fact, marries the daughter and granddaughter of converts to the older Church. She and her husband agree to leave each other perfect freedom in matters religious, but this does not suit her grandmother or the priests: he must be converted. The means employed to force her to the task are cruel and discreditable; a kind of mental inquisition is established around the young woman, who nearly breaks down under it at a critical moment in her life. Relief is near, however, and the tables are turned on the plotters, who succeed, nevertheless, in capturing the wife of a rector of the Established Church. This is the story, in bare outlines. Its able treatment alone saves it from condemnation. It is, in fact, so well written as to be almost convincing; and such convictions should be guarded against in this, the twentieth century. No creed holds a monopoly of all the virtues or all the blackness of humanity.

Mrs. Suzanne Antrobus, who must not be confounded with her English namesake, has added to the already great number of historical romances a tale of eighteenth-century New Orleans, *The King's Messenger*, which is deliciously feminine in the exaggerated swagger and bold tavern talk of its gentlemen of France, and delightfully ingenuous in its treatment of what comes near to being a tragedy of love. There are two factions in the colony of Louisiana; a beautiful young woman of the court is selected by King Louis to carry despatches, which she is to de-

THE BELEAGUERED FOREST. By Elia W. Peattie. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

CASTING OF NETS. By Richard Bagot. Harper & Bros., 12mo, $1.50.

THE KING'S MESSENGER. By Suzanna Antrobus. Harper & Bros., 12mo, $1.50.

liver only to a certain person. This man is absent, the woman keeps her papers safe, and falls in love with one Captain Laville, who is in the King's bad graces; in fact, the message she carries means danger, perhaps death, to him. This becomes known to her. We must not unfold the plot further, but leave that task to be done by the author, who has achieved it mostly by means of dialogues. In fact, the story is told almost entirely by the characters. There is a certain freshness about it, and a certain happy irresponsibility toward stern facts. But then, this is professedly a romance.

A tale of troublous times is Mr. Joseph Hocking's *Lest We Forget.* The persecutions of Bloody Mary's days were enough in themselves to make Englishmen uncomfortable, and to cause even the most devout Catholics among them to hail the accession of Elizabeth, but when the hero, in addition to being deceived by the knavish tricks of Gardiner and Stephen Bonner, who, seeking an unscrupulous tool, found a man of spirit, has to do battle for his lady-love with a false Spaniard, one of those who overran England and sought to win her for King Philip, the situation grows vastly more uncomfortable. Honors are even between the rivals, each in turn conquering but never killing the other, until the end, when the Englishman wins in love and strength of arm, as befits the English hero of an English historical novel. Mr. Hocking has written it all down, including the *autos-da-fé* indulged in by Mary's government, and he has done it well. His story is of adventure, of love and sword-play, hair-breadth 'scape, of villany and heroism, rather than of history, which forms the background rather than the motive of his tale, and he gives good measure. Without pretence of literary graces, he tells his story well: it is readable, and not too reminiscent of so much of the same kind that has gone before.

Forsaking the battle-field, the bitter Scottish blood feud, and the clash of arms, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has turned, in *Mistress Barbara,* to more peaceful scenes, amid which the rivalry of love is fought out with more modern weapons, and where the suffering is that of the children of England in the mills before the great Reform movement set them free. Yorkshire is the scene of this new story of his; its period, the third decade of the last century. Mr. Sutcliffe has certainly succeeded in his undertaking. This is a good novel, racy of the soil and the people with which it deals, contrasting the squirearchy that was disappearing with the princes of industry who were rising on the horrors and sufferings of a new feudal system, which created slaves of the mill instead of the soil, and had to be checked by legislation. On the borderland of the old and the modern England, the story presents the charms of the life of the land-owner whose land had known his house for generations, and, on the other hand, the crude, merciless beginnings of England's industrial greatness. The Yorkshire folk and their speech are happily depicted, the love-story is satisfactory, and the rise of the hero, driven from his inheritance by his father's mismanagement, most satisfactory to the reader. Books of this kind are a welcome relief from the strenuousness of the historical romance. Mr. Sutcliffe has demonstrated his ability to write both, and write them well.

Juell Demming is a somewhat bewildering argument in favor of an Anglo-Saxon union, or, as its author prefers to call it,

LEST WE FORGET. By Joseph Hocking. Chicago: Advance Publishing Company, 12mo, $1.25.

MISTRESS BARBARA. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

JUELL DEMMING. By Albert Lathrop Lawrence. A. C. McClurg & Co., 12mo, $1.25.

of Anglo-Saxonry. Mr. Demming is in a somewhat strange position. Born in New York of a Canadian father and a daughter of this free country, he has been brought up in the Dominion and voted there, yet, following his love for our free institutions, he attempts to vote in one of our elections without the preliminary formality of naturalization. He teaches school for a while, and endeavors to tell the story of the War of 1812 without prejudice, but the patriotic youngsters will not have it; also, he draws a beautiful roll of honor for them, with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack entwined at the top. He fights for this country in the Spanish War, then rushes off to join the Canadian contingent in South Africa—an advocate of Anglo-Saxonry evidently has a strenuous life to live. Mr. Demming's love-story—or, rather, love-stories, for he is attracted by two fair daughters of the other half of his race—occupies the rest of the book. Mr. Lawrence's intentions are admirable, but he has not selected the best way of communicating them to us. Anglo-Saxonry according to him requires too universal a state of mind; and patriotism in the old sense is still in the fashion—more so than ever with us. An Anglo-Saxon *rapprochement* will have to be made on different lines, economic and political, rather than emotional. But he means well.

Sir William Bagnay, Bart., having chosen to make use once more, in *The Red Chancellor,* of the mythical Teutonic principality first discovered by Mr. Hope, has certainly not drawn upon his predecessors for his material. There is, of course, the travelling English gentleman who becomes involved in the country's affairs, but those affairs are quite differently conducted from those of Ruritania. The Red Chancellor who rules the country is not so much a man of blood and iron as a man of poison and dagger. Three noblemen of his staff have seen what they should not have witnessed, and are condemned to secret death by him, his instrument of vengeance being a noble of Italian extraction, of the stripe of Cesar Borghia. Sir William could not refrain from calling him the Chancellor's *âme damnée,* as we hoped he would. One of the condemned men is mysteriously drowned, the second narrowly escapes poisoning; the third is to be killed in a duel, but, regardless of the programme, does the killing himself. Whereupon the Englishman constitutes himself the protector of the survivor, and walks into as strenuous a series of plots and counter-plots as the lover of violent fiction can desire. The book certainly has "go" in it, the melodramatic fascination of darkest crime and its prevention; and, to make the measure full, there is a good love-affair. This kind of thing is very entertaining when well done. Sir William Bagnay's book is of the kind.

The earlier West—the West of Bret Harte—has almost entirely disappeared from our current fiction; but here and there we find a belated novel dealing with the subject, which reveals the remaining richness of that period as a source of plots. Mr. Stewart Edward White has tapped the spring to good purpose. In *The Westerners* he gives us a series of pictures of the life of those days, of the adventurers travelling toward the Black Hills in search of gold — tenderfeet, trappers, mountaineers, criminals, men from the South and the North, all the human flotsam and jetsam of the overland trail and the mining-camp. A review of the Western life of that day must needs be episodical; nothing was fixed, nobody remained for long in one place, yet the author has succeeded in giving not only continuity but unity to the pictures in his panorama,

THE RED CHANCELLOR. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. Brentano's, 12mo, $1.50.

THE WESTERNERS. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. McClure, Phillips, & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

linking them all together by a strong plot, which is a revelation of the baseness of all human half-breeds. The greater interest, however, it seems to us, lies in the author's knowledge of the ways of the old miners. He succeeds in making us clearly understand why it was that so few of those who found the famous mines and staked them out died poor. There is humor in his account of Billy's antics, his prodigal purchases, and utter mismanagement after he had been made manager of the mine he had discovered by the Chicago syndicate, whose contract with him was a veritable case of "Heads you lose, tails I win." These pioneers were miners, rarely business men.

Clara Orzesko's *The Argonauts,* like Sienkiewicz's, is a novel of modern Poland, which is apparently very much like modern France. This tale might be of present-day French society, its author might be Paul Bourget, or Paul Hervieu —not in treatment so much as in choice of subject. There is a deeper note, a profounder tragedy in this book than is found in those of the French writers, and its interest is social rather than psychological. The *décadent* son, the cynical daughter, hiding the depth of her feeling, cognizant of the fruit of good and evil as modern young women are—they both know the guilt of their mother. A third child, a young girl, ignorant of it all, loving, happy; and the father, the Argonaut, the man of enormous affairs, always away on business—these are the chief actors in a tale that compels admiration for its dignified yet strong treatment of a terrible catastrophe. Mr. Curtin has done well to introduce to American readers this Polish writer, who is the author of some forty-odd novels popular in her own country. Her book is not milk for babes; it is strong food for mature men and women, and they will have no fault to find. There is dignity in these pages, reticence, an unerring eye for the moment of climax. Mme. Orzesko is an artist as well as a thinker and observer. Her pictures of young Poland of the upper classes are as discouraging as are Sienkiewicz's: here, indeed, is a nation that has lost its vigor.

The American political novel apparently is destined to grow in importance in the present-day development of American fiction. Already we have had this season two books on the subject of the boss in city and State; and now we have a third in Mr. Walter Barr's *Shacklett,* which seems to us to be in many ways the best. Its author has evidently a wonderful grasp of the ways, hidden and open, of the American politician, the big man who is not content to rise from heeler to plunderer-in-chief, but has ambitions—the strategist who can lead men by personal magnetism rather than by bribery, who succeeds by the force of his individuality. He has a practical working conscience, has a sense of honor, and is a human being composed alike of virtues and of shortcomings. This picture of Western politics is rarely lucid and readable: it gives its due to the fascination of the game of politics, which is so strong an incentive to many who neither desire to serve their country nor to accumulate wealth, planners of campaigns for the sake of their interest, makers and breakers of parties. Shacklett is a compound of unscrupulousness inherited from his father, and of many virtues derived from his mother. He carries questionable "deals" to the point of fruition, then drops them for the sake of a scruple; therefore he wins with a comparatively clean record. The ambition of woman, once awakened, is cleverly used by this author, who seeks a sound foundation for his study of political life

THE ARGONAUTS. By Clara Orzesko. Transl. by Jeremiah Curtin. Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, $1.50.

SHACKLETT. By Walter Barr. D. Appleton & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

in the complexity of human nature. He will be heard from again; meanwhile he is eminently well worth listening to in *Shacklett.*

A profound truth lies at the foundation of Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman's *Jarvis of Harvard*—the lasting power of the first transgression over the mind and the senses of a clean-minded youth. This writer is evidently a young man—the trace of youth and inexperience is strong upon his pages, but this one truth, so full of fateful possibility, he has seen and understood so far as life has carried him. The power is broken in the end by a truer love, and that, too, is according to nature. Jarvis is a Harvard freshman, and life at the university is told with considerable verve, notably the fastness thereof. The hero with the chained senses breaks loose occasionally, returns to the girl of his own class who is an unsuspected sinner, but ever strives to be worthy of the young woman he really loves. Mr. Kauffman has boldly treated a subject worthy of a trained psychologist like Mr. Henry James. There are crudities in his work, of course, but they are the crudities of youth. At the threshold of life itself he cannot see its great arena, where man matures and vanquishes or goes under, but he deserves all praise for what he has undertaken. There is an idea in his novel, one that will set many men athinking; and to have done that at the beginning of one's career is no small achievement.

Life in Lord Baltimore's colony is at once suggested by the title of Lucy Meacham Thruston's novel, *Mistress Brent,* to those who know the colonial history well. Mistress Brent is, indeed, the heroine of this tale of the days of the government of Baltimore's brother Calvert. Written by a woman, it is essentially a book for women, notwithstanding its Indian attacks and historic incidents—perhaps even because of them. We find here the resolute woman who settled in the New World, taking up land, building, managing her own estates, and living her own resolute, independent life. It is a fine picture of the new woman of two hundred and fifty years ago, proving, by the way, that there is nothing new under the sun—nothing older, indeed, than she. Of course, there is a love-story—how could it be otherwise?—but apart from plot and incident and character, the book has merit as a picture of the life of the colonists in the early days of Maryland.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's *A Princess of the Hills* is a tale of rural Italy, with an American hero and a native heroine. The book is a radical departure from this author's usual practice—that of describing the wealth and pride and beautiful clothes and houses, and state of New York's multimillionaires. This story will undoubtedly please her admirers, who are still many. It has a romantically conceived plot, a slight echo of America's marble halls, and a picturesque setting. Italy is, however, the frame rather than the background of the story. American and English novelists have dwelt with much love and knowledge and understanding and admiration, and with consummate skill, upon Italian life and the Italian country. Mrs. Harrison devotes herself chiefly to her plot, the story of her characters, and treats their local surroundings — the Dolomites — sketchily, with only sufficient attention to detail to hold the tale together, and give it a semblance of local habitation and a justification of its name. The love of the American, the Englishman, and the vengeful Italian peasant for the rural Princess of the Hills, this is the story. The *dénouement* is a surprise to the reader, but not an unwelcome one.

JARVIS OF HARVARD. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. L. C. Page & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

MISTRESS BRENT. By Lucy Meacham Thruston. Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, $1.50.

A PRINCESS OF THE HILLS. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Lothrop Pub. Co., 12mo, $1.50.

BOOKS OF VARIED INTEREST

"ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY" is the title—verging on the poetical—of the book containing some of the reports made by Mr. James Creelman for various newspapers of which he has been special correspondent. The great highway trodden by a newspaper man runs clean around the world, and he sees men and customs in the course of his travels. Mr. Creelman is an accomplished journalist, and knows equally how to get his news and how to tell it, and, if he occasionally becomes somewhat dithyrambic in his manner, no doubt the matter of his story excuses it; and, besides, newspaper readers do not object to a little trumpeting. The first narrative is of the correspondent's interview with the august old man known in Scotland as "the Pope o' Rome," and Mr. Creelman seems to have been much impressed with Pope Leo's personality—not at all surprising. Thence he takes his readers through the storming of Ping Yang by the Japanese army; to the palace of the King of Corea; through the massacre at Port Arthur; to the cheerless house where Count Tolstoy lives his self-denying life; to Havana with General Weyler; to General Grant's funeral and to Gladstone's; to see the Czar trudging behind the hearse that carried his dead nurse "Kitty," to whom the Czar was always "Sarsha"; on the firing-line in the Philippines, in Hayti, in Greece, in a balloon; and nobody will go to sleep over his book. (The Lothrop Co.)

"Among Trees and Flowers with the Poets" is an anthology of the plant kingdom compiled by Miss Minnie Curtis Wait and Professor Merton Channing Leonard. The field of poetry has been thoroughly gleaned in the four hundred large pages of this handsome volume with its white-and-gold binding, and there are the necessary reference tables and index. Not only is the poetry of flowers drawn upon, but the poetry of trees and shrubs and flowerless plants as well, and many good photographic illustrations increase the book's attractiveness. (Lee & Shepard.)

When Lady Dilke wrote her books upon "French Painters," and "French Architects and Sculptors," she separated works of decorative art from "Architecture and Painting" in order to provide a background for her book on "Furniture," which is now published by the Macmillan Co. in an imposing quarto, richly illustrated, and entitled, "French Furniture and Decoration in the XVIIIth Century." Lady Dilke says that there are now in London many of the finest examples produced by French cabinet-makers in the eighteenth century, but that the possession of fine furniture does not always imply its proper preservation. The recent treatment—of "restoration"—lately applied to the treasures in one great collection has given an illustration of the ruin which may be wrought by untrained zeal—"touching it up with new gilding for the mob," as Ruskin said. To teach her readers that the glitter of gold, microscopic finish, the unfading brilliance of china plaques, even finish of inlay and sharpness of carving and chiselling, are worthless unless sustained by sense of style and respect for the laws of construction—is what Lady Dilke has wished to do in this new book. Her work has been very great, and the beautiful volume will be appreciated at its true value by well-informed collectors of those wonderful *meubles* which seem to have reached their most perfect flower in the period of which she writes.

Three books of nonsense verse will find appreciative readers. Miss Carolyn Wells's volume, "The Merry-Go-Round" (R. H. Russell) contains pages of the most delicious nonsense, and many of Mr. Peter Newell's most ingenious pictures. From the abundance we can take only one example:

"The pie is just a little tart,"
My hostess said, and I
Said pleasantly "You mean a tart
Is just a little pie."

Mr. Oliver Herford once more combines art, natural history, and the New England Primer in a volume which he, somewhat guardedly, perhaps, has entitled "More Animals" (Scribners). There are twenty-five animals pictured and described in Mr. Herford's deathless rhyme. The poems on the Horse, the Hen, the Zebra, the Ant-Eater, and the Cow are all excellent—even noble. But for clear pathos the simple ballad of the Gnu is (as a friend has said) "pretty supreme."

THE GNU.

Beware, My Dear, if ever you
Should chance to come across a Gnu!
You may be Fair, and Tall, and Svelte,
But do not hope the Gnu to melt.
You may be Gentle, Kind, and True,
These things mean nothing to the Gnu.
You may love Beasts, both Great and Small,
That won't affect the Gnu at all.
You may be Generous, you may
Subscribe to the S. P. C. A.
All this of no avail will be,
The Only Thing's to Climb a Tree.
And if there is no Tree to Climb,
Don't say you were not warned in Time!

The pictures are as good as the literature. The third book is a cyclopædia of nonsense by Mr. Gelett Burgess, in which appear his complete works, so far as the author can recall, now published on very shiny paper by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. The attempt to choose a selection from this book is like awarding a prize in a beauty-show of—say, bullfrogs. All are lovely, after their kind. Probably the fairest way is to reprint the dedication:

To him who vainly conjures sleep
In counting visionary sheep;
To her who, in the dentist's power
Would fain recall a gayer hour;
To him who visits tiresome aunts,
And comes upon this book by chance;
To her who in a hammock lies,
And, bored with Ibsen, BURGESS tries;
To those who can't remember dates
While nonsense rhymes stick in their pates;
To those who buy and do not borrow,
Nor put it off until to-morrow;
To all who in those pages look,
I dedicate this Nonsense Book!

A new edition of Mrs. Sangster's "Winsome Womanhood" has been demanded by her thousands of admirers, and the Fleming H. Revell Co. have produced a large octavo printed in colored ink, with endless page borders, and many very beautiful pictures from photographs. The cover is highly decorative, and even the paper wrapper has the photograph of a pretty girl fastened upon it. Good advice was never more attractively presented to a younger generation.

A "Library Edition" of George Eliot is forthcoming from the Lippincott Co. The first three volumes—substantial octavos—have already appeared, and the remainder will follow during the new year. Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. reissue Bulfinch's "Age of Chivalry," "Age of Fable," and "Age of Charlemagne," in three pretty little volumes with photogravure frontispieces. The same publishers send us a "Handy Dictionary of Prose Quotations," compiled by Mr. George W. Powers, and also a "Handy Dictionary of Poetical Quotations" from the same hand. Uniform with these two little volumes is "Who's the Author?" a guide to the authorship of stories, speeches, songs, and general writings of

American authors, by Mr. Louis Harman Peet.

Several years ago a British officer named Bingham wrote a history of "The Bastille," which was packed with information conveyed in easy style, and the book has become a standard work on the subject of this most famous of prisons. An American edition now comes from Messrs. James Pott & Co., in two substantial volumes, illustrated in photogravure with portraits and views. Mr. James Breck Perkins contributes a preface to the new edition of Captain Bingham's book, in which he points out that, though tradition has somewhat exaggerated the importance of the Bastille, yet if one knew the written and unwritten records of this ancient prison he would possess a fair knowledge of the course of French history. Captain Bingham's history is well conceived and carefully executed; the illustrations are of interest, and the book, as a whole, is of importance and value.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. publish Mr. J. W. Matthews's translation of Flaubert's "Salammbô," with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Symons, as the initial volume in a series of "French Novels of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Mr. A. R. Waller. The next volume, as announced, is Henri Murger's "The Latin Quarter." The familiar portrait of Flaubert, in a finely printed photogravure, forms the frontispiece to "Salammbô."

Volume XIII. in Dr. Furness's "New Variorum Edition" of Shakespeare is given to "Twelfe Night." The labor and erudition bestowed upon this great work, to which the late Dr. Furness devoted his life, and which is now being carried on by his son, is one of the matters in which Americans can take pride, as testimony to scholarship and a love for literature in the Land of the Dollar. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. issue Walter Bagehot's essay on "Shakespeare the Man," in a tasteful volume adorned with the portrait made by Cornelius Jansen in 1610, reproduced in photogravure from the mezzotint by Earlom, and prefaced by a note upon Bagehot by Miss Viola Roseboro'. Mr. John Lane issues a well-printed volume of "Shakespeare's Songs," with a number of curiously elaborate drawings by Henry Ospovat.

One is somewhat disappointed in the edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," which the Lippincotts issue in connection with Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., of London. Mr. Augustine Birrell edits the six stout volumes, and they are illustrated with a host of portraits selected by Mr. Ernest Radford. Many of the pictures are good, but the type used is so small as to be almost illegible, though it is new and well-cut. One may ask for a little better inducement to attack this noble monument in appreciation.

The initial volumes—three of them, holding "Vanity Fair"—promise a new edition of Thackeray in the same comely *format* of Dent-Macmillan, with which we have become so fortunately familiar of recent years. These volumes are entirely charming, with their soft, white paper, clear type, and illustrations by Mr. Brock. The edition is in editorial charge of Mr. Walter Jerrold, and the remaining volumes will be issued during the next few months.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE BOOK BUYER, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

609.—Will you kindly give me the titles of a few good historical novels to be read in connection with Green's "Short History of the English People." L. S. O.

Bulwer's "Harold," Kingsley's "Hereward," several of Scott's, as "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and "Waverley," Thackeray's "Esmond," Ainsworth's "Constable of the Tower" and "Cardinal Pole," and possibly one or two by G. P. R. James.

610.—(1) What is the correct pronunciation of Hudibras, of Gil Blas, and of George Lewes?

(2) When was the first English translation of the "Decameron" made, and by whom? M. B.

(1) Pronounce Hu'-di-bras as it is spelled. Lewes as if it were the common name Lewis. The name of Le Sage's hero as if it were Zheel Blahs.

(2) In 1624, anonymous.

611.—(1) Rogers, in his poem on Columbus, at the point where the mutiny breaks out has these lines:

"'Were there no graves, none in our land,' they cry,
'That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?'"

I have an impression that this idea is not original with Rogers, but is borrowed from some earlier work, and I would like to know.

(2) General Grant, in his account of the battle of Shiloh, says of the evening of the first day: "Buell came, Wallace came, and night came; but none, unless night, in time to be of much service." I seem to remember that this same form of speech was used on a similar occasion by some European commander. Can any reader enlighten me? T. L. S.

(1) See Exodus xiv. 11.

612.—The poems of William Broome, Elizabethan poet, which are said to have influenced Keats, are they to be had now, and where? C. B.

They are long since out of print, and it would be very difficult to find them, unless perhaps in the British Museum. Several books of Pope's version of the Odyssey were translated for him by Broome, on which Henley, who had been satirized by Pope, wrote:

"Pope came off clean with Homer, but they say,
Broome went before and kindly swept the way."

If you can find a set of the Gentleman's Magazine, you will find in it some translations from Anacreon, signed "Chester," which are said to be the work of Broome.

613.—I would be glad to learn the origin of the following lines:

"Blow whenever you blow your horn,
So that people can understand
That you may be sharp, but you won't be flat,
In society's great brass band.
Put on the airs of an eight-key flute,
Though you're only a penny whistle;
Pass where you can for a garden rose,
Though you're only a wayside thistle.
Whether your learning be great or small,
Quote *right* or never quote;
Polish your uppers, though down at the heel,
And never endorse a note."

D. O.

614.—Please tell me who is the author of the following quotation, and the poem of which it is a part:

"All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered freshness down."

H.

615.—Kindly tell me how to pronounce the name of the Austrian composer, Anton Dvorak. V. D.

Pronounce it Dvor'zhak.

616.—Who said "I do not let what I think to-day keep me from thinking what I ought to-morrow?" R. T.

617.—Was Mrs. Hemans the author of "The Indian's Lament," which begins with this stanza:

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black and will sever my hair,
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the God of the Tempest my woes."?

J. B. G.

We think it was written by Henry R. Schoolcraft.

618.—Who wrote the stanza by which we remember the lengths of the several months, beginning:

"Thirty days hath September"?

A. F.

It was written by Richard Grafton, an English printer and publisher of the sixteenth century.

619.—(1) In Dana's "Household Book of Poetry" there is a spirited poem entitled "The Private of the Buffs," attributed to Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. It appears to be founded on some historical incident, but if so there is no explanation, in a footnote or otherwise. Can you tell me what it is?

(2) Was Robert Browning's first volume, "Bells and Pomegranates," named in allusion to Exodus xxviii. 33, 34?

(3) I wish to find again a poem that I have seen somewhere, which expresses a sort of disregard for vows of eternal love and its manifestations after the death of the loved one, and ends with the line:

"But while I live be true!"

(4) Who was the "Cousin Cicely" that wrote very popular books for young folks many years ago?

(5) What is the explanation (if there is any) of the fact that only one signature to the Declaration of Independence (Carroll's) adds the signer's address? T. D.

(1) The story is, that in a British campaign in China a few men of a rear guard were captured. When they were taken before a Chinese official and ordered to kow-tow, one of them, named Moyse, refused to do so, although he knew the penalty, and he was at once killed.

(2) Undoubtedly.

(3) We think the poem is Elizabeth Akers Allen's and may be found in her collected edition.

(5) The story is, that when the signatures were being affixed, some one said to Carroll, "If we hang for this, you may escape, because there are so many men of your name." Thereupon Carroll said he would make identification certain, and added the "of Carrollton." He was the last survivor of the signers.

ANSWERS

593.—S. E. M. writes that the poem inquired for is in McGuffey's Third Reader, and sends a copy which the inquirer may have if he will send his address.

Answered also by H. L. B.

597.—In a private memorandum of directions for writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the rest of the Seven Bishops after their acquittal in 1688, it appears that a letter to the Bishop of Ely was to be addressed "to Madam Womock at Elle—in a woman's hand—with a whimwham." See Howell's "State Trials," Vol. 12, p. 480. Is that character commonly called a "whimwham," instead of a "flourish" or any other name? If so, it is singular that none of the dictionaries prints the figure as a concrete illustration of a whimwham. C. C. M.

601.—In "Song of Myself," Canto 52, Walt Whitman himself says:

"I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

F. C. W.

606.—(1) Your correspondent will find the ballad of Wild Darrell in "Rokeby," by Sir Walter Scott, toward the end of the Fifth Canto. It is short and the title is not given in any edition I have seen, so it is not easily found. A. M. K.

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